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M. C. TULIS. | M. C. TULIS.

HOLIDAY STORE NEWS.

DOLLS, SLEDS, TOYS, BABY CUTTERS, GAMES, AND GO-CARTS.

Ladies' Jackets and Capes,

At and Below Cost after Jan. 1st.

IT is an immense satisfaction to buy Cloaks at a store where the Cloaks are not only the best, but where the trouble of fitting and buying is the least.

Here you find the "between sizes" which makes it easy to get the exact fit and avoid delay in alterations.

Our stock of Ladies Jackets and Capes is undeniably the greatest collection of seasonable apparel at such LOW prices as Emporium has rarely—it ever—enjoyed before.

When you consider that this is the commencement, not the end of the season, and that you have months before you for wearing what you buy. The pricing seems phenomenal. Every one of these dozens of garments is made with due regard for present fashions.

Children's Reefers and Baby Cloaks.

What happy times for children these times at the Big Store.
So many bright new things.
So much to keep the growing beauties snug and warm.
Such a variety to delight the girls.

Mothers and fathers have been coming here a good many years, and it is only natural the girls want to come also.

To delight the girls and please the parents, we are offering better values in children's wear than ever before.

All the worthy new styles in Children's Reefers are here. The greatest assortment we have ever shown and that means much, for our leadership in this line is undisputed.

You can buy here the best made garments at moderate prices, and know that you are getting great values for your money.

Trueness of style and LOW prices are indissolubly wed here.

Come and see them.

Dress Goods. The richness and elegance of our Dress Goods add greatly to the success of this up-to-date department.

The stock we are showing is equal to all the demands that are being made upon it, which means that it is the best selected and most complete stock in the county.

Our special exhibit of high class novelties in Black Dress Goods, embraces the very latest offerings of the leading importers. Prices are somewhat less than usual asking elsewhere.

Ladies' Waists. Beautiful styles in Ladies' Waists, made of silk. Imported Ladies' Cloth and French Flannel, plain colors, stripes and checks.

Our offerings this season are the best we have ever made.

One strong feature is perfection in fit, another is fashionable cut and finish, a third, values that cannot be matched.

Underwear. High quality and Low prices are made possible here by buying and selling largely and quickly on small margins, and the accurate knowledge of the woolen market that enabled us to take advantage of the recent rise.

We bought Low and Sell as we buy. People of taste appreciate the excellent quality, generous fullness and beautiful finish of all of our garments shown in this department. The general high quality and low prices of our underwear will surprise you.

Blankets. It is fortunate all around that we bought so early and so largely of these staple goods. All of them fully up to our high standard so that we are able to furnish the best of Blankets at last year's prices, and some special lots at even lower figures. We assure you that our Blanket Department offers better values than can be had elsewhere.

Handkerchiefs. We are now offering a collection of Handkerchiefs which surpasses in interest and excellance of values any we have heretofore shown. This collection of beautiful Handkerchiefs is of such an unusual character that we urgently invite you to call and take advantage of the opportunity to buy the finest of fine handkerchiefs at prices that make it a pleasure to spend money.

Beautiful creations typifying all that is new in the handkerchief world, are to be found in this vast stock.

Fine China. If you appreciate nice goods, prettily made, you will be pleased with our immense assortment of Chinaware.

One of the most popular advantages of buying China here is the satisfaction of always getting dependable up-to-date China at prices within the reach of all. What you get here must at all times be of the highest standard in style and make, and you will always find us ready to supply at the lowest possible prices.

M. C. TULIS.

CHRISTMAS GREENS.

MISTLETOE AND HOLLY ADD TO THE JOY OF THE FESTIVAL.

For Decoration the Red Berried Holly Is More Beautiful Than the Paler Mistletoe—Better Adapted to Wreathmaking.

CHRISTMAS without greens, from the spreading, dignified tree to the tiny sprig [illegible] veal doubt of its chief feature. Therefore the collection and sale of these special festive items of the season have become momentous undertakings, which involve transactions that in geographical area and extent reach from across the seas to the Maine woods. Mistletoe, which is so prized by the romantic young people, who value its significance far more than its beauty, is at its best in England, though a great deal of it comes from Virginia. The English mistletoe has a flat, very green leaf, with large single berries, oval in shape and peculiarly waxen in appearance, while the American branch of the family boasts smaller leaves and berries in clusters of three. It is packed, when gathered in Europe, in eight foot long open crates and shipped across the ocean, with as much care given to its preservation as though it were far more precious than it really is, save in the opinion of the romantically inclined. The common mistletoe has been associated with many superstitions from the most ancient times and has been highly extolled for its medicinal virtues. It is, however, excluded from the pharmacopoeias now. The origin of the modern custom connected with mistletoe is not very clear. Like many other customs, its original significance is only guessed at. If known, perhaps the innocent merriment now associated with the plant would be exchanged for a feeling of stern disapproval, and the mistletoe would be banished from our homes.

Mistletoe may be made to grow on the apple and other trees by cutting a notch in the bark on the under surface of a branch and carefully inserting the seed therein. Two precautions are specially necessary. One is to place the seed in such a position that the embryo shall be directed toward the trunk of the tree, and the other is to avoid crushing the seed. The apple is the tree on which the mistletoe grows most abundantly. The orchards in Herefordshire, England, are greatly infested with this parasite, which, however, has a value of its own, for it appears that upward of a hundred tons of mistletoe are annually forwarded to London and other large towns from that county alone for Christmas decorations.

The holly, with its bright berries and glossy leaves, is one of the most decorative greens used at the Christmas season and is adapted especially well to wreath form, the color lasting longer and the general shape being more satisfactory than when made of the evergreen. Strange as it may seem, hundreds of holly wreaths are sent out to the cemeteries, their green and red brightness signifying the loving remembrance for dear ones passed away, yet somehow a little incongruous even from a sentimental standpoint. One is so apt to associate holly with crackling wood fires, rollicking jollity, good eating and drinking and other material enjoyment that in memoriam it seems a trifle out of place, yet in the poem of that name which Tennyson has made immortal we read, "With trembling fingers did we weave the holly round the Christmas hearth." So that the holly has before its present vogue in cemeteries been associated with the memory of those no longer with us.

Botanically speaking, the holly is a genus of trees and shrubs of the natural order Aquifoliaceae, chiefly natives of temperate climates, with evergreen, leathery, shining and generally spinous leaves. The common holly, the only European species and a native of some parts of Asia, also is a well known ornament of woods, parks and shrubberies in Great Britain, the stiffness of its habit being so compensated by the abundance of its branchlets and leaves as to make it one of the most beautiful evergreens. It is found as a native plant in Scotland, although Britain is nearly its northern limit. It attains greater size and displays greater luxuriance in the northern than in the southern parts of its geographic range, often appearing in the former as a tree of considerable size, 20 to 50 feet high, while in the latter it is generally a mere bush.

In table decorations holly at the Christmas season is used most effectively. It is on the authority of a leading florist that we state that the correct arrangement of a Christmas dinner table, so far as its evergreen appointments are concerned, is a large wreath of holly in the center, surrounding a dainty vase containing mistletoe. Over this and suspended from the gas fixtures is another spray of mistletoe, tied by brilliant scarlet ribbon to match the berries of the holly on the table beneath. Near the ends of the table are banked masses of holly, in the center of which are wired upright loops of scarlet satin ribbon, their trailing ends straying over the green leaves on to the white cloth. Tiny boutonnieres of holy or mistletoe are placed at the men's places, larger clusters, more on the order of corsage bouquets, being supplied for the fair members of the company. So great has become the demand for holly wreaths that orders are given to the florists weeks before Christmas, and it is not unusual to send two dozen wreaths to one house, all the windows being decked in his apropos garb, any left overs doing duty suspended wherever their green and red cheeriness can be utilized to artistic and pleasing advantage. It seems an extravagant fad when one considers how soon the beauty fades, yet the good cheer that speaks from the disks of green and red in the mansion of the millionaire or the hovel of the pauper more than compensates for what our Puritan ancestors would deem willful extravagance.—Philadelphia Times.

Christmas Dinner.

Christmas Oyster Soup.
Turkey Stuffed with Chestnuts.
Sweet Potatoes, Baked. Rice Croquettes.
Cauliflower, Parisian Style.
Celery. Cranberry Jelly.
Lettuce with French Dressing.
Crackers. Cheese. Olives.
Mince Pie. Christmas Lemon Tarts.
Fruits. Nuts. Raisins.
Coffee.
—Chicago Tribune.

THE YULE LOG.

It Has Its Origin In Scandinavian Mythology.

In the Scandinavian feast of Juul, when they burned huge bonfires in honor of Thor, we discover the origin of the Yule log. The descendants of the old Norsemen, who no doubt are responsible for the custom in England, carefully preserved half of the log with which to be burned at next Yuletide, and so we have the old English proverb, but in poetical form, by Herrick:

Part must be kept wherewith to tend
The Christmas log next year,
And where 'tis safely kept the fiend
Can do no mischief here.

The Druidical contribution to the modern Christmas celebration originated in the annual feast given in honor of the Druid god Tutanus, who corresponds to the Phoenician sun god Baal. His favorite among all trees and plants of the forest was supposed to be the mistletoe. The number three was held in reverence by these ancient people, and, because the leaves and berries of this parasite grew in clusters of three, this, in addition to the glory of being Tutanus' favorite, made the plant sacred, and annually there was a great festival given in its honor.

In the choice and selection of the Yule log the ash tree plays a very important part. In Scandinavian mythology it is Odin's tree and was most noble, for its wood made the spear and the javelin, the oar and the mast. In their language ash means man, and the legend runs that when the sons of Bor, who were sons of Odin, formed the first man and woman they were made out of a piece of ash. This man was named Aska. And at the present day in Devonshire, as a relic of this pagan reverence for this tree, we find the Christmas fagot made of ash sticks, bound tightly together by green withes or bands of pollard oak. As each withe bursts a quart of cider is passed around, and healths are drunk, amid great glee and rejoicing. The gypsies, too, and the wild hill people of Bavaria and Bohemia reverence the ash, although their legends attached to it are Christian in their origin.—Boston Herald.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

How the Date Dec. 25 Came to Be Established.

There is some disagreement as to the origin of Christmas day. The legend runs that in the earliest period of the Christian church some communities of Christians celebrated the festival of Christmas on Jan. 1, others observing it on the 6th of that month. In some of the eastern churches it was kept about the time of the Jewish Passover, near the end of March. There is also some evidence of its having been observed on Sept. 29, being the Feast of Tabernacles. In the year A. D. 325, when the Emperor Constantine legally established Christianity in the Roman empire, Christmas was observed at the beginning of the new year, while in the eastern church it was celebrated on Jan. 6. Pope Julius eventually effected a compromise, and the 25th day of December was established. These historical statements have been called in question by some, but John Chrysostom, the eloquent preacher at Constantinople, in the fourth century confirms them.

It is a curious circumstance that some difficulty has been found in accepting the date of Dec. 25 as the probable day on which Christ was born, because, the close of December being usually the height of the rainy season in Judaea, it is said that neither flocks nor shepherds could have been at night in the fields of Bethlehem. This strange objection is considered of such importance that it is incorporated in almost every encyclopedia and dictionary which treats of Christmas. It is one of the curiosities of literature. The present writer has been in those parts at this season of the year and has found no difficulty in "keeping watch by night" in the open fields of Palestine. What is possible for a western traveler, unused to living in the open air, in the nineteenth century, must have been far easier for a band of eastern shepherds at the beginning of the Christian era.

Spirit of Christmas.

About Christmas there is an ineffable strangeness and mysticism. It seems possessed of a spirit as well as a body. This spirit seems redolent in the air, in the strains of Christmas music, on the evergreen and mistletoe and on the very pealing of the bells which flood th world with melody seemingly garnered through all the 12 months since that sacred night when heaven kissed the earth and Christ our Lord was born and the angel choirs chanted, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will!" For nearly 1,900 years this hymn has continued to ring down the changing grooves of time and still re-echoes o'er the weary world at Christmas dawn.—Elmira Telegram.

Cauliflower For Christmas.

Boil a good sized cauliflower until tender, chop it coarsely and press it hard in a bowl or mold so that it will keep its form when turned out. Put the shape thus made upon a dish that will stand the heat and pour over it a tomato sauce. Make this by cooking together a tablespoonful of butter and flour in a saucepan and pouring upon them a pint of strained tomato juice in which half an onion has been stewed. Stir until smooth and thicken still more by the addition of three or four tablespoonfuls of cracker dust. Salt to taste, turn the sauce over the molded cauliflower, set it in the oven for about ten minutes and serve in the dish in which it is cooked.

Christmas Game.

You are to write a capital D on a sheet of paper while standing at a table. At the same time you must try to make your right foot swing in the opposite direction from that which the pencil is following on the paper. It sounds easy. Try it in every way you can think of. First get your foot going toward the left in an easy swing and then start your letter and see what will happen. Then try, beginning the letter first and going in presently with the proper circle in the opposite direction. If you do not laugh at the result, you will probably be profane —San Francisco Evening Post.

Selecting the Turkey.

In choosing a turkey the age of the bird is the principal thing to be attended to. A young gobbler is best. He may be distinguished from a hen turkey by his comb. The age may be ascertained by the lower part of the breastbone. If soft and pliable, the turkey is young. If stiff, it is old and not good for roasting. It can only be used for boiling and braising. Turkeys weighing from eight to ten pounds each are thought best.

ROMAN CHRISTMAS.

A Season of Joy and Merrymaking In the Eternal City.

Although the picturesque scenes and grand functions which formerly attracted visitors to Rome at this time of the year are in a great measure things of the past, perhaps in few other cities of the world is it possible to pass a more delightful Christmas than in Rome, for here, in the venerable Caput Mundi, all the cosmopolitan usages and customs which follow in the motley train of old Father Christmas seem to concur in rendering it a season of joy and merrymaking, while the peculiar fascination of the Eternal City sheds a kind of glamour over the most varied celebrations, and the beautiful religious ceremonies are unequaled for solemnity and impressive grandeur.

Of all seasons this is in Rome the gayest within the circle of domestic life, but the vigil instead of the day itself, may be said to be the great occasion for family reunions. Here, as everywhere else, the most important part of the profane programme is of a purely gastronomical nature, and the cenone—i. e., "bi-supper" —takes the place of the Christmas dinner of the following day, as held in England.

The appearance of the shops is brilliant and striking in the extreme at this time of the year, the confectioners' windows especially being full of things the sweetest and prettiest—sugar temples, snowy cakes called paagialli, made of almonds, raisins and flour (a redoubtable composition, compared to which an honest British plum pudding is as light as a wafer); longitudinal papers filled with torrone and all sorts of other delicacies.

One of the first Christmas trees ever introduced into Rome was for the little Prince of Naples, heir to the Italian throne, whose nursery governess was an English lady, and since then the Teutonic custom has gradually become a la mode in Rome.—London Mail.

SACRED THORN TREE.

Strange Story of One That Blossoms Only at Christmas.

Six miles northwest of the quiet little episcopal city of Wells rises a lofty peak, called by the Celtic natives of west Britain a "tor." It is conspicuous for miles around, with the tower of an ancient chapel on its top and with a neat little country town and the ruins of a noble old abbey.

Sufficient evidence remains to show that the abbey was of vast proportions, occupying in all 60 acres of ground. It was founded by Saxon kings and further endowed by the Normans and Plantagenets. The grand chancel and its fine chapels were built in the finest style of later Norman architecture, but now little more than crumbling walls and pillars testify to the once great beauty of the abbey.

The porch of St. Joseph's chapel, however, is in a fair state of preservation. Outside there grows the famous Glastonbury thorn that blossoms but for one day in the year, and that Christmas day. This tree has a strange history.

During his long journey from Palestine St. Joseph of Arimathea visited the district, he and his 12 companions having been sent by St. Philip, the apostle, to convert the then heathen nation of Britain and to cast out the Druid superstition.

St. Joseph and his followers found their way to Glastonbury, then known as "Yhiswytryn." They were all a-weary, and, arriving on the summit of the hill, Joseph, who was using a hawthorn stick as a walking staff, stuck it into the ground, and it burst into bloom. The present Glastonbury thorn is an offshoot by continued grafting of St. Joseph of Arimathea's walking staff.—London Mail.

A Siberian Superstition.

A strange superstition, which may owe something of its origin to the associations bound up with the Biblical narrative of the Nativity, obtains credence to this day among the peasants of Siberia. By them it is believed that a gift of human speech and superhuman prophecy descends upon the beasts of the stall and byre during the mystic hour that heralds the Christmas dawn and that if one is bold enough to hide beneath the straw on such occasions he will hear his fate for the coming year foretold by his domestic animals. A betrayal of his presence, however, entails certain destruction.—Pall Mall Gazette.

GLADSOME FESTIVAL.

HOW TO MAKE AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS ON THE FARM.

Costly Gifts Not Necessary For a Joyous Day—Harmless Revelry to Celebrate the Most Tender of Holidays—The Children's Day.

HRISTMAS is the festival of all others most closely identified with the home. The glorious Fourth stirs our patriotism, Easter brings the gladness of opening spring and outdoor freedom, but Christmastide, coming, as it does, in the winter season, invites to indoor cheer and cozy hospitalities. Besides, it is preeminently the children's celebration and their glad vacation from the routine of school. They say, with our Hoosier poet:

Ust to almost cry fer Christmas, like a youngster will.
Fourth o' July's nothin to it. New Year's ain't a smell.
Easter Sunday and circus day—jes' all dead in the shell.

It is also the tenderest, holiest holiday because of the religious observance of the birth of Him who brought us the new teaching of peace and good will to all men.

If the farm is the ideal home, then we should endeavor to observe this home festival in the ideal manner. Our great farmhouses must not be cheerless barracks. They must become the centers of old fashioned merriment, visiting, feasting and hospitality. They must cling closely to the ancient traditions of the day and follow the same spirit of geniality, of present giving, minstrelsy, harmless revelry, and, above all, of kindly benevolence and thought of others.

An ideal Christmas requires thought long beforehand unless the purse is unlimited. Costly gifts are not necessary for a joyous day, but loving kindness must illuminate each little remembrance, or the candles on the tree will be but dim tapers. The glad day comes. The usual church or Sabbath school celebration has been enjoyed the evening before by all the children, but it is in the home festivities we are interested. For an ideal day we shall have the wee ones trooping down in the early morning, waking every one with their "Merry Christmas!" to see what Santa has put in their stockings. A mouth harp, a jackknife or a doll, some joke and a bit of candy they find and scamper back to bed happy as need be. After breakfast the good cheer of the morning is in the arrival of the married children or other relatives and friends with the greetings and joy of reunion. Now the gifts are interchanged. Perhaps a real Christmas tree, with its queer fruit from all lands and its gaudy trappings, gladdens the heart of all, but the chief glory of the day is the family dinner—

When the gray haired father sees round his board
The old, broken links of affection restored;
When the care wearied man seeks his mother once more
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before.
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye,
What calls back the past, like the rich pumpkin pie?

Preceded by the typical feast of the day, from yearling gobbler to plum pudding, none can resist the influence. With hearts mellowed and appetites appeased the whole company is ready for the laughter and fun to follow. The "help" are all asked to join, one's neighbors drop in, and there is soon a round of games and gayeties entered into by old and young. "Blind man's buff," "hot cockles," "bob apple," "hunt the slipper," follow each other, and the evening closes with the old fashioned Virginia reel and Tucker, or there may be charades and tableaux, with some recitations by the children, or the young people and children may black up and give their elders a minstrel show, sing "Suwanee River," "Down the Ohio," "Honey, You's My Lady Love," recite Riley's "Mighty Lonesome Waitin When the Folks Is Gone" or "Little John's Christmas," one of Uncle Remus' stories of his "Hard Road to Trabble." A single person may give an evening's delight for the whole party in reading aloud "Bird's Christmas Carol" by Miss Wiggin. After all is over the young people, disguised as wandering troubadours, may serenade their neighbors with Christmas carols. Who would run away from life on the farm because of its dreariness if the homes were thus made attractive?—Breeder's Gazette.

Christmas Menu.

Oysters.
Chicken Gumbo.
Patties of Mushrooms.
Broiled Shad.
Cucumbers.
Saddle of Mutton, English Style.
Potato Croquettes.
Turkey with Chestnuts and Truffles.
Stuffed Green Peppers. Roast Sweet Potatoes.
Ruddy Duck. Escarole Salad.
Brie Cheese.
Plum Pudding, Hard Sauce.
Ice Cream.
Fruits. Cakes. Nuts and Raisins.
Coffee.
—Ranhofer.

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ADVERTISING RATES:

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Rates by the year, or for six or three months, are low and uniform, and will be furnished on application.

Legal and Official Advertising per square, three times or less, $2; each subsequent insertion 50 cents per square.

Local notices 10 cents per line for one insertion; 5 cents per line for each subsequent consecutive insertion.

Obituary notices over five lines, 10 cents per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

Business cards, five lines or less, $5 per year; over five lines, at the regular rates of advertising.

No local inserted for less than 75 cents per issue.

JOB PRINTING.

The Job department of the PRESS is complete and affords facilities for doing the best class of work. PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO LAW PRINTING.

No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

Men with Schemes.

Men who have been prominent in public life and have retired to the fields of quiet business are in constant demand by the man with a scheme, says the Chicago News. If the promoter can only secure the name of some well-known man in connection with his money-maker, either as stockholder, director, or president, the public is ready to take an interest. Ex-Mayor George B. Swift was talking with a party of friends in the rotunda of the Great Northern and telling of the army of men with schemes who called upon him. "Before Col. G. R. Davis died we were discussing this ever-present man," said Mr. Swift. "The colonel had them call upon him by the score. It is rather funny to listen to some of their stories. All he wants is just your name, not a cent of money, you know. He will make you president of the company, which will make anywhere from $200,000 to $1,000,000 a year. You do not need to sign a paper, all you need do is to draw your pay and spend the money. Sometimes I find myself nearly believing these fellows, as their yarns are so good."

Things Looked Dark.

A very agreeable talker, an educated colored man, addressed the students at Adelbert college the other day, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. He talked interestingly about his experience in his chosen profession, that of a lawyer, asserting that on but one occasion he ever met with discourtesy at the hands of white men during his legal experience in his native state, Virginia. This happened in a backwoods hamlet, where the general ignorance of the inhabitants was some excuse for their boorishness. In the course of his remarks he perpetrated an unconscious humor that brought a smile to the students' faces, and drew a laugh from the speaker himself as soon as he realized the suggestion in his statement. "I started out in my profession with somewhat gloomy anticipations," he said. "When I reached Alexandria, where there were 7,000 colored people, everything looked dark." It was at this point that the smile ran around.

Several days ago Dr. Alvey, says the Morganfield (Ky.) Sun, of Waverly, drove to town in a buggy. Upon his arrival here he discovered that one of his hens had ridden all the way with him in the back end of the buggy. The doctor had to go further down the road, so he "shooed" the hen out of the vehicle and left her here. Dr. Alvey was gone all that day and night and a part of the next. The hen, in the meantime, found her way to Jailer Snodgrass' chicken coop, where she spent the night. When Dr. Alvey returned to Morganfield the next day he put his horse in a livery stable, and, of course, the buggy belonging to the medicine man was only one of a large number about the stable. But, strange to say, that old hen seemed to know when the doctor returned, and, with a remarkable display of animal instinct, picked out his buggy, got back into her place and waited for the doctor to start back home.

A barn in Aroostook, Me., has long gone unshingled because the farmer who owned it was too infirm to climb to the roof, while one of his sons had gone to war in the Philippines and the other to the Klondike. The other day, however, the farmer's only daughter came home from the normal school and shingled the barn as well as any man in town could have done, and she didn't once pound her fingers with the hammer, either.

A Maine paper tells about a woman 65 years old, living in Wiscasset, who, recently deserted her fifth husband because, as she told the court, "he wasn't her style." The husband testified that for eight years he had been obliged to get all his own meals and do the family washing besides, and thereupon the justice granted the divorce asked for.

An old authority gives directions for the most restful position to assume after great weariness. If very tired lie on the back, the knees drawn up, the hands clasped above the head or resting on the elbows, the forearm at right angles, and the hands hanging over by the bend of the wrist.

THE NEW SPEAKER.

Policy of Reed's Successor Is Right in Line with Republican Precepts.

The republican house caucus has ratified unanimously the conclusion reached by the members some months ago by nominating Gen. Henderson for the speakership. The brief address in which he returned thanks to the caucus for the honor done him contains two passages which may be interpreted as an indication of the policy the new speaker intends to pursue. He said:

"May I impress upon your minds the absolute necessity for devotion to the republic in more than one particular. Economy must be our watchword; care in the expenditure of the people's money. At the same time let us be large enough in intellect to grasp the situation which presents a growing country with opening and expanding conditions which demand our careful and patriotic consideration."

Gen. Henderson is for economy and against harmful parsimony. When Mr. Reed was speaker he opposed and frequently defeated expenditures which he deemed extravagant or needless. He was always in the path of every representative who wished to raid the treasury to "strengthen his fences" in his district. As a rule, the appropriations which Mr. Reed opposed should not have been made. The fear has been expressed that the new speaker will be less stubborn than his predecessor; that his natural obligingness will cause him to yield to demands of fellow-members which he knows in his heart are improper. Some democrats have been predicting that with him in the chair and the republican party in power in both branches of congress and the white house the chief business of congress will be to make extravagant appropriations, thus giving democratic orators something to talk about in the next campaign. Gen. Henderson's declaration that "economy must be our watchword" may be taken as a denial of the truth of those predictions. That both duty and expediency bid the republican party in congress be economical is beyond question.

The caucus decided with little opposition that the Reed rules shall be readopted. Almost the only objector was Col. Hepburn, who wanted those rules modified so as to require the speaker to recognize each member as he rises, thus taking from the speaker a discretionary power of recognition which it is claimed has been used oppressively sometimes. This determination to reenact the Reed rules, the enforcement of which by their author has been complained of bitterly by many republicans, may be taken as an indication that those rules will not be enforced so harshly by the new speaker as they have been sometimes by his predecessor. When Gen. Henderson said to the members of the caucus: "I ask that I may lean upon you—each one of you," he intimated that he did not assume he had been elected the despot of the house, but the exponent of the wishes of the republican members whose votes are to put him in the chair. There is reason to believe no republican will have just cause to complain of the Reed rules as administered by Gen. Henderson. They will enable the republican party with its slender majority to enact needed legislation, but not be used to frustrate the wishes of a majority of the republican membership.—Chicago Tribune.

☞The silverites have not got enough, it seems, and are bent upon another Waterloo, which they will undoubtedly meet. No matter what congress does, the fight will be on in the summer unless there is some terrible cataclysm. For congress, therefore, to pass a law establishing the gold standard will not materially stimulate the silver lunacy, and it will give stability and confidence to business.—Baltimore American.

☞On the republicans of the Fifty-sixth congress, and on Hon. David Bremner Henderson in particular, rests a responsibility which we do not doubt their capacity to discharge. But they should not try to do too much. After all, talk is the chief business and pleasure of congress, although everywhere of making laws there is no end.—N. Y. Sun.

CURRENCY MEASURES.

Chief Features of the House Bill That Will Be Considered by Congress.

The chief features of the house bill are those which relate to the metallic standard. The substance of the bills has reached the public, but heretofore in somewhat disconnected form. The following is a synopsis of the main features of the house bill:

1. That the present gold dollar is the standard unit of value in the United States.

2. That all interest bearing obligations of the United States for the payment of money, now existing or hereafter issued, and all United States notes and treasury notes shall be deemed to be paid in gold coin, and that all other obligations, public and private, shall be performed in conformity with this standard.

3. That there shall be established in the treasury department a division of issue and redemption, which shall keep a gold reserve for the maintenance of the parity of money, separate from the fiscal operations of the treasury.

4. That a gold reserve shall be constituted equal to 25 per cent. of the combined amount of United States notes and treasury notes oustanding.

5. That the secretary of the treasury may sell three per cent. bonds payable in gold whenever necessary to maintain the gold reserve at a proper amount, and to maintain the parity of all forms of money issued by the United States.

These provisions are so clear cut and straightforward that they practically explain themselves. If enacted into law they will place the United States among the other advanced commercial nations, with gold as the fixed standard of value. The senate bill has not yet been given final form, but differs mainly from the house bill in creating a stronger gold reserve and giving the secretary of the treasury even broader powers. The house bill would provide a gold reserve at the outset of about $112,000,000. The senate bill will place this amount much higher, probably at the even sum of $150,000,000. The house bill provides for maintaining the silver dollars at a parity with gold by authorizing the secretary of the treasury at his discretion to exchange gold coin for any other money issued or coined by the United States. The senate bill is expected to leave no discretion to the secretary, but to put every holder of a gold or silver dollar upon the same plane by providing for exchangeability of either coin for the other at the will of the holder.—American Review of Reviews.

THE REMNANT COUNTER.

Aunty Democracy has a great collection of odds and ends on her bargain counter which she hopes to dispose of as a job lot in 1900.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

☞The stacks of New England factories will pay no attention to the "No Smoking" signs Mr. Bryan proposes to erect in that section.—Washington Post.

☞Chairman Jones says the democrats will pursue a definite policy in congress to create issues for the campaign of 1900. This conception of the duty of a party differs from the popular idea that congressmen are elected to legislate for the general welfare.—Indianapolis Journal.

☞Populist Coin Harvey will get a job under the democratic national committee. He will be chief educator and will endeavor to show just how prosperity is a fraud and a delusion. But while at it, why didn't the committee get a democrat to do the work?—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

☞The democrats are still rejoicing over the result in Nebraska, but the republicans have more reason to be jubilant over the returns from that state than the democrats. The Nebraska dem.-pop. victory will bring two things about which will be of immense benefit to the republicans. It will delude the democrats into nominating Bryan next year, and it will incite them to make a fight on expansion. Here are two considerations which will make the task of the republicans in 1900 easy and pleasant. If the democrats knew their business they would put mourning rules around the election figures from Nebraska.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

HIGHLY ENCOURAGING.

Gen. Otis Reports a Number of Successes—A Fight in the Clouds—The Pursuit of Aguinaldo—Mabin's Surrender.

Washington, Dec. 14.—The secretary of war regards the information conveyed in Gen. Otis' dispatches yesterday as the most important that has come to hand for months past. The capture of Mabini, reported by MacArthur from Bayambang, is especially gratifying. It is believed that the Filipino leader was trying to make his way across the country from Bangued—where he had been obliged to part company with Aguinaldo a fortnight ago—to the east of Luzon. The members of the Philippine commission now in Washington declare that Mabini was the head and front of the insurrection.

Aguinaldo was only a figurehead. Mabini was the brain and directing power behind him. He is a paralytic; an old man, but of extraordinary ability, and his counsels were always conclusive with the Filipinos. He was concerned in the first uprising against the Spaniards. For a short time he wavered upon Aguinaldo's breach with the Americans, but finally cast his fortunes with the insurrection, and was president of the council. He was also the financial strength of the movement, as without his backing Aguinaldo would have had no credit.

Next in importance to the capture of Mabini was the bold stroke of Capt. McCalla, of the Newark, in capturing the whole province of Cagayan. With MacArthur holding the province of Isabella adjoining, and Young's holdings on the opposite or western shore of the upper peninsula, the American forces are now in technical occupation of the whole northern end of Luzon from a point just north of the Gulf of Lingayen. McCalla, posted at the port of Aparri, the only good port on the northern end of the island, commands the greater part of the whole length of the Rio Grande, affording entrance by boats to a full third of the interior of the island.

It is up this river that Capt. McCalla is sending steam launches, carrying supplies to Maj. Batchelor. The latter officer, with a few negro soldiers, has just completed one of the most daring marches connected with the present campaign. Detaching his little force from MacArthur a week ago he drove straight through the center first and northward, cutting loose from his communications and bound to reach Aparri or be captured or killed in the attempt. Capt. McCalla's advices indicate that he has succeeded, being now within touch of the navy on the north shore.

Manila, Dec. 14.—The following dispatch, dated Cervantes, December 5, has just been received from a correspondent with Maj. March's battalion: "Maj. March with 125 men is about starting for Bonto, the principal town in the province of that name, to the northeast, through an absolutely desolate country and over a mountain 10,000 feet high. He is pursuing Aguinaldo, whose escort, now reduced to 50 men, is known to be there. According to the natives, Aguinaldo intends to disguise himself and to take a circuitous trail toward Bayombang, province of Nueva Vizcaya."

Maj. March, with 300 men, arrived at Cervantes, in the heart of the Tildad mountains on the evening of December 3, about 20 hours behind Aguinaldo, who had believed he had found an inaccessible refuge. On December 2 the American commander had a wonderful fight in a cloud-enveloped mountain pass 3,000 feet above the sea, completely routing Gregorio del Pilar's force of 200 picked men in a position almost strong enough to rival Thermopylae. Pilar died at the front of his men, urging them to make a stand, until the ball of a sharpshooter pierced his head. His followers tried to carry away the body, but were compelled to lay it down.

Two Americans were killed and were buried by their comrades where they fell. The others, carrying nine wounded, camped for the night on top of the mountain, an eminence of 4,000 feet, suffering greatly from the cold blasts. In the morning they marched to Dugaqui, where they learned that Aguinaldo, with a few men and three women, all carried on litters, had passed along the same trail to Cervantes, where he was during the fight.

A SCHEME OF FRAUD.

Insurance Money Is Collected on a Supposed Dead Man, Who Turns Up Alive.

Milwaukee, Wis., Dec. 14.—Robert O'Grady, supposedly dead and buried in a Chicago cemetery and paid for by an insurance company, is alive and at present an inmate of the National Soliders' Home in this city.

The circumstances of the case have come to light through the prosecution for fraud of six Chicago persons, including Margaret Sheehan, a niece of the veteran, by the general counsel of the Knights and Ladies of Security.

In December last a man died at 837 West Monroe street, Chicago. His death was recorded, a special permit secured for him by J. O'Brien, an undertaker, and a body was placed in a grave in Forest Home cemetery.

A Robert O'Grady was insured in Illinois council, No. 420 of the Knights and Ladies of Security, and when the man at 837 West Monroe street died insurance on his life was collected by the officers of the Illinois council.

The real Robert O'Grady, who has been located here, says he did not know that his life was insured. He claims that Margaret Sheehan is his niece, but does not know much about her. He says he never lived at 837 West Monroe street, where the supposed Robert O'Grady died.

Anti-Trust Conference Called.

Chicago, Dec. 14.—The executive committee in charge of arrangements for the proposed national anti-trust conference has issued an address calling the conference to meet in Chicago on the anniversary of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, February 12, 1900.

Boy Murderer Convicted.

Saratoga, N. Y., Dec. 14.—Irving Shaw, 14 years of age, of Providence, was yesterday convicted of murdering his playmate, Jesse Blanche, at Providence last October. Justice Stover sentenced Shaw to life imprisonment at Dannemora prison.

SOLEMN RITES.

Observance of the Centenary of Washington's Death.

Masons and Red Men Assemble at the Tomb at Mt. Vernon to Pay Tribute to a Great Man's Memory — President McKinley Delivers an Address.

Washington, Dec. 15.—With ceremonies beautiful and appropriate and in the presence of a distinguished assemblage the centennial of the death of George Washington was commemorated at Mt. Vernon yesterday. That Mt. Vernon should have been selected as the scene of the exercises was peculiarly fitting. There it was that the happiest incidents of Washington's life occurred. There it was, too, that he died, and there all that was mortal of him was laid to rest in a mausoleum overlooking the Potomac.

Yesterday's ceremonies were elaborately planned by the Masonic bodies and the Red Men of the United States. The movement for the day's observance originated in 1893 with the grand lodge of Masons of Colorado, the proposition being made by William D. Wright, grand master of Colorado, who was present to witness the carrying into effect of his idea. Charge of the ceremonies incident to the commemoration wsa placed in the hands of Masons of Virginia, it being in the Old Dominion that Washington was obligated as a Master Mason and there that he participated enthusiastically in Masonic work and observances.

The officers of the grand lodge of Virginia and the membership of Fredericksburg lodge, in which Washington was made a Mason, and of Washington-Alexandria lodge, over which he presided as master, had the chief part in the duty of seeing that the observances were appropriate. That the duty was well performed was evidenced by the solemnity and beauty of the ceremonies and by the immense concourse of Masons present. Thousands were in attendance from all parts of the country, and almost every jurisdiction in the United States and a few from foreign countries were represented.

At Mt. Vernon the procession formed in line at the mansion, where President McKinley and other distinguished guests joined in and moved to the old vault where first reposed the remains of Washington. The procession was formed and moved in the exact order and over the same path which was followed at Washington's funeral. Halting at the vault the Third cavalry band played a funeral dirge and A. M. Randolph, bishop of the Episcopal diocese of Virginia, offered an invocation. This was followed by an address by the grand master of Masons in Colorado and the procession then moved on to the tomb where the remains of Washington now lie.

Here occurred the impressive services of the Masonic ritual. The grand masters of the original states formed in line facing the representatives of the other jurisdictions and the grand lodge and other brethren stood in a circle around the tomb with joined hands. Then the grand master of Virginia called upon each of the jurisdictions in turn for the messages and tributes sent by them.

The grand masters then deposited their wreaths and evergreens and the craft slowly marched past, laying on the tomb their tributes. Upon reaching the mansion the lines were drawn up and President McKinley delivered an eloquent oration.

The services concluded with a benediction by Brother Calisch, rabbi of a Richmond synagogue.

At 3 o'clock a delegation of the Improved Order of Red Men, in charge of the great incohonee, George E. Green, of Binghamton, N. Y., and Charles H. Litchman, of Marblehead, Mass., arrived at Mt. Vernon to pay the tribute of 220,000 Red Men to the memory of Washington. He was one of the founders of the Sons of Liberty, to which the Red Men trace back their origin through varying names.

After the great prophet, Robert T. Daniels, had invoked the Great Spirit, Acting Great Incohonee Litchman pronounced the oration upon Washington. He was followed by the great chief of records, Charles H. Conley, with a beautiful message to the Red Men of the world. In conclusion he deposited within the tomb a handsome silk flag on a standard to which was attached four ribbons of the colors of the order—green, orange, blue and scarlet.

George Washington memorial services were held in this city at the Church of the Epiphany under the auspices of the patriotic societies of the District of Columbia. The church was crowded. The Episcopal form of service was conducted jointly by the Sons of the American Revolution, Colonial Dames, Colonial Wars, Sons of the Revolution, Daughters of the Revolution, Daughters of the American Revolution, and the Society of the War of 1812. The bishop of Washington officiated.

New York, Dec. 15.—In commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the death of George Washington, services were held in churches and schools and by several patriotic societies of this city yesterday. The memorial services in St. Paul chapel were held by the Sons of the Revolution and the Society of Cincinnati. It was in St. Paul's that Washington worshipped while the first congress was in session in this city, and the pew which he occupied is still preserved. While the services were in progress minute guns were fired on Governor's island.

Hidden Military Stores Found.

Santiago, Dec. 15.—For months it has been suspected that large quantities of military stores were in possession of Cubans at some points in the interior. Wednesday the mayor of Tunis, a small town in the district of Holguin, voluntarily disclosed the location and surrendered three effective field guns, 10,000 rifles and a large amount of ammunition to the Americans. The guns had been stored in an obscure place in a rough country under palm leaf blinds. It would have been almost impossible to find them unless their whereabouts had been voluntarily revealed.

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The 25 cent size is just right for an ordinary, everyday cold. The 50 cent size is better for the cough of bronchitis, croup, grip, and hoarseness. The dollar size is the best for chronic coughs, as in consumption, chronic bronchitis, asthma, etc.

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PALMLY at the close of day
Bethlehem in beauty lay,
When ere long a star arose
That with strange effulgence glows,
While the joyful angels sing:
"We from Heaven glad tidings bring!"
Welcome, ever blessed morn,
When the holy Babe was born!

Shepherds watching on the plains,
Saw the herald angel trains,
As around a dazzling light
Flashes from their wings of white,
Sounding loud o'er hill and glen:
"Peace on earth, good will to men!"
Blessed morn! Oh, sweet employ,
Christ to praise in songs of joy!

Now in Heaven the Saviour waits
With its ever open gates,
Where the saints before Him fall
Throned in glory, Lord of all!
Like the wise men let us bring
Fitting presents to our King;
Give the heart, which in His eyes,
Ever is the richest prize!

Day of days when Christ was born!
Ever hailed the brightest morn!
When salvation's work was done,
All power given to the Son,
Still He marks the garden's gloom,
Bloody cross and rocky tomb,
And is with us when we raise
Sweetest songs of Christmas praise!
—Sydney Dyer, in Chicago Standard.

CHRISTMAS IN THE PROMISED LAND

"ISN'T Joyce Baxter the oddest girl you ever saw?" exclaimed Veva to her chum one morning.

"What now?" asked Bessie, smiling over her fancy work.

"Why, nothing," replied Veva, "except that she's taken it into her head to spend Christmas with that queer, old-fashioned aunt of hers up in the country instead of here in town where there's going to be so much fun. She is the oddest girl I ever knew. Fancy spending a week in that dull, poky place, where the neighbors live half a mile apart and with that old couple and their hired girl for company! But there's no accounting for tastes. Joyce is lovely in most things, pretty and stylish and always so pleasant, but sometimes when she takes such queer freaks it makes me almost believe she does it for effect. And to think she'll miss the Christmas party at Jean's! I know she's invited, for Jean told me so."

The two girls drifted off from the subject of Joyce into talk of fancy work for Christmas presents and gay costumes for the approaching party.

Meanwhile in Joyce's pretty home on the avenue Mrs. Baxter was holding converse with her dark-eyed daughter. "You're a queer little girl," she was saying, "to prefer spending the holidays up at Aunt Isabel's when all the other girls are so excited about Jean's party. It's to be a nice affair, I know, because Jean's mother has taken counsel with me and there are to be several pretty novelties besides the regular good time. If I were you, dear, I'd give up the idea of going to the Promised Land and stay at home."

But Joyce knew what she wanted, and presently Mrs. Baxter, with a loving little pat on the shoulder, left her to herself.

"I believe the child intends to go up into the Promised Land as a regular Christmas fairy," she thought, smilingly, as she descended the stairs. "All those mysterious little bundles in her room mean something."

But later in the day Joyce slipped her mother's wrap upon that lady's shoulders, brought her hat and gloves and made her go out with her for a little shopping. And on the way she revealed her plans.

"I've made up my mind that there shall be a Christmas tree in the Promised Land this year," she began. "I wrote to Aunt Isabel some time ago and asked some questions. She's written back that the young folks in the Promised Land have never had a Christmas tree and if I want to go into it I may have her big front room and Uncle Ben will see about the tree. So I've been buying and making these little things, you know, to put on it and now I'm after candy to finish off with."

Mrs. Baxter looked affectionately at her daughter. "You're a good girl, Joyce," she said, softly, "and mother's proud of you." And then she opened her own purse and purchased some choice gifts for Aunt Isabel and Uncle Ben. "You can smuggle them onto the tree without their knowing a thing about it," she said. "I declare, Joyce, I do wish I was going to the Promised Land, too!"

"But you can't, you know," laughed Joyce; "there's the Christmas dinner to be looked after and papa to take care of. I'm the only one who can be spared. But won't it be nice? I'll write you all about it the very next day."

The Promised Land is the name given to a narrow valley which runs up among the hills which form a spur of the Allegheny mountains. It is an isolated region, "three miles from nowhere," as some of its inhabitants say, but fruitful farms and comfortable homes are scattered along its length on either side of the straggling road which forms its only street.

When Uncle Ben met Joyce at the train down in the village he was somewhat amazed to see that there was a trunk which he was expected to carry too. But he asked no questions as he cheerfully tugged it into the old sleigh. "Seems kind o' queer she'd bring along a trunk for just a few days," he thought to himself, "but mebby she's going to stay quite a spell." And as the old man tucked the blankets in snug and warm he found himself hoping that she would.

There was seldom a stranger face seen on that familiar road which led up into the Promised Land, and Joyce caught fleeting glimpses of interested faces peering out at them as Uncle Ben's old horse jogged heavily along. Two or three of the young girls she had become acquainted with during the preceding summer, when she had spent a week at the farm, and now she gayly waved her hand to them as she caught sight of them at the window or door. And so swiftly does news travel, even in the Promised Land, that before nightfall everyone knew that Joyce Baxter, Aunt Isabel's niece, had come up to spend the holidays. Somehow the very knowledge of this helped to content some dissatisfied girl hearts with the prospect of the usual dull Christmas in the valley.

But when next day Uncle Ben's well-known horse and cutter stopped at every gate in the Promised Land and pretty, stylish Joyce came up the path to the front door, followed a moment later by Uncle Ben, who never missed the chance of a neighborly visit, there seemed to come all at once into those quiet lives a new something of delight and interest which had not been there before. And when Joyce in her own pleasant way had given her invitation "to come up to Aunt Isabel's to-morrow evening at seven o'clock," they all thought it was lovely and promised to go, but not one of them even suspected a Christmas tree. And it was not only the young people who were asked to come. Not one was slighted. Every family was invited, from grandma down to the long-dressed baby. Aunt Isabel had said: "Ask 'em all, my dear, the house is big enough to hold 'em, I guess, and anyhow it'll do us good to crowd up and be neighborly." For the truth was that the widely-scattered families were not at all noted for their "neighborliness." All had grown into a stay-at-home habit, or when they went at all it was generally to the village.

A busier household than Uncle Ben's could not be imagined than was his on the day before Christmas. Very early in the morning he and Joyce had driven off up into the hemlock woods and brought home in triumph a beautiful tree, tall, shapely and stout of branch. And it was Uncle Ben who set it firmly in a block of wood and bore it into the big front room. And it was Belinda, the "help," who popped great panfuls of snowy corn, and Aunt Isabel who sat in her red-covered rocking-chair and strung it into long festoons for the tree. And it was Joyce who filled the generous bags of lacenet she had made at home with candy, raisins and cracked nuts. And it was Joyce who twined long, spicy-smelling ropes of hemlock to swing from the ceiling and around the walls.

Belinda and Aunt Isabel retired to the kitchen, while Joyce was busy with Uncle Ben in the front room, and presently Belinda's cake-making skill was announced by delicious smells from the big oven, and Aunt Isabel sliced the pink ham and sandwiched it in between the daintily-thin buttered bread.

"We'll have tea and coffee both, Belinda," said Aunt Isabel, "and pass the things around." And Belinda, smiling broadly in pleased anticipation of the unusual thing which was about to happen, deftly spread the snow-white frosting over the big fruit cake she had allowed to cool.

"It will be nice, that's a fact," she said, energetically. "It's wonderful, ain't it, what jest one girl can set a-going when she takes a notion!"

At seven o'clock the Promised Land people presented themselves at Uncle Ben's front door. The old man, shining with hospitality, beamed upon his guests and welcomed each one with a hearty handshake. And next came Joyce with a bright word for every one and a smile and a happy welcome for each and every child. The young girls looked at Joyce in bashful admiration. How pretty she looked in her soft blue dress, with one of Aunt Isabel's geranium blossoms in her hair!

They came and came and Uncle Ben overflowed with genial warmth, while Aunt Isabel, whose rheumatism kept her closely to her chair, smiled peacefully upon them all and never once thought of her bright rag carpet under all those snow-dampened feet. Uncle Ben had made a fire in the big sitting-room fireplace, and around this the older folks gathered for a friendly visit.

At half-past seven Joyce opened the front room door and ushered the children and young people into the blaze and glory of the first Christmas tree some of them had ever seen. Right proudly did Joyce view the pretty scene, the hemlock-garlanded room, the wreaths above the pictures, but over all and crowning all the lovely tree, towering to the ceiling, aglow with the soft light of dozens of candles, agleam with snowy festoons of popcorn, golden oranges and bags of candies. Joyce had worked hard all day and was tired—at least she had been tired before the people came—but now as she looked into the happy faces and wondering eyes she felt that it had paid.

Who could tell of all the joys of that wonderful Christmas Eve! How astonished each boy was when Uncle Ben loudly read his name and handed down to his eager hands some mysterious parcel! How radiantly happy was each small girl who received some pretty thing from that wonderful tree! And no child was forgotten. And then how they all shouted when Uncle Ben peered through his glasses at the parcels he found on the tree for himself! And how they all exclaimed when Joyce undid Aunt Isabel's bundle and laid a beautiful, soft, fleecy, white shawl about her shoulders! And then when Uncle Ben, who had privately invited a minister from the village, asked for a few Christmas remarks, they all listened reverently while that sweet old story of the Babe of Bethlehem was told once more.

And after the candles had burned down, sputtered and gone out, the front room was deserted in favor of the big kitchen, where all sorts of gay, romping games were played. Joyce, flushed and merry, wondered once or twice if the girls at Jean's Christmas party were having as much fun as she.

Presently Belinda, important and smiling above her snow-white apron, passed plates and napkins, and Joyce helped her serve the delicious cake and sandwiches and pour the tea and coffee. What a royal good time it was, and how jovial the old men were, and how vivacious the old ladies! Aunt Isabel and Uncle Ben were plainly happy, and so was Belinda, and if the guests were one-half as happy as Joyce they were happy, indeed.

When it was all over and all the guests had departed for their respective homes in the Promised Land, Uncle Ben drew Joyce down upon his knee. "Little girl," he said, "you done well—you done nobly! The true Christmas spirit is in your heart, 'peace and good will.'"

And Aunt Isabel smiled across at her. "You've brought the Christmas feeling into my heart, child," she said softly. "I can't bear to have you go home day after to-morrow."

Joyce laughed gleefully. "I'm not going, auntie," she said. "I've three weeks' vacation, and I'm going to spend it all with you."

Uncle Ben chuckled to himself. "That's the way to talk," said he. "I wondered when I see that trunk of yours if you mebbe wasn't going to stay with us a spell, and so you be. We'll try to have some sleighrides and candy-pulls up here in the Promised Land while you're here and I don't doubt a mite but what we'll all have a good time."—Harriet Francene Crocker, in Union Signal.

UNCLE BEN MET JOYCE AT THE TRAIN.

COMPARISONS NOT MADE.

Smythe—Was your Christmas a success?

Brown—I don't know; my wife hasn't heard from the neighbors yet.—Up To Date.

A BOER VICTORY.

Burghers Whip Methuen's Army at Magersfontein.

Desperate Assaults made by English Troops on the Enemy in Trenches Were Unsuccessful—Losses on Both Sides Were Large—Other War News.

Pretoria, Dec. 12.—Six hundred and seventy-two British prisoners were taken at Stormberg.

In the fighting at Modder river Sunday evening Gen. Cronje maintained his position and captured 50 British soldiers.

The Boers captured three British guns in the engagement with Gen. Gatacre's force at Stormberg. The sortie at Kimberly on Saturday was an attempt to take the Boer position.

London, Dec. 13.—The war office publishes the following dispatch from Gen. Buller: Dispatch from Gen. White, dated December 11, says: "Last night Col. Metcalf and 500 of the Second rifle brigade sortied to capture a Boer howitzer on a hill. They reached the crest without being discovered, drove off the enemy and then destroyed the howitzer with gun cotton. When returning Metcalf found his retirement barred by the Boers, but he forced his way through, using the bayonet freely.

London, Dec. 14.—Each important battle seems to bring a worse reverse for the British, and the papers this morning sorrowfully admit that Gen. Methuen's check at Magersfontein on Monday is the most serious event the war has yet produced.

It is estimated here that Methuen's forces amounted to 11,000 men. No reliable estimate of his losses has yet been received. They are believed to have been at least 450.

Julian Ralph, describing the battle at Magersfontein, in a dispatch to the Mail says: "The Boers were intrenched at Magersfontein, four miles north of Modder river. At dawn Monday the Highlanders, advancing across the veldt, were suddenly subjected to a murderous fire from the trenches about 200 yards in front. The greater part of the fearful loss of the day was thus suffered in a minute. Startled and overwhelmed, the brigade retired quickly, but soon rallied and retained its position. This was on the left. On the right the guards brigade advanced across the trenches and fought an invisible foe for 15 hours. At 11 in the morning the Gordon Highlanders were sent forward. The Boers allowed them to pass one line of trenches with artillery, and then enfiladed them. We raked the Boer trenches with artillery throughout the day. The fighting only ceased with nightfall."

The British casualties included Gen. Wauchope, the Marquis of Winchester, major of the Coldstream guards, who was killed, and Col. Downham of the Gordon Highlanders, who was mortally wounded. When the Highlanders met the murderous point blank fire of the Boers about 200 were mowed down. The Black Watch regiment on reforming was able to muster only 160 men. The Boers lost heavily in the trenches and also in the wire entanglements when they came into the open in an attempt to make a flank attack on the British. The terrific British artillery fire provoked no response except from the Boer rifles until nearly 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when the Gordon Highlanders formed to renew the attack on the entrenched kopje.

The enemy opened with a heavy shrapnel fire as the British advanced and it was found physically impossible to take the Boer trenches. The British got within 200 yards, but could not get nearer. It was here that Col. Downham fell. The Boers had had free recourse to barbed wire entanglements, which offered great obstacles even after the damage inflicted by the British artillery fire. Tuesday morning both sides occupied the positions they held before the battle.

London, Dec. 15.—The war office is still without news from Ladysmith other than that already published. The general belief is that the large Boer forces Gen. Methuen encountered at Magersfontein were partly drawn from Natal, and that Gen. Buller will strike a blow before these have time to return.

A revised list of the total casualties to the British troops at Magersfontein places the number at 832.

The war office has received the following dispatch from Gen. Walker, at Cape Town: "Gen. French wires under date of December 13, reporting a skirmish at 4 o'clock in the morning with 1,800 Boers who were advancing southward toward Naauwpoort. The skirmishing continued all the morning, Boers fighting on a front of 14 miles. The enemy retired with a loss of 40 killed and wounded. Our casualties were one killed, seven wounded, including one officer and two missing."

Modder River, Dec. 15.—Ambulances started Tuesday under a flag of truce to collect the wounded and bury the dead who fell at Magersfontein.

Gen. Wauchope, who led the Highland brigade, was found dead near the trenches, shot in the chest and thigh. A few wounded were found near the trenches. Several wounded Boers were taken to the British hospital. The side of the hill and neighborhood of the trenches showed dead bodies all about. One wounded Boer informed a correspondent that their loss was terrible. The Boer losses must exceed 700. The destruction wrought by the naval guns was enormous. Word was passed along the Boer lines to prepare to retreat at nightfall.

Four Trainmen Killed.

Allentown, Pa., Dec. 14.—Passenger train No. 18 on the Jersey Central railroad, eastbound, due here at 8:57 last evening, ran into the rear end of extra coal train No. 426, also eastbound, opposite Laurys. Engineer Yeomans, Fireman Smith and Baggagemaster Herth, of the passenger train, all of Easton, Pa., and Flagman George Hann, of the coal train, of Bergen, N. J., were buried under the wreck and killed. The wreck caught fire and the engine, smoker and baggage car of the passenger train were burned.

THE JOLO TREATY.

Text of the Agreement Between Gen. Bates and the Sultan is Made Public.

Washington, Dec. 14.—The following is the text of the agreement between Gen. Bates and the sultan of Jolo, better known as the Jolo treaty, which has been sent to the senate by the president, it being understood that this agreement will be in full force only when approved by the governor general of the Philippine islands and confirmed by the president of the United States, and shall be subject to future modifications by the mutual consent of the parties in interest.

Article I.—The sovereignty of the United States over the whole archipelago of Jolo is declared and acknowledged.

Article II.—The United States flag will be used in the archipelago of Jolo and its dependencies on land and sea.

Article III.—The rights and dignity of the sultan and his datos shall be fully respected; the Moros shall not be interfered with on account of their religion; all their religious customs shall be respected, and no one shall be persecuted on account of his religion.

Article IV.—While the United States may occupy and control such points in the archipelago of Jolo as public interests seem to demand, encroachment will not be made upon the land immediately about the residence of the sultan unless military necessity requires such occupation in case of war with a foreign power, and where the property of individuals is taken due compensation will be made in each case. Any person can purchase land in the archipelago of Jolo and hold the same by obtaining the consent of the sultan and coming to a satisfactory agreement with the owner of the land, and such purchase shall immediately be registered in the proper office of the United States government.

Article V.—All trade in domestic products of the archipelago of Jolo, when carried on by the sultan and his people with any part of the Philippine islands and when conducted under the American flag, shall be free, unlimited and undutiable.

Article VI.—The sultan of Jolo shall be allowed to communicate with the governor general of the Philippine islands in making complaint against the commanding officer of Jolo, or against any naval commander.

Article VII.—The introduction of firearms and war material is forbidden, except under specific authority of the governor general of the Philippine islands.

Article VIII.—Piracy must be suppressed and the sultan and his datos agree to co-operate with the United States authorities to that end, and to make every possible effort to arrest and bring to justice all persons engaged in piracy.

Article IX.—Where crimes and offenses are committed by Moros against Moros, the government of the sultan will bring to trial and punishment the criminals and offenders, who will be delivered to the government of the sultan by the United States authorities if in their possession. In all other cases persons charged with crimes or offenses will be delivered to the United States and authorities for trial and punishment.

Article X.—Any slave in the archipelago of Jolo shall have the right to purchase freedom by paying to the master the usual market value.

Article XI.—In case of any trouble with subjects of the sultan, the American authorities in the islands will be instructed to make careful investigation before resorting to harsh measures.

Article XII.—At present Americans or foreigners wishing to go into the country should state their wishes to the Moro authorities and ask for an escort, but it is hoped that this will become unnecessary as we know each other better.

Article XIII.—The United States will give full protection to the sultan and his subjects in case any foreign nation should attempt to impose upon them.

Article XIV.—The United States will not sell the island of Jolo or any other island of the Jolo archipelago to any foreign nation without the consent of the sultan of Jolo.

Article XV.—The United States government will pay the following monthly salaries: To the sultan $250 (Mexican money), to Dato Rajah Muda $75, to Dato Attik $60, to Dato Calbi $75, to Dato Joakinin $75, to Dato Puyo $60, to Dato Amir Hussin $60, to Hadji Butu $50, to Habib Mura $40, to Serif Saguin $15. Signed in triplicate, English and Sulu, at Jolo, this 20th day of August, A. D. 1899.

Advance Guard of a New Service.

New York, Dec. 14.—Five marine hospital doctors sailed yesterday on the steamer St. Louis for Southampton. They are the advance guard of a new service of the government which is to be established abroad. The doctors are to be attached to the United States consulates at different large ports in Europe and will look after the steerage passengers coming to the United States. They will go aboard of all vessels leaving for our ports and examine the steerage passengers. After having made an examination and finding everything all right they will give the ship a clear bill of health.

They Walked on the Track.

Tarentum, Pa., Dec. 14.—Betthor Lanish, aged 20 years, and Miss Ella Mengel, aged 18, started out last evening from the home of the young woman to do some shopping together. To shorten the distance they took the route of the railroad track. They were caught by the Butler express and killed.

A New Combine in Sugar.

Dover, Del., Dec. 13.—Preparations were begun here last night for the incorporation of the Colonial Sugar Refining Co., capital $100,000,000. Large sugar making companies now outside the American Sugar Refining Co. are concerned in this new Delaware corporation.

Another Strawboard Trust.

Indianapolis, Dec. 13.—A new strawboard trust will be launched the first of the year in opposition to the old trust. The mills in the new combination are at Terre Haute, Anderson, Joliet and Lima.

NOW IT'S BULLER.

Another English General Reports a Reverse.

LOST ELEVEN BIG GUNS.

Attempt to Cross Tugela River was a Failure.

BOERS' FIRE WAS DEADLY.

Gen. Buller Tells a Humiliating Story of How His Soldiers Walked Blindly Into a Trap Set for Them by a Cunning Enemy.

London, Dec. 16.—The war office has received a dispatch announcing that Gen. Buller has met with a serious reverse. Gen. Buller was attempting to cross Tugela river. Finding it impossible to effect his object, he ordered a retirement in order to avoid greater losses. He left 11 guns behind.

The following is the text of Gen. Buller's dispatch announcing his reverse: "Chieveley camp, Dec. 15—I regret to report a serious reverse. I moved in full strength from our camp near Chieveley at four o'clock this morning. There are two fordable places in the Tugela river and it was my intention to force a passage through at one of them. They are about two miles apart. My intention was to force one or the other with one brigade, supported by a central brigade. Gen. Hart was to attack the left road, Gen. Hildyard the right road and Gen. Lyttleton was to take the center and to support either. Early in the day I saw that Gen. Hart would not be able to force a passage and I directed him to withdraw. He had, however, attacked with great gallantry and his leading battalion, the Connaught rangers, I fear, suffered a great deal. Col. I. G. Brooke was seriously wounded.

"I then ordered Gen. Hildyard to advance, which he did and his leading regiment, the East Surrey, occupied Colenso station and the houses near the bridge. At that moment I heard that the whole artillery I had sent to support the attack—the 14th and 66th field batteries and six naval 12-pounder quick firers, under Col. Long, had advanced close to the river in Long's desire to be within effective range. It proved to be full of the enemy, which suddenly opened a galling fire at close range, killing all their horses and the gunners were compelled to stand to their guns. Some of the wagon teams got shelter in a donga and desperate efforts were being made to bring out the field guns. The fire, however, was too severe and only two were saved.

Of the 18 horses 13 were killed, and as several drivers were wounded I would not allow another attempt, as it seemed that they would be a shell mark, sacrificing life to a gallant attempt to force the passage. Unsupported by artillery I directed the troops to withdraw, which they did in good order. Throughout the day a considerable force of the enemy was pressing on my right flank, but was kept back by mounted men under Lord Dundonald and part of Gen. Barton's brigade. The day was intensely hot and most trying on the troops, whose conduct was excellent. We have abandoned ten guns and lost by shell fire one. The losses in Gen. Hart's brigade are, I fear heavy, although the proportion of severely wounded is, I hope, not large. The 14th and 66th field batteries also suffered severe losses. We have retired to our camp at Chieveley."

The news of Gen. Buller's reverse was received so late that morning newspaper comment is confined to perfunctory expressions of extreme regret and disappointment, and of the necessity of calmness and redoubled efforts to retrieve the position. This latest check is regarded as the most serious event in England's military history since the Indian mutiny.

The Standard says: "Gen. Buller's dispatch is deplorable reading. It is the now familiar story of concealed Boers and of British troops marching up blindly almost to the very muzzles of the enemy's rifles. It cannot be doubted that the moral effect will be to aggravate our difficulties over the whole field of operation. The country has discovered with annoyance and surprise that subduing Boer farmers is about the hardest work we have entered upon since the Indian mutiny. Their commandants have shown themselves able to give our generals useful, but expensive lessons in modern tactics."

A Destructive Fire.

Philipsbur, Pa., Dec. 16.—A number of buildings containing mine machinery were destroyed by fire Friday at Morrisdale, Pa., the plant being known as No. 1 shaft of the Morrisdale Coal Co. The value of the buildings and contents is estimated at $30,000. Four hundred men have been thrown out of employment. It is also reported that the fire has reached the inside of the mine and that the loss will amount to $76,000.

Failed for $3,000,000.

Boston, Dec. 16.—John P. Squire & Co., engaged in the meat and provision and meat packing business, assigned Friday to Lawyer Herman W. Chaplin. The liabilities are estimated at $3,000,000 and the assets at $5,000,000, the latter including a recent appraisal of the plant at East Cambridge and Somerville at $2,000,000. The company was incorporated in 1896 and has a paid up capital of $8,000,000, stock being largely held in the Squire family. The business will be carried on without any change by Mr. Chaplin as assignee.

H. S. LLOYD'S

CHRISTMAS TOY STORES ARE READY.

Let H.S. Lloyd's Yuletide Store be our Telephone "Central" as we call up our friends and say---

Good Morning!
And a Merry
Christmas to you!
Santa Claus.

A Thousand Messages from the Little Ones to Santa Claus can be satisfactorily answered from this store until Christmas Day. This announcement is enough to make every child-heart in Emporium and vicinity beat quicker; and the man or woman who is too staid to enjoy Christmas liveliness, is a misanthrope to be afraid of.

World of Toys.

We venture to say that the greatest line of strictly new Toys, Dolls and Games ever put on sale in Emporium is now ready for the pleasure of the young folks in our store.

I Like to See

What's New, and I always go to LLOYD'S.

Aluminum Goods

Looks like silver, but is more durable. We have in Trays, Brushes, Combs, Cups and Saucers, Salt, Pepper and Sugar Sifters, Stamp Boxes, Match Safes, Cigar Cases, Drinking Cups, Shaving Mugs, Photo Frames, Puff Boxes and all kind of novelties.

The Coming Day.

Doll Carriages, Doll Furniture, Shoo-Fly Rockers, Iron and Wooden Carts, Toys in Iron, Wood and Steel, Air and Steam Engines, Magic Lanterns, Musical Toys, Chautauqua Blackboards, Writing Desks, and Diaries for 1900.

Jack Frost

Leaves his order for Iron and Wood Sleds and Skates.

Plum Cake.

WE will not attempt to print any Complete list of the Special Stock of goods provided for this Yuletide Sale, it would be practically impossible. We will give you a few slices out of a very large and rich plum-cake. The plum-cake is here all baked and ready. We began preparing it months ago--that's why it is so rich.

We bid you a hearty welcome to come and enjoy a slice of this plum-cake.

Coming Events.

DOLLS! DOLLS!! DOLLS!!!

Large and small Dolls, Dressed and Undressed, Bisque Heads, Jointed Dolls, Rag Dolls, Sailor Boys, Kid Body Dolls. Dolls of every sort and color by the hundreds, from one cent to---so that you can get a whole "doll family."

Ladies Pocket-books	*Sterling Silver*	*Fancy China*
In Sterling Silver and Seal Leather and Card Cases Pocket-books combined.	In Button Hooks, Nail Cleaners, Paper Cutters, Match Safes and Envelope Openers, etc., etc.	Cups, Saucers, and Trays, Plates, Bisque Ornaments, Fancy Glassware, Medallian and Picture Frames.

"THE STORE BEAUTIFUL."

Strangers and Citizens

Alike will find this store ready to meet and gratify every Christmas wish.

Fancy Goods and Cases.

Toilet Sets, Collar and Cuff Boxes, Manicure Sets, Glove and Handkerchief Boxes, Shaving Sets, Photo Boxes, Fan Boxes, etc., etc.

Yes, Look Around.

Year 'Round Friend.

A Book fitly chosen is a life-long friend. You will find here Books for Children, in linen, paper and board covers, Standard works for boys and girls, for old and young, and in all kinds of binding, Leading works on Science, History, Biography, Religion. Travel and Fiction.

Oxford Teachers' Bibles and Prayer Books.

HARRY S. LLOYD,

OPPOSITE POST-OFFICE, EMPORIUM, PA.

DRESSED IN WHITE.

'Twas quite clearly I remember,
On a Sunday in September,
Sunday night;
And in church we were together,
She—a night of summer weather—
Dressed in white.

I'd no book, by some omission,
And the space of our division
Lesser grew;
Lesser grew since she perceiving
Plight, half hers would be relieving,
Nearer drew.

Then if fingers strayed together
Round the soft morocco leather
In that song;
If in singing I leant nearer
To her cheek, to read the clearer,
Was it wrong?

Was it wrong? The cheek was blushing
Next to mine, and mine was flushing
Next her sighs.
If I thrilled was it amazing
At the unexpected raising
Of her eyes?

And I always shall remember
'Twas a morning in December,
Frosty, bright;
That, in church again together,
She was rightly—'spite the weather
Dressed in white!
—Leonard Merrick, in Harlem Life.

FREE-LANCE

By CHAUNCY C. HOTCHKISS

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CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

Ames pushed me toward the opening, and I squeezed through, feeling solid boards under my feet, and being greeted by such a strong smell of old hay that I might have been in the heart of an ancient rick. And this proved to be the case, for I soon heard the story of this hole of refuge. It had been made inside the barn and beneath the mow, and was now scantily covered with the little hay the British had a habit of leaving farmers to take the curse from their wholesale robbery. There was no entrance to this concealed den save the loosened board, and all cracks and openings being stuffed with wisps, from the outside this part of the building seemed bursting from fullness.

'Twas the finest masking of a retreat that could be imagined, and here one might lie and escape hanging (if he ventured not abroad), though there would be starvation to grapple with, and no small danger of smothering, for the heat was vile, the air heavy, and there was no means of ventilation.

My companion followed me into this inclosure, quickly readjusting the board, and, as though familiar with the place, struck his steel and got a light in a pierced tin lantern, which he set on the end of an upturned log serving as a table, on the top of which lay a scrap of paper.

This he seized, and, bending low to the glimmer, read the contents while I took in the details of the queer apartment. The rough boards of the room were barren of everything save a rifle hanging on a nail, and the wisps of hay that penetrated each crevice from the mow without. A heap of small arms lay in one corner; in another was a sleeping bunk with straw at the foot of which was a closely strapped bundle filled, as I afterward found, with provisions to be used in the extremity of being driven to this retreat for a protracted stay. It was a hiding place pure and simple, and not one to be defended save by secrecy, for a brand touched to any part of the structure would reduce it to ashes in less than an hour.

"'Tis all right!" said Ames, raising his head as I finished my brief survey. "We are not bound to this hole yet. We may go to the house and sleep like modern Christians for once more at least. Come!"

Extinguishing the light, he loosened the board, and we passed out, the night air coming to the lungs like a cooling balm after the heat and closeness of the contracted den.

"There is little danger for the next few hours," he whispered as we made a straight line for the house. "The redcoats were here this noon and searched the place, but my—the boy was then in the barn. They will hardly try here again until they have beaten up other quarters. 'Tis a sorry outlook, Thorndyke! Have you not in your head a way off this island? Think hard, man! We must both think hard, and then take chances, however desperate. You are willing that we pull together?" he concluded interrogatively.

In his earnestness he dropped his assumed manner of speech, and there was an appeal in his voice that made me think it was not for himself he was most anxious. However, I could give him no comfort, only saying that I had small head for thought until I could clear my brains with sleep, but that if taken, though it were barren of gain, I would send some of the enemy ahead of us to announce our coming. Then I laid my hand in his and swore I would stand by him, and his brother, too, if need be (though such swearing seemed useless in the face of matters), telling him I would be but an ungrateful brute to desert him after he had lost his chance for help at the tavern by giving his hand in my behalf.

We had halted on our way, and in the darkness we came to the agreement each to stand by the other so long as a chance to help remained. 'Twas a compact hurriedly thought of and hurriedly made, but there, under the stars dimly showing overhead, was completed a bond that failed not. 'Twas made through necessity and became strengthened by love. Not conceived in an excess of happiness nor backed by the exuberance or fictitious generosity of strong drink, not even expected to extend beyond the present period of danger, it held through life like an invisible chain.

There was no delay in getting into the house. Though every window I could see was closed by solid wooden shutters, the back door stood wide for entry, and I soon found myself in what was probably the kitchen. It was pitch black within, but Ames knew his whereabouts, and I, with my hand on his shoulder, followed him through this room into a hall and up a flight of stairs. At the top a man's voice broke out with:

"Who's there?"

"Seven!" spoke Ames in return.

"Five!" was the answer.

"Well enough! And I have a friend," said my companion. And without more parley he went ahead and up more stairs, opening a trap or hatch, and landing in the garret at last, where he struck a light.

The room was undivided, and took in the entire ground plan of the house. So large was it that the single candle failed to clear the gloom from the corners, and made the great rafters spanning the space overhead deeply mysterious. Two immense chimneys pierced the floor and went out at the roof, but beyond these the sweep of level was unbroken save by a large bed with curtains, a table, and several chairs. A half-moon window at either gable end was let high into the wall. A long ladder leading to one of them showed it had been used as a post of observation, but now both were carefully covered to prevent any interior light reaching abroad.

Here, then, were comfortable quarters at last. It was none too cool, but there was plenty of air, and could I but get a bite and a few hours' sleep I felt something might come of it, especially as there was a safe hiding place near at hand which could be used at a pinch, and such a possible refuge would prove a mighty factor in preventing demoralization.

I was looking at the trapped hole in the floor through which we had come when I heard a footstep on the stairs and a man appeared from below. He rose into sight as though there was no end to him, so tall and gaunt was he, and as he came to the light I saw that he possessed but one eye, and that set in a face which had the length and expression of that of a horse. With barely a glance at me, he took my companion aside, where they held a whispered conference. Suddenly turning, he held out to me an arm like a flail and grasped my hand. Then with a smile which disclosed a magnificent set of teeth, and like magic transfigured the expression of his face, he said in the purest English and with a voice of wonderful modulation:

"Donald Thorndyke, you are heartily welcome to the poor house of Peter Burt. I trust it will hold you in safety until a way of escape is made clear. Your deed is known to me. I honor you for your generosity, bravery, and patriotism. Pardon me," he interrupted as I was about to speak, "I know your present needs, and will supply them at once; then we will talk." And with this he abruptly turned and went below.

He had barely disappeared when a strange thing happened. I was facing the bed when I heard an exclamation come from behind the curtains, which were drawn close, and at the same time they parted, discovering a youth clad in a long Quaker cloak which descended halfway down his shapely calves. For the moment I was startled, but at once surmised that he was the dumb brother of my companion. Ames sprang forward to meet him, the boy greeting him with a smile and a hand clasp, but, pushing past my guide, he advanced to where I stood by the table, and with a rippling laugh which there was no mistaking astonished me by saying:

"Donald Thorndyke here! Has he, too, escaped? Heaven is indeed good! I have no need of counterfeiting dumbness with him. Beverly, by what fortune—"

The flow of words was cut short here, for Ames let out a cry just as I cleared my muddled brain and recognized the girl, Gertrude King, disguised as a Quaker. With the cloak gathered about her as though to conceal her altered apparel, and slightly bent as in shrinking modesty, she stood with eyes and lips apart, while my late guide grasped my hand and said:

"By the Lord! but I struck better than I knew. Why, man, 'twas you who gave me the first hand in help, and that at the fire, but I have never seen your face closely till now. I knew you as the savior of my sister, but had no guess I was in your debt for myself."

"We're quits, as you said, but 'tis a small debt. She is your sister, then!" I exclaimed, in my bewilderment referring to the matter which had been bothering me. "How is it I am thus hoodwinked? Have we not just sworn—"

"Nay, friend," he broke in entreatingly. "I but guessed at you at first. This dumbness has been a mask from the start. 'Twas that and your pass which got Gertrude through the lower lines. I but continued it with you, fearing you would shirk the risk of having a girl share what adventure we might have in store. You gave me to understand that much. Be not offended."

"Nay, Beverly, I could have told you better!" said the girl. "Capt. Thorndyke, you must pardon my appearance, nor think I am unsexed inwardly as outwardly when I say that I know you will not refuse your help to me; for, as you once risked your life for mine, you will not leave us and put it beyond my power to do my share in making good the debt. The same feeling which bade you defy Clinton will surely not allow you to leave me while I am still unfortunate! And I can help. I will not faint nor lose my head and cry out if danger comes. I can shoot; ay, and will, if need be!"

She was a striking object as she stood there in the light of the single candle. As she spoke she stepped forward, the cloak slipping from her hands and falling about her in graceful folds. Not a whit less of a beauty was she for all that her hair was shorn for more than half its length and stained almost black, for in her male attire there was no mistaking the grace of her sex, which in her accentuated. In her present rig she seemed less tall than in her proper costume, but it gave freedom to her movements, and there were ease and suppleness in even the small gesture of extending her arms toward me as if to add weight to her words. From top to toe there was witchery about her, and I little wondered at Scammell's infatuation. How on earth she had passed the lines without having been suspected was a puzzle, unless, indeed, she too, like her brother, was skilled in acting a part.

"Mistress Gertrude," I replied, bending my head, whereat she attempted a courtesy, which, to say the least, was graceful despite the lack of sweeping drapery, "you need not think me generous when I tell you that the oath which binds me to help your brother binds me to help you also, and to the last extremity. These may be but empty words; danger lies in every quarter, nor can I probe a way through. Madam, do not count on the success of my best efforts, but for the sake of all know them to be my best. And now for your story; but, first, how is it that brother and sister bear different names?"

"We are but half brother and sister," said Ames. "Ne'er mind genealogy; let's get below and eat, then for sleep, then for what God wills. It can bode no evil to us that we three are thus met, but what a find for Clinton could he but clutch us!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SEQUENCE OF EVENTS.

Whether our meeting would prove for good or evil fortune the future alone would tell, but certain it was there was nothing remarkable in the fact of our coming together. 'Twas but natural that the girl had flown straight from Clinton to where she might expect to find her brother, and, as the report of his escape had been true, she there found him. Her freedom from arrest had been due to the same cause or causes that had allowed me to retain my own liberty on that memorable Sabbath; namely, the lack of military precaution at headquarters on that day and the suddenness and unlooked-for nature of the episode. Once under the roof of a Quaker relative, she and her brother had been quickly disguised and passed through the lines as father and son, finding refuge in the house on the shores of Turtle bay, and they had thus far eluded capture by retreating by day to the concealed quarters before described.

From there Ames had proceeded to Stryker (another link in the chain of secret patriots), hoping through him to find the means of getting to the Jersey shore or above the lines at Kingsbridge; but partly through the fact that all points of possible escape were doubly guarded, and partly through the adventure caused by my going to the Dove, he could obtain no help from the innkeeper. However, as he had further protected his sister by starting Lowney's companion, the trooper, on a false scent to the northward, and had ended the days of the tory blackleg himself, his errand could hardly be considered fruitless.

The only remarkable point in the sequence of events that had brought us all together was that I should have met "Rex" in the nick of time and had him made known to me.

There was nothing in his present appearance by which I could have connected him with the scorched youth I had encountered at the fire. He was now clean shaved, and, with the grime of smoke washed from his face, his singed hair replaced by a white wig, and his entire change of costume, he was an aged Quaker if one peered not too closely at the lines which had been laid upon his features.

The details of their escape and a recital of my own adventures were given as we regaled ourselves with a hasty meal in a room beneath the attic. Though solid shutters were over the windows, they were further protected from any gleam of light straying outward by a hanging of sheets nailed to the casing. This closeness made the heat stifling, but physical discomfort was a small matter, and was almost forgotten as I listened in turn to the news from the city as it was given by our host.

Like a band of plotting freebooters in masquerade we must have appeared as we sat at the small table with its single candle, talking in whispers, the girl and her brother in their incongruous characters making the strong points of the picture, while the tall, long-featured man, whose melancholy cast was instantly corrected by a smile, sat opposite me, a more than sufficient foil to my proportions.

My host never laughed, but his smile was a passport to favor, making his natural expression sour by contrast or as though he was acting a part when his face was in repose. Of the little band of those who remained in New York, and were underhanded though active in their devotion to the cause, I saw not one but who was an adept in his ability to mimic or portray a character totally at variance with the one

Mistress Gertrude King.

God had given him. Peter Burt was not the least of these, for, though he looked like a graveyard, he was the reverse by nature. This worthy was a typesetter in the office of the notorious Rivington, the official printer to the king, and was the right-hand man to that blatant tory. His position and his undoubted education made his real sentiments unsuspected, and, while by day he damned the rebels and seemed to lack common compassion for those who by chance fell prisoners or were even suspected of treason, by night he was doing all in his power to get information to Washington or giving a helping hand to refugees or those in distress. Late in life I heard that Rivington himself was in full accord with Burt, and used his post to the confusion of the king's interest, but I know naught of the truth of it.

The matter that roused my greatest interest was the news (or lack of it) of Scammell. As a garner of information Burt was in the thick of it, and I was mightily mystified when told that Scammell had recovered sufficiently to move from his quarters at the King's Arms and had disappeared, leaving no trace behind, though the search made for him was but a trifle less keen than that made for us.

"Has he started his lure for me?" I asked myself, but dropped the subject as I listened to the explanation of his move.

"It comes about through a remark made by Mistress Gertrude," said Burt, indicating the young lady, who laughed lightly at the story she had undoubtedly already heard. "It is possible you may recollect her twitting Clinton with a reference to some officer who had informed her about her brother. Well, Clinton took this to mean Scammell, and Scammell hearing of it, possibly in a garbled recital, and fearing arrest, has given color to the matter by putting himself beyond the reach of investigation. He is a sharp fellow, sir, and knows his broken head will excuse him when the trouble blows over. Sir Henry is not fond of making enemies among the line and file of his army, though he cares little for the staff. As for you, Capt. Thorndyke, it were well if you quickly devised some means of putting yourself into a position of greater security than I can offer you. There is a large reward for you, and if you were taken your trial would be a mockery. Our friend Ames has but little better chance should he be caught, and as for his sister, though her life might not be sacrificed, she would be undone—Mrs. Badely would see to that. Failure to find you thus far means redoubled efforts in the future. They know you must be still on Manhattan. What can be done?"

"Nothing to-night," I replied, the blackness of our prospects opening like an abyss before me. "Let me sleep; in my present condition I am useless."

"Right!" he exclaimed. "You are safe for to-night. I will not leave here till past daylight, and will return at dusk. Now, Miss King, up to your quarters. Gentlemen, you will rest here. If I give the alarm, get to the barn. Look to yourselves by day, and be wary, for were you discovered here I say, as did Stryker, my days of usefulness to the cause would be over."

So saying, he blew out the light and opened the windows, while I threw myself, dressed as I was, onto the bed, and, drawing in great breaths of the damp night air, soon slept as only sleep the tired and healthy.

I lay like one dead until well into the morning, waking as blithesomely as a child, only to be shocked as I came to a realizing sense of the toils that beset me. Physically I was a new man, and the feeling of antagonism and defiance with which I met the outlook proved that my spirit was yet unbroken.

But not a hole could I discover through the network of circumstances that had made me a victim. Testing the matter from all sides, the result was the same. It was fight and die, though I was careful not to betray this conclusion to either Ames or his sister. I knew that the youth was equally at sea, but the girl was cheerful and acted as though her troubles would be of short duration, feeling doubtless, as her sex is prone to do, that with two protectors things would go not far wrong.

And, indeed, we needed the fillip of good spirits from some source, and hers aided my philosophy to the extent of causing me to think it were as well to smile at approaching death as to sit and quake over its certainty.

All that day we fed well, this once maiden of fashion preparing our food, while by the aid of the ladder in the attic Ames and myself kept watch by turns through one of the half-moon windows which commanded the high road a mile or so away. But we were undisturbed, though we saw numerous troops going north, and once feared a squad was about to turn toward us, but they went on, only halting a moment where the roads joined.

At sunset Burns returned, bringing the news that a double cordon of the enemy had been drawn across the island near the Dove, which body was to divide and beat up the country both north and south, scouring every house, tree, and nook and cranny from one end of Manhattan to the other. This accounted for the unusual number of troops we had seen that day, and to this extent had my act stirred to its center the British army. It almost enabled one to count the hours of remaining freedom, and I figured that by noon on the day following the forces would have drawn their line close to the purlieus of the city and caught us as a fish is caught in a narrowing net.

The thought fairly drove me wild, and in my very despair I rose from the table at which we had been sitting and went to the window for air, that I might be rid of the oppression which like a weight lay upon my chest. Was this fear? Hardly; for, had the house been assaulted at that moment, the load would have fallen away as fell the burden from the back of Christian. Nay, it was uncertainty and inaction still playing on the harp strings of my nerves, but it was an unbearable feeling.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HISTORY OF A METEOR.

It Was Manufactured by a Desperate Editor and Is Now Regarded as Truth.

"Speaking of shooting stars," said an old reporter, "if you will turn to any encyclopedia, of the great aerolites that have bumped into the earth you'll find an entry something like this: 'Huge meteoric stone, weight approximately a ton, fell near Fort Stanton, Tex., 1884.' I happen to know something about that meteor myself. It didn't land in exactly the vicinity of Fort Stanton, but fell one hot night in July at about 11 p. m., in a little newspaper office not 1,000 miles from the Rio Grande. The phenomena occurred in this way: News was dull that night, the foreman was howling for copy, and the city editor, who was also the local staff reporter, bull-fight historian and other things, was off on his regular semimonthly jag. The night editor, who comprised the balance of the staff, was a truthful man normally, but circumstances and jags over which he had no control had rendered him desperate, so when the foreman bawled 'copy!' for the 'steen hundredth and sixth time, he grabbed a pad of paper, and the meteor, which afterward became so celebrated, began falling at the velocity of about a page every four minutes. It fell on the cabin of an humble Mexican herder, smashed the whole family as flat as pancakes and filled the heavens for miles around with what the night editor called a 'baleful illumination.' The story made a full column, pulled the paper through that night, and scored a wild, uproarious, undreamed-of hit. It was copied all over the country, was discussed by the yard in scientific journals, and after raising a tremendous row in learned societies in every corner of creation, settled down to respectable immortality in the encyclopedias and text books. Meanwhile the office was inundated with a flood of letters from astronomers, geologists and savants high and low from Yokohama to Kalamazoo. The night editor saved the foreign postage stamps on the envelopes and they made the finest collection in the Lone Star State. The letters he used for pipe lights. That's the true and authentic history of the huge meteoric stone which weighed approximately a ton and fell near Fort Stanton, Tex., in 1884. Don't tell anybody I gave it away."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

The Scientific Horse.

"A friend of mine," says Canon MacColl, "once shared the box seat with the driver of a stage coach in Yorkshire, and being a lover of horses he talked with the coachman about his team, admiring one horse in particular. 'Ah,' said the coachman, 'but that 'oss ain't as good as he looks; he's a scientific 'oss.' 'A scientific horse,' exclaimed my friend, 'what on earth do you mean by that?' 'I means,' replied Jehu, 'a 'oss as thinks he knows a great deal more nor he does.'"—London Spectator.

In Proof Thereof.

Customer—Are these eggs strictly fresh?

Grocer's Clerk—Yes, sir. You haven't found anything wrong with the eggs you've been getting here for the last month, have you?

Customer—No.

Grocer's Clerk—Well, these are a part of the same lot.—Chicago Tribune.

The Spread of Education.

Even modern flunkies are becoming grammatical. At a recent party the footman announced "Mr. and Mrs. Foot and the two Miss Feet."—Ally Sloper.

IS A BURLY FIGHTER.

Gen. Cronje, the Boer General Who Is Opposing the Gallant Forces of Gen. Methuen.

While Joubert is the cunning schemer of the Transvaal army, Cronje is its rough and burly fighter. Of the two he is the more representative Boer. Joubert, possibly from his French ancestry, is a man of a certain polish, and can be indirect when policy requires. Cronje is blunt and always to the point. His craft is that of the hunter, and thinly disguises the force that awaits only the opportunity.

Something of this is already observable in his operations around Mafeking,

GEN. CRONJE.
(Second in Command of the Transvaal Military Forces.)

says the New York Herald. He is doing all he can to lure Baden-Powell from the intrenchments where he can strike man for man. He has made several assaults. He can be depended upon to stake everything on one desperate fight at the first fair chance.

Gen. Cronje is greatly admired by the Boers. They think Joubert is a wonderful tactician and organizer, but they love Cronje, the silent man, of sudden and violent action. He is no man's friend. His steel gray eyes peer out from under huge, bushy brows. He never speaks unless necessary, and then in the fewest words. He never asks a favor. When time for action comes he acts, and that with the force of fate and with no consideration for himself or his men.

That is the way he handled the Jameson raid. He saved the republic then, in the opinion of the republic. He is a man after the Boer's own heart.

Cronje is a soldier and nothing else. He hates form. He hates politics, though a born leader of men. He was strongly urged to oppose Kruger for the presidency in 1898, but he would not. He will have none of any rule but that of the rifle. He despises cities. He is a man of the veldt.

REV. W. B. THIRKFIELD.

Elected to Succeed Dr. Edwin A. Schell as General Secretary of the Epworth League.

Rev. Wilbur P. Thirkfield, who has been selected to succeed Dr. Edwin A. Schell as general secretary of the Epworth league, will soon resign the presidency of the Gammon theological seminary at Atlanta, Ga., and remove to Chicago. While he has never been officially connected with the work of the league, he has been in pastorate and educational work for over 20 years, and his selection by the board of control has met with general approval of those interested in the work. Dr. Thirkfield was born in Franklin, O., in 1853, and graduated from the Ohio Wesleyan university in 1877. Shortly after

REV. W. B. THIRKFIELD.
(New General Secretary of the Epworth League.)

his graduation he assumed charge of McLean chapel, Cincinnati, which has since passed out of existence. In 1881, after having taken the degree of doctor of divinity with high honors at the Boston university, he was called to the chair of theology at Clark university, which at that time was connected with Gammon theological seminary. When the two institutions severed connections a few years later Dr. Thirkfield was chosen president of the seminary, which position he has held since. He is known in American Methodism as a man of great executive ability, an orator and a lecturer. The election was a surprise to Dr. Thirkfield, who did not know until after he had been selected that he was being considered as a candidate. In canvassing for a successor to Dr. Schell Dr. Horace Lincoln Jacobs, of Altoona, Pa.; Dr. B. D. Dimmick, of Danville, Pa., and Dr. W. D. Anderson, of New York, were mentioned.

No Mustaches in Alaska.

Men exposed to the rigors of the Alaskan winter never wear mustaches. They wear full beards to protect the throat and face, but keep the upper lip clean-shaven. The moisture from the breath congeals so quickly that a mustache becomes embedded in a solid cake of ice, and the face is frozen in a short time.

$500 Reward

The above Reward will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who placed iron and slabs on the track of the Emporium & Rich Valley R. R., near the east line of Franklin Housler's farm, on the evening of Nov. 21st, 1891.

HENRY AUCHU, *President.*

38-tf.

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A BRAVE COWARD

By H. I. Cleveland.

John Sloan was trembling. His face was white, his eyes wandering, while over his skin ran cold and hot flushes. His mother sat by the big window at the west end of the dining room. Mary Carr was at the door, her hand upon the knob. She was speaking to John:

"Of course, if you have got to be made to go, there's no heroism in it. The Tenth Pennsylvania don't want that class of men. But if you love me—if you think anything of the old flag—if you go because you ought to go—why, you can come and say good-by to me to-night."

The latch clicked and she was gone. Sloan looked at the troubled face of his mother and left the house. Mechanically he wandered to the great red barn and the stalls where sleek horses stamped. There he battled with himself.

The Sloan farm in Pennsylvania on the banks of the Juanita river, has been worked for a hundred years by men of the same blood. I think the Irvings, the McClellands, the Curtins, and last the Sloans—all intermarried, have been the possessors of the acreage since the battle of Brandywine. Each generation of this family down to the Sloans had a fighting man in the nation's service.

It is not to be wondered then that the Sloans suffered in their pride to find that they were the first of the race to be without a military representative. John Sloan, their only son, heir to their goodly estates, was a physical coward. He knew it, and so did his gray-haired father and kindly-faced mother.

Morally, he was a clean, wholesome boy. Physically, he was tall, ruddy-faced, well-muscled and more than good looking. Yet it was a matter of horror and shame to him that he feared firearms, dreaded the blow given in friendly contest with other boys, and was in a tremble if bodily harm seemed immifent.

But if the suffering had been a sore trial to him in his earlier days, John Sloan never realized its full agony until following the operations of the American army in Cuba and the war with Spain there came the call for troops to serve in the Philippines, and the Tenth Pennsylvania regiment was ordered to prepare for service in the field. The destination of the regiment was Manila. Word had gone out from Pittsburgh that recruits would be accepted by the regiment. This message reached the settlement about the Sloan farm in the Juanita country. Several young men promptly came forward and declared they would enlist. The girl that John Sloan loved and wished to be his betrothed—Mary Carr—asked him if he did not intend to join. His answers were evasive. Then she called at the Sloan home and asked him directly to enlist. And it was after this scene that John Sloan fled to the red barn to hide his misery.

A woman's will is stronger than a man's when that man loves the woman. John Sloan won a partial victory over his fears and decided that he would join the regiment. At evening time the young man crossed the fields to the Carr homestead. He expected that Mary would be watching for him, but she was not at the gate nor on the front porch. Her mother greeted him with the words:

"We had a sudden telegram from Iowa, John, that Mary's sister was ill, very ill. Pa hitched up at once and Mary left on the afternoon train. She's gone to Cedar Rapids, 'cause none of the rest of us could go. She left this note for you."

The lines within ran like this:

"John, mother will tell you about my hurried going. I have prayed every minute since I left your house that you would see your duty clearly. If when you receive this you have decided to enlist you will know that you have made your best friends very happy and done your duty to your country and the flag. Mary."

It is making a long story rightfully short to say that the next day he left for Pittsburgh, passed through the test of enlistment, was accepted and assigned to company A, of the Tenth Pennsylvania. A letter which his father had written to Col. Hawkins, commander of the regiment, secured him some courtesies he otherwise would not have received.

He wrote to Mary Carr, at Cedar Rapids, the date his regiment would leave Pittsburgh and its route to San Francisco, and it was after this letter was gone that he was seized with an inspiration. He made his way to his captain and told him frankly that he would like to leave Pittsburgh several days ahead of the regiment and meet it at Cedar Rapids as it traveled west. He said frankly, also, that the reason for his going to Cedar Rapids was a woman. Ten hours later he was on his way to Chicago, dressed in his regimentals, and marked by all who observed him as a recruit for the Philippines.

His peace of mind did not increase as the North Western carried him from Chicago to Cedar Rapids, across the Mississippi into the fertile fields of Iowa.

It is not necessary to go into the details of Sloan's meeting with Mary Carr, nor the inevitable pleading on his part that before he left she would give him her plighted word. When the moment of final separation was at hand, she said to him:

"You know, and I know, that I care for you—how much it is not necessary to tell. Let the way you do your duty at the front prove to me how much or how little I am to care for you in the future. I am not sending you to greatness, but, oh, John, I want you to come back a proven man, and—and—the day you do I will give you my final answer. Go, now, and God be with you, till we meet again."

Sloan joined his regiment, crossed with them the historic Union Pacific and Central Pacific railroads, and came at last to the Presidio at San Francisco, where the regiment was stationed for a short time.

The sailing was on June 15, and as the transport passed out of the Golden Gate on her long journey to the orient, he leaned over the rail of the troop deck until the land had entirely faded from sight, sick at heart, unmanned, a pitiable object to himself if not to his companions. One of them threw his arms about the neck of Sloan and sang out in gleeful tone:

"Then stand to your glasses steady
And drink to your comrade's eyes,
Here's a cup for the dead and the dying,
Hurrah for the next one that dies."

Sloan shuddered, broke away, and hid in his bunk. Overhead was Col. Hawkins, Barnett, Maj. Cuthbertson, the gentle chaplain, Hunter, and other heroic leaders. And although Sloan did not know it then, there was one captain above whose thought was upon him, and whom he was to learn to call "My Captain" to the end of his days.

This captain carried in his effects a letter from John Sloan's father in which were the lines:

"My boy is going to battle in your command. Years ago your father and my brother went to battle as comrades, and in the heat of conflict your father fell, wounded My brother carried him to a place of safety, and in the end nursed him back to strength. I ask you to care for my boy as one of mine once did for yours. He is a good lad, but he needs a friend now as he never did before."

And this was the reason why, after the transport had cleared Honolulu and was on the last tack for Manila, that John Sloan found himself detached from his company and on duty in the officers' quarters, where, much to his surprise, a certain captain often spoke kindly to him and gave him encouragement.

"I have watched you enough, Sloan, to know that you are mortally afraid of what we are going into. You are a bundle of nonsensical nerves; but whatever is going to happen when we are on shore, remember this, Sloan, don't run."

Men pray even in these hard days, and John Sloan prayed that night for strength, prayed as only a man can who knows that he is a coward, yet is determined to fight to the end. In the morning, while looking over his kit, he came across a North-Western railroad folder, which was the only one remaining of several he had provided himself with when starting from home, and somehow it gave him cheer and comfort to read the old familiar names in the states, and to know that back there many were thinking and living for him.

The landing was rough. Their transport had passed up the harbor by the Olympia, the Raleigh, the Boston, flags flying, bands playing, and the great admiral on his bridge bowing and raising his hat as the troops cheered, which had come to his aid. Even Sloan forgot his fidgets, and waved his cap high in the air, and yelled:

"Hurrah, Dewey!"

Manila was still in the hands of the Spanish. Aguinaldo was seeking to secure recognition from the United States, and at the same time to capture Manila and loot the city. Dewey was holding the insurgents in check and preparing to take the city. The Tenth Pennsylvania was landed at Cavite, and then marched to the trenches at Malate in front of the Spanish outposts. Active service was commenced at once. The first duty that came to Sloan after the regiment was in the trenches was that of picket. His post was on the edge of a thicket, scarce a mile from the Spanish line. The tropical rains had commenced, and the fever was already upon some of the men. He was given particular instructions to watch out for a surprise, the Spaniards having displayed great activity during the day along the front of their line.

Wrapped in his rough weather coat, holding his gun underneath it to keep it dry, Sloan paced up and down his post, splashing in the water, wondering at the brilliancy of the lightning, and shivering in dread anticipation of trouble. A flash of lightning showed him figures on the plain, in front of him, moving toward him.

Only the enemy could come from that direction. Sloan stood still as if welded to the ground. His hair rose on end. He yelled and fired in the direction of the advancing foe.

Strange, is it not, that that shot—fired by John Sloan, coward—gave to the American army its notice of the advance of the Spaniards at Malate, defeated the enemy, and made a hero of a trembling, frightened, half-boy, half man!

Sloan, after firing, ran back towards his own lines and stumbled or fell at the feet of that captain who had first encouraged him to do his duty. He jumped up out of the slush, saturated, and was ordered to take position with his company. Twice during the battle did Sloan have the wildest desire to run. But, as it has done many times before in the world's history, that name "Mary" held him to his place and duty. When morning came and it was realized that American pluck and valor had won the day, it was Sloan's captain, who, sending for him, said:

"You knew your duty last night. You have placed yourself in line for promotion. The colonel knows of your service as picket."

Then, out of the boy's heart rushed all those years of misery and doubt; all those unnamed fears that held manhood back and kept him the child. There came messages from far-away home. At the end of his mother's letter there was a penciled line:

"The Dodd boys have written home of your bravery at Malate. We hear you may be promoted. Keep up, John. Mary Carr."

That kind of a love letter would not satisfy all men, but it did satisfy John Sloan, who tucked it away in his blouse and read it many times in the days to come. He would sit in the shade of his tent, read the short lines from Mary Carr over, draw out his North-Western railroad folder, and on the ground work out the topographical map of the long range of country from the Golden Gate to the Juanita region.

Other soldiers came to watch his self-appointed task. Some suggested the outlines of the Missouri valley, others the location of Ames and Clinton, still others the topographical building of that beautiful sweep of Illinois from Clinton to Chicago. The little time table and folder from which they drew their general plan was preserved as though priceless in intrinsic value. Nostalgia, that dread disease of all armies called in the German "Heimweh," in English "Homesickness"—was fought off with this strip of printed paper and these rough tracings on the face of the earth, time and time again.

There was not much soldiering to be done after the July fight until late in December. Hostilities with the insurgents commenced shortly afterwards, and by February real war was again raging on the island of Luzon. The day and the night of February 4 will be remembered by Sloan so long as he lives.

During the day of February 4 insurgents kept creeping up on the American outposts, and there was desultory firing. That night Sloan was stationed on picket duty, perhaps 200 yards from a Chinese hospital in which were several hundred Filipinos. The oppresive darkness of an oriental evening had already settled down when a number of these insurgents attacked the American lines or outposts at the point where Sloan was placed. At the first scattering volley that apprised him he was under fire, he ran like a madman toward his own lines. There was a ditch to cross, and in the brush of its bottom was a barbed wire. Becoming entangled in this he fell and stunned himself, while his regiment, coming to the front, passed over him, and men of the hospital corps picking him up for wounded sent him to the rear. There it was quickly discovered that with the exception of a cut on his head from the fall, Sloan was uninjured, and he was ordered back to the front.

At daybreak word came to the Tenth that a charge was soon to be ordered. The captain, of whom Sloan was so proud, was near him and quietly taking note of his wretched countenance. Of a sudden he ordered Sloan to come to him, and when the latter approached, said:

"Someone on the picket line ran last night. Was it you?"

"Yes," said Sloan, feeling a strange relief come over him at getting the truth out.

"Well," said the captain, speaking very slowly, "you ought to be shot. As it is, fight to-day, for God's sake fight."

Sloan went back to the ranks all in a flame, the blood coming hot and then cold in his veins. The bugles rang, officers shouted, and the line of American boys swept forward, first very slowly, then, gaining momentum, increasing the speed until it was a mad rush, and every man on his metal to reach the hospital first. Shots were popping from it, men were falling, Landis went down and others, but the rush never stopped.

But the maddest of all sights was John Sloan, hatless, far beyond his own line, running like a hare for the hospital, gun well up but never firing a shot. Officers yelled in astonishment as he ran by them, privates envying him his gait, shouted in encouragement. He was a stimulant to the entire line—this coward from the Juanita country.

He was in front of the walled church now, eager to fight his way in. Men were yelling on all sides of him, and there was the snap of flames in the thatch. Suddenly the earth seemed to slip away from him, his head whirled, he threw up his arms, and went down, wounded. Sloan had given his blood in atonement for his cowardice, and no man can do more than that. When his senses returned to him he was in the field hospital, and his left shoulder done up in bandages. There he remained until March, receiving from home many kind letters, but none so dear as the one which ran like this:

"I know all about what you did; everybody is talking of your bravery; if you were here I would tell you, John, what I think of you; do, do come home. MARY CARR."

But John Sloan was yet to fight at Malolos, to cross a Filipino river under fire with Funston, the men swimming side by side, to be with the Utah battery, the Thirteenth Minnesota, the men from Oregon and Nebraska, and when Malolos was taken he was to fall in the middle of its main streets, shot again as he held the colors high for the cheer of his comrades. It was then he was taken back to Manila as Sergt. Sloan, of the Tenth, and nursed until such strength came back as enabled him to return to the dear old railroad folder and with pencil and paper this time map out the long journey home from the Golden Gate over the Union Pacific and the North-Western to the Juanita country.

The Tenth came into Manila to relieve the Fifty-first Iowa at Cavite, and there to it came the glad news that it was ordered home and would go as soon as the transport was ready. The gallant regiment had been 69 days on the firing line, and made a wonderful record for bravery. The latter part of June the men went on board ship, and late in July reached San Francisco, bringing into the Golden Gate the body of Col. Hawkins, who had died en route.

The Union Pacific and North-Western brought them over the Sierras, through the Rockies, across the plains of the Platte and safely to Chicago. A little later they were in Pittsburgh, where royal greeting awaited them. But Sloan could not wait for this, and hastened to the home of Mary Carr.

John was at the foot of a small hill, when, looking up the path to the summit, he saw her coming. For a moment she did not see him, but paused to gather a flower by the way. Then he walked up toward her, one hand outstretched. Now she recognized him, and there was a flame in the hazel eyes, and flame on the soft cheeks, and the quick, heart-giving cry of:

"John!"

He was by her side now, the white hand of the maiden caught in the brown of the soldier.

"I have come," he said, all the old fears gone, "a long way—to tell you that I am no longer afraid—I have done my duty." This with a touch of pride. "I was often troubled; I did many things I ought not to have done, but I have conquered myself. Mary, Mary, I want you!"

For no hero of war or of peace can there be greater reward than the love of a pure woman. The emoluments of governments or the rewards bestowed by patriotic citizens sink into significance beside the giving to a man of a good woman's heart. There came nestling into the hand of John Sloan not one white hand but two, and the face of Mary Carr was lifted to his and her lips given to him.

Then she turned back with him, and the two, thus united after sore trial, walked their happy way up to the old farm and the old folks waiting there. Much had Sloan to tell, much to go over and over again—his fighting, his wounds, his myriad experiences in Malayland—but when he had told all he would that night, he brought out the faded North-Western folder, and he tossed it into the lap of Mary Carr, with the words:

"That was a living link with home to us in the field and at Manila—keep it forever; it did much to save me for you."

And, being a woman, she asked him why, and in time he told her this story.

Note.—Upon receipt of six cents in postage stamps, this complete story, in book form, handsomely illustrated, will be mailed to any address by W. B. Kniskern, 22 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

STORY OF QUEEN LIL.

A Moment of Embarrassment at a Reception After She Lost Her Crown.

Young Al Berry, son of Congressman Al Berry, of Kentucky, said a naval officer who was in Honolulu when the Hawaiian flag was replaced by the stars and stripes, was in Honolulu in some kind of official capacity when I was there once, and was on particularly good terms with Queen Liliuokalani and her entire court. And I may say that in this regard he was about the only American who was. How he got there I don't know, but he was one of your irresistible kind of Kentuckians who conquer admiration in spite of all obstacles. He could say anything he pleased and do all manner of startling things, but that only seemed to make the queen's people fonder of him, and when he offered to take me to call on her majesty, at a little reception she gave in the afternoon after the flag ceremonies were over, I felt that I was safe in accepting. It was a very informal affair and we were soon in the royal presence and I was duly introduced. Then the young man suddenly upset me in 14 places at once and gave me a fit of the nervous embarrassments.

"Well, your majesty," he said in that boyish and breezy manner of his, not less at home in a queen's palace than on a blue grass farm, "how does it feel to be out of a job?"

I felt like going through the floor, but Berry never turned a hair, and the crownless queen in quite the same spirit greatly relieved my embarrassment by responding:

"Oh, Mr. Berry, you are such a jollier."

It was slightly slangy, perhaps, for royalty, but it was the right thing to say, and I read the riot act to Berry on my own behalf when I got home.—N. Y. Sun.

Professional Curiosity.

"Yer honor," said the prisoner to the judge, "I should like to have my case postponed. My lawyer is sick and can't come to court."

The judge took two or three minutes to consider. "The case may be postponed," he said, at last, "if you desire it. But I see here that you were taken in the act. What can your counsel have to say on your behalf?"

"That's just what I want to know, yer honor," said the prisoner.—Collier's Weekly.

Noble Conduct.

Gotrox—I wish you to know that I am a self-made man.

Cynicus—How noble of you to assume all that responsibility!—Philadelphia Record.

Winter Tours.

Should you desire information regarding California, Arizona, Texas or Mexico, and the long limit, low rate, round trip tickets sold to principal points, the various routes via which the tickets can be purchased, or regarding one way first and second class rates, through sleeping car lines, First Class and Tourist, call upon or address W. G. Neimyer, Gen'l Western Agent, Southern Pacific Co., 238 Clark St., Chicago; W. H. Connor, Com'l Agent, Chamber Commerce Bldg., Cincinnati, O., or W. J. Berg, Trav. Pass. Agt., 220 Ellicott Sq., Buffalo, N. Y.

That's What They Call It.

"Papa, what is broad-mindedness?"

"Agreeing with headstrong people when you know they are wrong."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Solid Trains to Northern Michigan.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is now running solid trains of palace sleeping cars, dining cars (serving meals a la carte) and first-class day coaches, through from Chicago to Calumet, Houghton, Hancock and other points in the Copper Country without change of cars, with direct connection for Marquette, Negaunee, Ishpeming, etc., and passengers from the East, South and Southwest will find this a most desirable route.

All coupon ticket agents sell tickets via the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway.

A Saving.—"Did you save the country, Pat?" "How's that?" "Be your vote?" "No, begorry. But I saved the rent."—Philadelphia North American.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the Cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles 25 and 50 cents. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

Cyclist—"I'm 'run down,' doctor." Facetious Doctor—"Well, you've run down a good many people in your time, so it's only tit for tat."—Fun.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

It depends on your point of view whether you consider him the best man or the worst man who wins in a prize fight.—Chicago Chronicle.

Pleasant, Wholesome, Speedy, for coughs is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Sometimes marriage ought to be defined as the art by which two people manage to live together and yet apart.—Puck.

Children Will Not Die

of Croup, Colds or Diphtheria if Hoxsie's Croup Cure is used promptly. No opium. 50 cents. A. P. Hoxsie, M'f'r, Buffalo, N. Y.

Some people keep their friends interested in their troubles because they are of a scandalous nature.—Atchison Globe.

Anybody ought to be able to regulate a watch. It's merely a question of time.—Golden Days.

She—"Harry, Kate Snowhill has a diamond ring that her lover, Fred Stilton, gave her. Funny that you never gave me any diamond ring." He—"Nellie, it is only girls who are not precious in themselves who require the embellishments of precious stones." She—"Oh, Harry, what a dear fellow you are!"—Boston Transcript.

A Child of Fortune.—"Lucy Dukane is a very lucky woman," said Mrs. Northside. "Is she?" replied Mrs. Esplanade. "Has not her husband died recently?" "Yes, and his life was insured for $100,000, and she looks just too utterly sweet in black."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Arthur, dear," she said, "I do wish you would not use cigarettes." "Why?" "Because you don't know what is in them." "Oh, yes, I do. Why, for the trifling sum that a cigarette costs you get nicotine, valerian, possibly a little morphia, and any quantity of carbon." She looked up into his eyes and murmured: "Arthur, dear, it does seem like a bargain, doesn't it?"—Brisbane Review.

Forcing a Collection.—"Vat, you gif noddings fer dot moosic?" said the collector for a little German band. "Not a cent." "Den ve blay some more, aind't it." He got the money.—Ohio State Journal.

Author—"Now, I want your honest opinion. Tell me what faults you see in my book." Friend—"Well, for one thing, I think the covers are too far apart."—San Francisco Examiner.

A steamer last week was stopped, owing to a dense sea fog in the mouth of the river. An old lady inquired of the captain the cause of the delay. "Can't see up the river," replied the captain. "But I can see the stars overhead," continued the old party. "Yes, but until the boilers bust we ain't a-goin' that way."—World's Comic.

Reversible "LINENE" Collars & Cuffs

Stylish, convenient, economical; made of fine cloth, and finished in pure starch on both sides alike. Turn down collars are reversible and give double service.

REG. TRADE MARK.

No Laundry Work.

When soiled discard. Ten collars or five pairs of cuffs, 25c. By mail, 30c. Send 6c. in stamps for sample collar or pair of cuffs. Name size and style.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., Dept. 18, BOSTON

PILES Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Prepared for Piles and Itching of the private parts. At druggists or by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents and $1.00. WILLIAMS MFG. CO., Props., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

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PATENTS Send for "Inventor's Primer" and "Protect Your Ideas," free. Milo B. Stevens & Co., Washington, D. C. Established 1864. Branches: Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit. Consultation free.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY, } ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON, [Seal] Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Honest Boy!

"I am glad there are a few honest people left. Two years ago I sent a boy around the corner to buy a postal card. I have never seen the boy to this day."

"You don't call that boy honest?"

"Yes, sir! This morning I received a postal with this on the back: 'Dear Sir: Here is your postal. I started in business with the penny you gave me and have prospered. Thanks.'"—Chicago Evening News.

From Baby in the High Chair to grandma in the rocker Grain-O is good for the whole family. It is the long-desired substitute for coffee. Never upsets the nerves or injures the digestion. Made from pure grains it is a food in itself. Has the taste and appearance of the best coffee at ¼ the price. It is a genuine and scientific article and is come to stay. It makes for health and strength. Ask your grocer for Grain-O.

Evidence.

Friend—I guess your father knows as much about raisin' cattle as anybody?

Farmer's Son—I guess he does. Why, one of our cows has just had a two-headed calf.—Puck

Lane's Family Medicine. Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

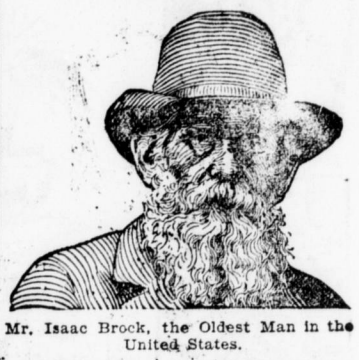
It is a smart father who knows how his daughters spell their first names.—Atchison Globe.

I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—Louisa Lindaman, Bethany, Mo., Jan. 8, '94.

The druggist and the dentist deal in different kinds of extract.—Golden Days.

OLDEST MAN IN AMERICA

Tells How He Escaped the Terrors of Many Winters by Using Peruna.



Mr. Isaac Brock, the Oldest Man in the United States.

Mr Isaac Brock, of McLennan county, Tex., has attained the great age of 111 years, having been born in 1788. He is an ardent friend to Peruna and speaks of it in the following terms:

"During my long life I have known a great many remedies for coughs, colds, catarrh and diarrhoea. I had always supposed these affections to be different diseases, but I have learned from Dr. Hartman's books that these affections are the same and are properly called catarrh.

"As for Dr. Hartman's remedy, Peruna, I have found it to be the best, if not the only reliable remedy for these affections.

"Peruna has been my stand-by for many years, and I attribute my good health and my extreme age to this remedy. It exactly meets all my requirements.

"I have come to rely upon it almost entirely for the many little things for which I need medicine. I believe it to be especially valuable to old people."

Isaac Brock.

Catarrh is the greatest enemy of old age. A person entirely free from catarrh is sure to live to a hale and hearty old age. A free book on catarrh sent by the Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.

25c. SAMPLE BOTTLE 10c. FOR NEXT THIRTY DAYS.

How long have you suffered with . . . RHEUMATISM?

How Long Have You Read About "5 Drops" Without Taking Them?

5 DROPS (TRADE MARK.)

Do you not think you have wasted precious time and suffered enough? If so, then try the "5 Drops" and be promptly and permanently cured of your afflictions. "5 Drops" is a speedy and Sure Cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago (lame back), Kidney Diseases, Asthma, Hay Fever, Dyspepsia, Catarrh of all kinds, Bronchitis, La Grippe, Headache (nervous or neuralgic), Heart Weakness, Dropsy, Earache, Spasmodic and Catarrhal Croup, Toothache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Creeping Numbness, Malaria, and kindred diseases. "5 Drops" has cured more people during the past four years, of the above-named diseases, than all other remedies known, and in case of Rheumatism is curing more than all the doctors, patent medicines, electric belts and batteries combined, for they cannot cure Chronic Rheumatism. Therefore waste no more valuable time and money, but try "5 Drops" and be promptly CURED. "5 Drops" is not only the best medicine, but it is the cheapest, for a $1.00 bottle contains 300 doses. Price per bottle, $1.00, prepaid by mail or express, or 6 bottles for $5.00. For the next 30 days we will send a 25c sample FREE to anyone sending 10 cents to pay for the mailing. Agents wanted. Write to-day.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 160-164 E. LAKE ST., CHICAGO.

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OUR $16.75 PORTLAND CUTTER

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Fully Warranted to Give Good Service.

Guaranteed One Year.

Body—Is durably constructed of first-class material. Extra roomy seat, high panel back. Has bracket front; handsome curved dash as shown in cut. Upholstering—Fine quality all-wool cloth. Seat pads, seat cushion and back cushion removable. Fancy nickel-plated dash-rail, good quality oil-cloth rug. Gear—Is very strongly made, has bent knees, well clipped and braced with Norway brace irons. Runners are steam bent and thoroughly air-seasoned after being bent. Best steel shoes securely bolted to runners. Painting—Body, black, highly polished; gear, Brewster green or carmine, neatly striped. At our price, $16.75, this cutter is furnished complete with shafts and is furnished with the best patent adjustable shifting bar for front or side hitch.

Only a limited number to sell at our special offer price..... $16.75

Order now and be ready when the first snow arrives

OUR MAMMOTH CATALOGUE In which is listed at lowest wholesale prices everything to eat, wear and use, is furnished on receipt of only 10¢ to partly pay postage or expressage and as evidence of good faith the 10¢ is allowed on first purchase amounting to $1.00 or above.

OUR MONTHLY GROCERY PRICE LIST FREE.

SAVE YOUR STAR TIN TAGS

"Star" tin tags (showing small stars printed on under side of tag), "Horse Shoe," "J. T.," "Good Luck," "Cross Bow," and "Drummond" Natural Leaf Tin Tags are of equal value in securing presents mentioned below, and may be assorted. Every man, woman and child can find something on the list that they would like to have, and can have

FREE!

	TAGS.		TAGS.
1 Match Box	25	23 Clock, 8-day, Calendar, Thermometer, Barometer	500
2 Knife, one blade, good steel	25	24 Gun case, leather, no better made	500
3 Scissors, 4½ inches	25	25 Revolver, automatic, double action, 32 or 38 caliber	600
4 Child's Set, Knife, Fork and Spoon	25	26 Tool Set, not playthings, but real tools	650
5 Salt and Pepper Set, one each, quadruple plate on white metal	50	27 Toilet Set, decorated porcelain, very handsome	800
6 French Briar Wood Pipe	25	28 Remington Rifle No. 4, 22 or 32 cal.	800
7 Razor, hollow ground, fine English steel	50	29 Watch, sterling silver, full jeweled	1000
8 Butter Knife, triple plate, best quality	60	30 Dress Suit Case, leather, handsome and durable	1000
9 Sugar Shell, triple plate, best qual.	60	31 Sewing Machine, first class, with all attachments	1500
10 Stamp Box, sterling silver	70	32 Revolver, Colt's, 38-caliber, blued steel	1500
11 Knife, "Keen Kutter," two blades	75	33 Rifle, Colt's, 16-shot, 22-caliber	1500
12 Butcher Knife, "Keen Kutter," 8-in blade	75	34 Guitar (Washburn), rosewood, inlaid	2000
13 Shears, "Keen Kutter," 8-inch	75	35 Mandolin, very handsome	2000
14 Nut Set, Cracker and 6 Picks, silver plated	80	36 Winchester Repeating Shot Gun, 12 gauge	2000
15 Base Ball, "Association," best qual.	100	37 Remington, double-barrel, hammer Shot Gun, 10 or 12 gauge	2000
16 Alarm Clock, nickel	150	38 Bicycle, standard make, ladies or gents	2500
17 Six Genuine Rogers' Teaspoons, best plated goods	150	39 Shot Gun, Remington, double barrel, hammerless	3000
18 Watch, nickel, stem wind and set	200	40 Regina Music Box, 15½ inch Disc	5000
19 Carvers, good steel, buckhorn handles	200		
20 Six Genuine Rogers' Table Spoons, best plated goods	250		
21 Six each, Knives and Forks, buckhorn handles	250		
22 Six each, Genuine Rogers' Knives and Forks, best plated goods	500		

THE ABOVE OFFER EXPIRES NOVEMBER 30TH, 1900.

Special Notice! Plain "Star" Tin Tags (that is, Star tin tags with no small stars printed on under side of tag), are not good for presents, but will be paid for in CASH on the basis of twenty cents per hundred, if received by us on or before March 1st, 1900.

BEAR IN MIND that a dime's worth of

STAR PLUG TOBACCO

will last longer and afford more pleasure than a dime's worth of any other brand. MAKE THE TEST!

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FISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

PATENTS Advice as to patentability and inventors' guide free. E. G. EVANS, 1010 F, Washington, D. C.

A. N. K.—C 1791

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

Christmas Graces

WHEN silent are the shady dells,
And southward all the birds have flown,
While breezes through the maples moan
In grief for joys they once have known,
What music all the gloom dispels?
The Christmas Bells! The Christmas Bells!

While earth beneath a silver sheen
Lies white and still, when moonbeams glow
On tiny graves where drifted snow
Conceals the blossoms in their woe,
What beauty lights the lonely scene?
The Christmas Green! The Christmas Green!

Though wintry winds are bold and free
That shake the orchard kings of old
Whose autumn wealth of red and gold
No more their rugged branches hold;
What bends with fruitage fair to see?
The Christmas Tree! The Christmas Tree!

When lonely hearts by sorrow tried
Find wealth of earth is but alloy
And love deferred their hopes destroy,
What blessing floods their souls with joy,
Till earth and heaven are glorified?
The Christmas Tide! The Christmas Tide!
—Ruth Raymond, in Minneapolis Housekeeper.

MRS. SAXTON'S CHRISTMAS

IT WAS early twilight of the day before Christmas, and Mrs. Saxton sat in her favorite window seat with an open magazine upon her lap. She was not reading, however, but was looking out upon the usually quiet avenue, now thronged with package-laden pedestrians and delivery wagons heaped high with good things for the morrow. The expression of her countenance as she regarded the hurrying throng was a mixture of pain and perplexity. She had considered her own plans for to-morrow settled some weeks ago, but something she had just read had jarred her out of harmony with them and it seemed too late to make new ones. It was not the article on "Christmas Giving" that had done the mischief, but the time-worn quotation with which it ended:

"Who gives himself with his alms feeds three;
Himself, his hungering neighbor and Me."

Not that the words were new to her—Oh, no! They had been her Christmas motto every year since, when a girl of 15, she had first read the Vision of Sir Launfal. It was this that gave the words such power over her, for on this particular Christmas she had decided for the first time in 12 years to set aside her rule and give her alms without giving herself. She had sent turkeys and other good things to numerous needy families, bestowed largesse upon sundry orphan asylums, homes and hospitals, and otherwise used without stint the money of which she had abundance; but for herself—her house was to be closed, her servants given an entire holiday and she, in the solitude of her own chamber, shut away from all sight and sound of merry-making, would indulge the bitterness of her grief for the husband she had loved and lost. Last Christmas had been her wedding day, and the husband to whom she had confided her Christmas motto had said, with eyes shining with joy and tenderness:

"And this year the gift is mine—literally yourself—my priceless Christmas gift!"

They had enjoyed three months of earthly paradise and then—there was a railway accident, and a horrible bruised mass, upon which she was not allowed to look, but from which they extracted the ring she had given him and the watch on whose dial was her own picture—this had been brought home at an hour when she expected her husband, and all the light of the world had for her gone suddenly out.

They had wanted her at home this Christmas, but how could she go where everything would remind her of that joyous wedding day? No, solitude was best for her, and so her day had been planned.

But as she sat now in the deepening twilight with the words of her discarded motto echoing in her mind, this quaint saying lodged there from some long past reading awoke to keep them company.

She gave a quick little gasp and a hot wave—was it shame, remorse, or pure amazement?—swept over her. A coward? Certainly not! But a hero—what was a hero? A hero thought only of others—to save, to succor, to uplift others. For this he sacrificed comfort, honors, life even, that is, he gave himself. So it all came back to that after all; and if she carried out her plans for the morrow, would she be a coward? But it was so late to make new plans. Twilight died slowly away and the electric lights flashed out over the busy avenue and still Mrs. Saxton thought. At length she turned from the window, closed her magazine, drew down the shades and turned on the light in her cozy sitting-room and, touching a bell, summoned the housemaid.

"You will be taking dinner with your sister-in-law to-morrow, Nellie?"

"Yes, Mrs. Saxton," responded Nellie, with the tone and manner of a well-bred lady.

"Do you think it would put her out much—that is, do you think she would enjoy having me dine with her also?"

The girl's face lighted with surprise and pleasure.

"Do you really mean it, Mrs. Saxton? Would you? Amy would be so glad. She speaks of you so often. She feels so—"

The girl hesitated.

"Yes, I know, Nellie. My friends are all very kind—kinder than I deserve. Well, then, if you think I shall be welcome would you run over to-night and tell her to expect me? Say that to-morrow will be a sad day and I should like to be among friends. Stay—I shall not need you any more this evening. You may as well stay all night. Then if my coming makes extra work you can help her."

"Work! O Mrs. Saxton, how can you say it? Amy will count this among her very happiest Christmases. You see," she said, with a sudden frankness quite unusual with her, "since my brother has been out of work so much, Amy has a pretty hard time, and sometimes it seems to her as though her old friends forgot her. She says the past is all slipping away from her and the future looks dark. Forgive me for telling you, Mrs. Saxton. She was not thinking of you so much—for she knows you have had trouble of your own—but Amy has been a good sister to me and it hurts me to see her getting so discouraged."

"I thank you for telling me, Nellie. Good night, and a Merry Christmas to you!"

"I was getting to be a coward," she said to herself, sadly, as the door closed upon the smiling girl. "I was thinking that mine was the only trouble in the world."

Nellie's sister-in-law had been a classmate of Mrs. Saxton's in the seminary and one of her many admiring friends. The fact that she had married a mechanic and Mrs. Saxton a wealthy man had not interrupted their friendship, and when the young sister-in-law had asked to be taken as one of Mrs. Saxton's servants, she had been cordially welcomed and given a place of friend as well as servant. But during these months of terrible bereavement she had shut herself away as far as possible from all past associates.

From little remarks that Nellie let drop occasionally, Mrs. Saxton had half-suspected the state of mind into which her old friend Amy Harris was lapsing; and the thought that had come to her, when she sat in the twilight trying to

"TELL ME," SHE WHISPERED, WITH DIFFICULTY, "HOW LONG?"

reconstruct her plans, was that her own deep sorrow might in a way minister to Amy, might remind her that, in spite of financial hardships, she still had the best that life could give, her husband and her children; while she—Sunshine Saxton—as she had always been called—in spite of wealth, had nothing.

When Sunshine Saxton made up her mind to give, she gave unstintedly and without grudging. Having resolved to give herself that Christmas day, she determined to be no specter at anyone's feast. Therefore, alone in her bedchamber on that beautiful Christmas morning, she fell upon her knees and opened her heart to the ever-new, Divine message of "Peace and good will to men." And when she came out dressed for dinner, it was with a smile upon her face—not a glad, joyous smile, perhaps, such as it had worn a year ago, but a wistful, yearning smile as of one who would fain bear the "glad tidings to others."

"She looks just like the Christmas Angel on that big card in the store window," whispered one little Harris boy to another when she had left her wraps in their tiny bedroom and came forth to greet them cordially and take her place by the open Franklin stove which was their Christmas hearth.

And indeed, as she stood there, in a dress of soft white wool with white chrysanthemums upon her breast and the sunlight from the window touching her wavy blonde hair and the firelight flickering across her delicate features and dancing in her deep blue eyes, the artist of a "Christmas Angel" might have chosen a much worse model than Sunshine Saxton.

At dinner the talk drifted naturally and safely back to the old school days, and Nellie and her brother exchanged glances of satisfaction as Amy's laugh rang out now and again with an old-time heartiness which the cottage walls had not echoed for many a day.

"Oh! I had almost forgotten to tell you," said Amy, as they lingered over the dessert in the mid-afternoon; "you remember Carrie Cramer?"

"Yes, very well. A brilliant girl. She did not finish her course. I have often wondered what became of her."

"Oh, she married like the rest of us. Her husband was a poor artist with consumption. He died two years ago and left her with three children, no money, and—his disease."

"How sad. That girl ought to have had a brilliant career. Where is she now?"

"She lives only a few doors away. I only discovered her a few weeks ago, and then by chance. She had a hemorrhage and the children, who were alone with her, became frightened and ran over here for help."

"You say her husband left no income. How, then, do they live?"

"Upon the little she earns with her pen. She was our best composition writer, you remember. But it is a meager and uncertain income. Besides, it is hastening her death. The doctor says she cannot possibly live until summer. She sits indoors and writes and coughs when she ought to be in the open air and sunshine."

"Why did you not send me word? Certainly she needs a friend—friends, rather—I know you have done all in your power, but I must do my share. Poor woman! Poor Carrie! Who could have imagined such a life for her!"

"I thought of you, and meant to tell you sometime, but your own trouble was so great—"

The street door, which opened directly into the sitting-room, which on this occasion served as dining-room, was pushed suddenly open and a delicate girl of seven or eight years, with wide-open, frightened eyes, rushed into the room exclaiming:

"O Mrs. Harris, please come quick! Mother has another—"

"You will excuse me," said Amy, springing to her feet and turning to her guest. "It is Carrie's little girl. Her mother is ill again. I feared it. She was working so hard this morning to make a merry Christmas for the children. She said," lowering her voice, "that it would likely be the last they would spend together."

"I will go with you," cried Mrs. Saxton, rising also.

They found their friend lying on the lounge, fainting from loss of blood and scarcely able to speak. Yet she gave a smile of recognition as Mrs. Saxton took her hand. She knew who was to be guest at the cottage. Mrs. Harris had promised to bring Sunshine to see her after dinner. In one corner of the room stood a tiny Christmas tree which she had been helping the children decorate when the hemorrhage came. Under its branches sat three-year-old baby Carlie crying quietly, with her present for mamma, a little pen-wiper made by her own hands guided by her sister, clasped close to her breast. The eldest child, nine-year-old Ralph, had gone for the doctor.

The pathos, nay, the bitter agony of it, struck home to Mrs. Saxton's heart so sharply that for a brief moment her own trouble seemed an insignificant thing.

"Have they no one when their mother goes? No relatives to look after them?" she whispered to Mrs. Harris.

She shook her head sadly.

"Absolutely no one, she tells me. To leave them to public charity—the thought of their separation from each other—that is what makes dying so hard for her. Ah! here comes the doctor."

He bent over his patient tenderly, counting the flickering pulse. She looked into his face beseechingly.

"Tell me," she whispered, with difficulty, "how long—"

He did not answer at once, but at last her look compelled him.

"An hour—two—perhaps."

Then the three children gathered close about her now. Her eyes rested upon them with a look of unutterable anguish.

"Don't, mother!" cried the boy, sharply, placing one arm about each sister. "I will take care of them. They shall not separate us. God will help me."

Mrs. Saxton stepped quickly forward, looking more than ever like a Christmas angel as she gathered the three children suddenly in her arms.

"They shall be mine," she said. "God has given them to me—a Christmas gift to fill my empty home."

The dying mother half raised herself. Joy struggling with doubt shone in her face.

"Yours, Sunshine? All three? Not—separated—?"

"Yes, mine—all of them—if you will give them to me. I have money and nothing else in the world. I want them. See," she continued, bending to kiss her dying friend, "you go to join your husband; your little ones shall comfort me for mine."

When Sunshine Saxton stole into the hastily prepared nursery for a last look at the three sleeping children late that Christmas night, her face had a look of deep content which promised well for her future and for that of her new-found treasures.

"It is always so," she whispered. "'Give and it shall be given to you * * * * good measure. It was so little I tried to give this morning, and see what has been measured back to me!"

She pressed a kiss upon each tear-stained face and went out with Christmas peace in her heart.—Ella Beecher Gittings, in Chicago Advance.

A CHRISTMAS JOKE.

How Grimmer's Anger Was Turned to Joy While Demolishing a Christmas Present.

"Funniest Christmas scene I ever witnessed was only a year ago," laughed the broker whose laugh is all the more cheery because he made a recent hit in wheat.

"Grimmer lives next door to me, you know. Peculiar old gentleman, but he has a heart as big as a Yankee cheese, if you only know the way to reach it. Last Christmas I was sitting at the window when I saw Grimmer come storming out of the house with a little hair trunk on his shoulders. He slammed it down so hard that the lid flew about on one hinge and then went on a dog trot to the barn, returning with an ax. As the air began to fill with fur and splinters, I went out to ascertain the trouble.

"'I'll tell you,' the old man yelled, in a defiant tone. 'I'll tell everybody and anybody. Put it in the papers if you want to. The old skinflint of an uncle of mine sent the trunk last month. At the same time I received a letter from him insisting that the trunk was not to be opened till Christmas. I opened her all right enough, as soon as I had breakfast. What do you think there was in it? A lot of old literary frumpery that no secondhand book store would handle and more cockroaches than you could put in a peck measure. I guess I wasn't mad,' and the old gentleman let go with the ax as though he were trying to fell a bullock. 'Outrageous insult,' and this time the wreckage was completed.

"In the false bottom exposed there were government bonds, greenbacks and quarts of gold. Grimmer stared and then sat down in a collapse. It was an hour before he was himself again and then there were tears chasing each other down the wrinkles of his face as he wrote the 'old skinflint uncle.' You never saw such a whirl as we had at Grimmer's that night."—Detroit Free Press.

PRINCES' HOLIDAY SHOPPING.

The Children of the German Emperor Are Taught the Value of Money.

Writing of "Christmas with an Emperor," Nagel von Brawe gives this interesting description in the Ladies' Home Journal of the ceremonies attendant upon the great feast day in the German palace: "The royal children have exchanged gifts chosen with much solicitous deliberation at a well-known toy shop. Anyone happening to be in the shop at the time might have seen the empress enter with her children, each provided with his own purse, and completing his purchases aside so that the others might be surprised. The younger three princes demanded the advice of their mother in their selections. The princes investigated everything, but upon inquiring the price generally found it too dear. 'Three marks for this book-rack?' and with a glance into his purse. 'No, that is too expensive. I haven't over 75 pfennigs. What can you give me for that price?' And the shopgirl proceeds to show the princes something quite nice for the required amount.

"But now the brothers and sister have exchanged thanks for their gifts; the first impetuosity of the Christmas rejoicings has given place to a more tranquil examination and inspection, and ladies and gentlemen of the court have made the rounds in a general state of admiration. Lackeys prepare a collation in the midst of the gifts, for which, however, the young people find no time. It fares with them as with all healthy children in the excitement attendant on Christmas Eve, for they are healthy and genuine German children. The Christmas celebration in the Shell salon, the excitement and the rejoicings have produced their natural reaction on them, and at nine o'clock even the elder princes are abed."

THEIR FIRST CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

Mr. Honeymoon (somewhat hesitatingly)—My dear, what a queer taste to this turkey. What do you suppose ails it?

Mrs. Honeymoon (boo-hooing)—Why darling, you don't blame me, do you if it isn't just right? I took all the pains in the world with it, even to the stuffing with cranberries, which mamma told me always go with roast turkey.

A Christmas Episode.

Tom—Marie jumped six feet when I told her she was standing under the mistletoe.

Jack—Then you didn't kiss her?

"Oh, yes; she jumped in my direction."—Brooklyn Life.

GUARDIAN OF THE CHRISTMAS TREES

WHEN I was but a little fellow, to whom the legends of childhood were dear, I resided with my parents in one of the central states where the beautiful pine tree is practically unknown. Each Christmastide brought with it what was, to me, an unfathomable mystery.

"Papa, where does Santa Claus get all his Christmas trees?" I was wont to ask on each Christmas morning as I viewed the little tree covered with prettily colored candles and papers, and laden with the mementos of the holiday season for my baby sister and myself.

"He gets th m in the great forests, far to the north, where he lives with his reindeer," always explained my father.

I can still remember how often I wished for a visit to that wonderful land where Christmas trees grew, and how often I asked my father to take me there.

"It is too far away for little boys to go, but maybe when you grow to be a man you will be able to visit Christmas tree land," was always the consoling answer which I received.

Last summer I visited Christmas tree land, and as I traveled through the great forests, first on the Grand Trunk railway and afterward on foot, I thought of the desire of my childhood to see that identical spot. It was away up in northern Canada, north of Georgian Bay, that I found this wonderful land, and there seemed to be Christmas trees enough to give each little girl and boy in all the world one for their very own. There were wee little trees for the very little ones who had just come from Babyland; there were larger ones for the little girls and boys, and there were great large ones for Santa Claus to use when he chooses to have his little folks and big folks get their presents from him together.

But the prettiest thing I saw in this Christmas tree land was a little golden-haired girl, and the prettiest story I everheard of Christ mastide was one she told me as she sat on my knee in front of her log home in the midst of one of those great forests.

Back from Lake Joseph, in the province of Ontario, there stretches mile after mile of forest land on which the great trees rise to more than a hundred feet in height. These great trees the lumbermen cut in the winter time, and then when the warm sunshine of the spring drives the snow of winter away they float the great logs down the swollen creeks and through the lakes to the mills to be sawed into lumber. But scattered all among these great trees there are thousands of little trees that are left for Santa Claus to gather for the little folks, who do not live where the Christmas trees grow, just before the merry Christmas time.

As I drew the little girl to my knee in front of the rude cabin door, and brushed the pretty golden curls from her forehead, I asked her if she liked the great trees among which she lived.

"Oh, yes, I do," she said. "I like to watch my papa cut them and hear the noise when they fall. And then the men come with the big oxen and haul them to the creek down there and they are floated away. But I like the little trees best, I think."

"And why," I asked, "do you like the little trees best?"

"Because they are Santa Claus' trees."

"And does Santa Claus come and get them?" I asked again.

"Yes, every winter, just before Christmas time. My papa never cuts the little trees until just before Christmas time, and then when he does he piles them up very carefully, and the men come with sleds and haul them to the lake where Santa Claus can get them quite easily."

"And what do you suppose Santa Claus does with these little trees?"

"My mamma says he takes them to the little girls and boys who live away off where there are no Christmas trees, and he takes them down their chimneys and puts lots of toys and candy and books and other pretty things on them if they are good little folks, and, oh, I like so much to have Santa Claus get them to take to the little folks who haven't any Christmas trees like I have.

"All the time when my mamma lets me go out of doors I watch my papa cut the big trees and tell him which way he must have them fall so that they won't hurt the little trees, for if one of them was to get broken there might not be enough to go 'round, and then some little girl or boy would not have a Christmas tree on Christmas morning.

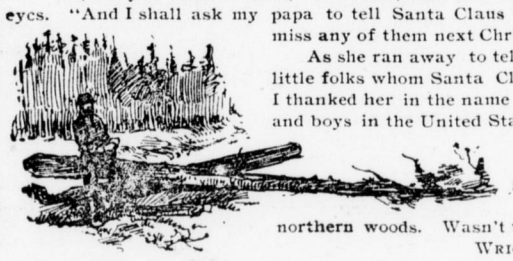
"And sometimes other men come to cut the big trees and they are not so careful as my papa is not to hurt the little trees, and some of them get broken, and then I always cry. But my mamma tells me that Santa Claus has more little trees than he needs, and that all the good little folks will have one anyway, but I am so afraid they won't."

"I most believe your mamma is right," I said, "for the good little folks where I came from nearly all have little Christmas trees like these."

"And do you live where the Christmas trees grow?" she asked. "And don't all the good little girls and boys have one every Christmas?"

I was sorry for my intimation that some were slighted by the good saint, and explained to her as best I could about the many little folks in the big cities where it is sometimes impossible for Santa Claus to get to all of them, and then tried to ease the pain by saying that many of these little ones were not badly disappointed, because they had never heard of Christmas and Santa Claus.

"Oh, but you will tell them," she cried, with tear drops in her pretty blue eyes. "And I shall ask my papa to tell Santa Claus to be careful and not miss any of them next Christmas."



As she ran away to tell her mamma of the little folks whom Santa Claus sometimes missed I thanked her in the name of all the little girls and boys in the United States for her watchful care of the little Christmas trees that grow around her home in the northern woods. Wasn't that right?

WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

A Belgium Christmas Legend.

The children of Belgium have a charming Christmas legend about Santa Claus' pony. They always place their woolen sabots on the window ledge, stuffed full of oats, hay and fodder for the "dear Christmas pony." In the early morning they run on tiptoe to look, and, behold, the hay is all gone, and the shoes are brimming over with toys and sweatmeats! Then the children clap their hands with glee and wish they could only have waked in time to see the pony munching his oats. That would have been such fun! —Ella F. Mosby in St. Nicholas.

Christmas Menu.

Oysters.
Chicken Gumbo.
Patties of Mushrooms.
Broiled Shad.
Cucumbers.
Saddle of Mutton, English Style.
Potato Croquettes.
Turkey with Chestnuts and Truffles.
Stuffed Green Peppers. Roast Sweet Potatoes.
Ruddy Duck. Escarole Salad.
Brie Cheese.
Plum Pudding, Hard Sauce.
Ice Cream.
Fruits. Cakes. Nuts and Raisins.
Coffee.

—Ranhofer.

PHILADELPHIA HAPPY

Because She Has Captured the Republican National Convention.

SO ARE ALL PENNSYLVANIANS.

General Frank Reeder Says It Will Mean That the Keystone State Will Give an Unprecedented Majority For the Entire Republican Ticket.

(Special Correspondence.)

Philadelphia, Dec. 19.—Republicans, and Democrats as well, have not gotten over celebrating the victory of the Quaker City over all her rivals in the exciting struggle for the Republican national convention. In this movement politics were set aside, and every Philadelphian was eager to have the City of Brotherly Love carry off the prize. There is a wonderful amount of public spirit existing among the citizens of this municipality, and it takes but a slight provocation to make it manifest.

While Philadelphians are especially pleased, there are unmistakable evidences of the fact that throughout Pennsylvania there is a feeling that the Keystone state has scored a triumph in the success of the leading city of the commonwealth.

The decision of the national committee to bring the convention here is another evidence of the growing popularity of this city, and emphasizes the fact that if Philadelphia makes up her mind to get a thing she can get it. The intelligent work performed by the advance committee, backed by Senator Penrose and the five congressmen from Philadelphia, one from New Jersey and that of the main committee of 100 of Philadelphia's representative public officials and business men, all working in unison, brought about the result, which will be most gratifying to our citizens.

M'KINLEY'S FAVORITE CITY.

Next June will prove to the members of the national committee that when they decided to come to Philadelphia they made no mistake. They will find her people ready to receive them with open arms and a generous hospitality second to no other place in the country. The claims of Philadelphia, as set before the committee, will all be proven beyond a doubt. Philadelphia had the honor of the convention which gave Grant a unanimous nomination for his second term, and as things appear at the present writing the convention which will be held within her gates will do the same thing for President McKinley.

While it was not to be expected that the president would express an open preference for Philadelphia, yet the fact that this city has been selected will certainly not prove displeasing to him, as he has shown by his actions since he became president that he recognizes the loyalty of Philadelphia to himself and the principles of the Republican party. Unless hindered by the pressure of official business, he has always accepted Philadelphia's invitations, and has expressed his pleasure time and again regarding the receptions accorded him.

The work of preparing for the convention and the entertainment of the delegates has already gotten under way and will be pushed with energy and intelligent and experienced direction characteristic of every public spirited movement that is undertaken in Philadelphia.

GREAT CONVENTION HALL.

The convention hall will be the largest auditorium in this country. It will be the main building of the National Export exposition in West Philadelphia.

The shallow walls inclosing the present auditorium will be taken out, thus leaving a hall with solid brick walls 500 feet long and 295 feet wide. This will give a floor space of 88,500 square feet, with a seating capacity of 18,000. There will be numerous large aisles, and the hall will be free from galleries. The floor will be elevated in tiers, giving a full view of the stage from all parts of the hall. It will take less than a month to make the changes, and, after the convention has adjourned, it will require but a comparatively short time and small expenditure to reconvert that section of the building into its present form. This will be required for exposition purposes, the arrangements as they now exist being excellent.

It is estimated that it will cost about $35,000 to [illegible] the building in the desired shape. The exterior of the buildings will remain as at present. When alterations are completed there will be a seating capacity of about 16,000, and the stage will seat from 2,500 to 3,000. Extreme care is to be taken of the acoustic properties of the altered auditorium.

STALWARTS DELIGHTED.

The leaders of the stalwart Republicans of Pennsylvania are delighted over the fact that the Republican national convention is to be held in this city. They appreciate the fact that the men who become delegates to national conventions of either the Republican or Democratic party are, with rare exceptions, firm believers in the principle of adherence to the fundamental rule of party organization that the will of the majority shall prevail and be respected by the minority. The insurgents of Pennsylvania Republican politics who, when defeated by popular vote at the regularly called primaries of their own party, proceed to make deals with Democrats, Prohibitionists and any other elements that will help to defeat the Republican nominees, will have few sympathizers among the delegates to the Republican national convention.

"Many of the delegates from different parts of the country will be men who have fought in the ranks of the great Republican army when Colonel Matthew Stanley Quay, as the chairman of the Republican national committee, was the field marshal," said Representative Charles E. Voorhees, of this city. "They will be true to their old commander as well as to the principles of their party. It will not go well with the party wreckers should they attempt to play any game to advance their cause while the Republican national delegates are in this state.

"Republicans everywhere will breathe the air of stalwart party. The atmosphere hereabouts will be charged with stalwart Republicanism and the kicker or the bolter will get scant consideration for insurgent newspaper addresses and scurrilous attacks upon Colonel Quay and his colleagues in the regular Republican organization of Pennsylvania."

GENERAL REEDER'S PREDICTION.

General Reeder, chairman of the Republican state committee, was in town today. He is delighted over the fact that the national convention is to be held here. He was one of the most enthusiastic supporters of the project to have President McKinley renominated within the borders of the Keystone state.

"Every Republican of Pennsylvania," said General Reeder earnestly, "should be pleased with the fact that the national convention is to be held within the confines of our commonwealth. The gathering of leading Republicans from every section of the country in Philadelphia and the enunciation of the principles of the doctrines of the Republican party by some of the ablest among the recognized leaders of our party cannot but be an inspiration to every true Republican and an incentive to labor for the success of the party in the coming campaign. Pennsylvania will certainly show that she appreciates the honor of having another presidential convention held within her borders, and it is fair to assume that at the election next November there will be given the largest majorities for the candidates on the Republican ticket that have ever been recorded in this state."

GOVERNOR STONE HONORED.

Governor Stone was paid a splendid compliment here last Saturday evening. A brilliant reception was given in his honor by the Penn club of this city, one of the oldest and most substantial social organizations in Philadelphia. Its membership is composed of representative men in the various professions, lawyers, physicians, editors and clergymen, and bankers, merchants and manufacturers. It is noted for the high character of its membership. Its receptions are attended by the leading citizens of the community. The reception of Governor Stone was no exception, and that the chief executive of Pennsylvania is admired and respected by these men of affairs was attested by the unusually large attendance of the most influential members and the array of distinguished guests.

"Philadelphia," said Governor Stone in commenting upon the national convention coming to this city, "is an ideal convention city. Its very name implies hospitality, and the hundreds of thousands of citizens from every section of the country who have been guests of the Quaker City upon occasions of large public gatherings will bear testimony to the fact that her people are generous and public spirited and progressive and liberal. They are as proud of the reputation of their municipality as they are of their country, and in the wide world there can be found no more patriotic and law abiding community, and visitors can be assured of full protection. All Pennsylvanians will rejoice in Philadelphia's success."

The convention of next year will be the twelfth in the history of the Republican party. The first was held in 1856 in Philadelphia. Chicago captured the convention of 1860. Grant was nominated for the first time in 1868 at Chicago. He was renominated here in Philadelphia in 1872. Since then Cincinnati, Minneapolis and St. Louis have each had one convention, while Chicago has entertained the delegates to three separate conventions. Now, after a lapse of 28 years, the convention returns to Philadelphia and to the east. For more than a quarter of a century the west had held its grip upon these quadrennial events. It was high time that the east should have been recognized.

CHRISTMAS GREENS.

Decoration of Evergreens and Flowers Is of Pagan Origin.

The Christmas decorations may have originated in the saturnalia or in the old Teutonic practice of hanging the interior of dwellings with evergreen as a refuge for sylvan spirits from the inclemency of the winter, but the Christmas tree is of German origin. It is their chief ornament and symbol. It is not used for the hanging of gifts, but it is used entirely as a bright ornament, being made to glisten with lights and tinsel.

It is kept throughout the 12 days of Christmas and at intervals is lighted and on New Year's eve is lighted for all night.

The custom of decorating dwellings and churches with evergreen was known by the Christians to be a remnant of paganism and was forbidden by the council, but it had too strong a hold to be given up.

Even in Boston Justice Samuel Sewall cried out against it, but it crept to its place by degrees. Holly and ivy were favorites in Great Britain, being regarded as sacred emblems of the season.

Holly used in churches was kept by families to insure a lucky year.

The mistletoe was held in so much veneration by the pagans that it was cut with a golden sickle by the prince of the Druids, with whom it first appears.

The introduction of flowers to the tokens of festivity seems to have existed universally and at all times of history. It was a pagan manifestation of rejoicing, and, although forbidden by the early church and denounced by the Puritans of New England, it became a general custom.

While obliged to give credit to early and heathen notions for much of the Christmas which we so fondly cherish, we can but remember our own Benjamin Franklin for the one motto as being American, "A good conscience is a continual Christmas."—Boston Globe.

YULETIDE GAMES.

Snapdragon a Diversion Popular In England.

Little known in this country, snapdragon is a diversion in which in England young and old participate throughout the Christmas season. Apparently it is a dangerous pastime. Really it is harmless, and no one ever suffers an accident through playing it. Babies of 3 or 4 years engage in it with great glee, in which there is an admixture of fear, but nerve generally conquers, and once in the game they cannot be kept out of it.

The requisites of snapdragon are one or two large platters such as roasts are served on, some large, fat raisins, a little brandy or gin, a match and a darkened room. The platters are arranged thus: If there is but one and the party is of moderate number, it is laid in the center of a dining table. If the number of participants is large, then two platters are laid, one at each end of the table, or there may be two small tables, with a platter on each. Next the raisins are laid over each platter, singly and at short distances apart. A small quantity of brandy or gin is then poured over each platter and ignited. Put out all the lights in the room, leaving none but that from the dancing blue flames in the platters.

Everybody looks weird and feels uncanny, and the fun begins. Each participant "snaps" at a raisin on the dish, and, hit or miss, the blue flame clings to the fingers in writhing, forked tongues, thus providing the "dragon." The raisins are all finally secured, the flames die out, the lights are turned on, and the company is ready for another diversion, unless, as is often the case, there is a call for a repetition of the fun just ended.—San Francisco Post Magazine.

Bearing Home the Yule Log.

In the Black mountains at the present day the custom of bearing home the Yule log is still carefully observed in all its ancient detail. The housefather fells the chosen trees. Then he utters a prayer and carefully lifts up his log and bears it home on his shoulder. His sons follow his example, each bearing a log for himself. The father then leans his log up against the house, being very careful that the freshly cut end is uppermost. The lesser logs of the other members surround it, and this is the Glavni Badnjak. As the housefather places each log he says, "Veseh badnji dan!" or "A merry log day!"

The fire thus kindled was not allowed to go out until the following year or great evil would befall the household. The fagots of the old fire lighted the new logs and then were carefully extinguished and stored away among the household treasures. In the highlands of Scotland to this day it is considered a great misfortune if the fire is allowed to go out, and often one hears it said, "Yae nae luck, ye've let oot the fier."—Boston Herald.

Roast Turkey With Chestnuts.

Draw, singe, pare, truss and remove the breastbone the same as for roasting. Chop up separately 10 ounces of kernel of veal and 16 ounces of pig's leaf lard and then mix together. Season with salt and spice, adding a little shallot and the liver, both well chopped. To this add also the peelings of a dozen medium sized truffles. Put this into a mortar with a gill of stock, pound well and place in a sautoir to cook for 15 minutes. Let it cook and stir in 40 cooked chestnuts and the dozen peeled truffles. Stuff the turkey with this preparation and roast, dress and pour over a little good gravy.—Exchange.

The Christmas carol, with its elevating and inspiring effects, corresponds in many ways to the song of praise by the heathens for Saturn at the festival of ancient time.

S. E. MURRY,
PRACTICAL
PLUMBER, GAS
AND
STEAM FITTER.

I have recently added an entirely new line of Plumbing Goods to my already large stock. I handle and keep constantly in stock

GAS AND
STEAM FITTINGS,
SEWER PIPES,
GAS STOVES, ETC.

My store room is well supplied with Bath Tubs, Wash Stands, Gas Lamps and anything required in my trade. Contracts taken for all lines of work; satisfaction guaranteed. Write me when you have any work in my line. Out of town orders promptly attended to.

S. E. MURRY.

AFTER THE BATTLE

Some are found bleeding and sore, while others have a fit of the blues. Now if there should be any so unfortunate as to suffer from the effects of accidents we have the Balm for their pains and aches, let it be either for man or beast.

Our liniment and powders for horses or cattle are always the best.

Our medicines are pure and always get there. The prices are right, too.

Our patent medicine department is supplied with all the standard remedies and we can supply your on short notice.

Our toilet and fancy goods department we keep up to the times.

Our Prescription department receives our closest attention and all calls answered day or night. Just touch the button. In fact we are here to do business and serve the public.

M. - A. - ROCKWELL,
THE PHARMACIST,
EMPORIUM, PA.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

J. A. Fisher,
PRACTICAL
Horse Shoer,
Broad Street, Emporium, Pa.

TABLER'S BUCK EYE PILE OINTMENT
CURES NOTHING BUT PILES.
A SURE and CERTAIN CURE known for 15 years as the BEST REMEDY for PILES.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Prepared by RICHARDSON MED. CO., ST. LOUIS.
For sale by L. Taggart. 34-1-ly.

The Cure that Cures
Coughs, Colds, Grippe,
Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis and Incipient Consumption, is
OTTO'S CURE
The GERMAN REMEDY
Cures throat and lung diseases.
Sold by all druggists. 25&50cts
R. C. Dodson, Emporium, Pa.

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN CURES CONSTIPATION.

Closing Out at Cost.

Having determined to close out my entire stock of Dry Goods, Shoes, etc., at once in order to make room for the large Grocery and Meat trade coming my way, I shall dispose of

Ladies' and Children's Shoes, Dry Goods, Etc., at Cost.

SEE THESE BARGAINS.

40 Pieces Print at 4c, former price 7c.
50 Pieces Apron Gingham, 5c, former price, 8c.
20 Pieces Cambric Lining, 3c, former price, 6c.
10 Pieces Shambra, 10c, former price, 12½c.
20 Pieces Dress Goods, at one-half former price.
15 Pieces Canton Flannel, at cost.
15 Pieces Outing Flannel, best quality, 8c.
20 Pieces Toweling at cost.

Ladies' and Children's Underwear, Bleached and Unbleached Muslin, Ladies' and Children's Hosiery, Coat's Spool Cotton, Corsets, White Goods, Notions, Ribbons, Carpet Warp, Table Oil Cloth, Yarn, Etc., Etc.

Large Line of Corsets at and below Cost.

NO FAKE SALE. YOURS FOR THE MONEY.

Clean Sweep of the ry Goods Department.

Our Popular Grocery and Meat Market,

Is more popular than ever and we shall continue to improve to meet the wants of the people. New goods received daily. In Meats and Poultry we have always been on the front seat of the band wagon and held the reins. Our meats are always nice, fresh and healthful. Home-fed cattle have always been our motto, and you know what you are eating when you buy of us.

Your Patronage Respectfully Solicited.

FRANK SHIVES.

LEADING HARDWARE HOUSE!

We extend our compliments to the citizens of Cameron and adjoining counties for their rapidly and increasing patronage. We would invite all to see our large display of GENERAL HARDWARE and BUILDERS' MATERIAL. We would call especial attention to our

COOKING. HEATING AND GAS STOVES

Comprising the best in the world. Our old and popular Store is headquarters for many useful articles and house-keepers should call and see what we have.

We again desire to call attention to our OIL and GAS STOVES. The Ladies delight.

THE WELSBACH LIGHT.

This popular light the great gas saver, is growing in popular with our people. All who desire to economize in gas bills should use these burners. Call and see them.

WALKER, HOWARD & CO.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

A bird upon a holly spray,
Sang sweetly all on Xmas day:
"Good morrow, folks. How do you do?
A merrie Xmas, all of you!"
Ye rich, ye poor, ye old, ye young,
Heard welcome of yts joyous tongue,
And all were glad to hear yt day
Ye bird upon ye holly spray.
And if you do believe ys true
Wt I have told herein to you
Ye bird upon ye holly spray
Shall surely say to you today:
"Good morrow, friends. How do you do?
Peace and good will to yours and you."
—Eugene Field.

Father Lamier's New Cassock.

"Jeanne, you will give nuts, red apples and dried plums to Gelynotte and Moreau to fill the sabots of the little ones. Et in secula seculorum," murmured M. le Cure, who then resumed the reading of his breviary, which had been interrupted by the numberless preparations for the fete of the following day. He bent his spectacles anew over the book, closing his ears in vain to the joyous outbursts which rang throughout the place on this the eve of the day so blessed. Joy filled the air and troubled his meditations. He could not prevent his paternal heart from sharing in the innocent pleasures of the flock over which he had watched and to which he had ministered for more than 30 years.

This year, for the first time in his life, the cure was to celebrate the holy anniversary with a delight less intense,

"MATTHEW, HAVE YOU MY CASSOCK?"

a heart less light, than usual. Care irritated and troubled his serene benevolence and checked his compassion for others, his forgiveness of wrongdoing. Play actors were installed opposite the rectory, at the Hotel du Dauphin, at the other side of the square. What a trial it had been for him! For ten days they had been there. Soulaire had seemed as though seized with a fever. At each corner of the street many colored posters were to be seen, and in front of them groups of people gathered, commenting upon the spectacle of the previous night or that heralded for the coming evening. The streets, which, as a rule, were deserted at 9 o'clock, were thronged until after midnight. From end to end of the little town the merits of the respective players were talked of.

A roll of drums was heard beneath the window, and M. Lamier sprang to his feet. The nasal voice of Father Onesime, the public crier and gamekeeper, was heard distinctly calling aloud in the same tone as the worthy man ordinarily invited the citizens to kill the white worms or to muzzle their dogs:

"Hochary Troupe. Soulaire Theatre (Grain Market), this evening. For the first time the great success, 'The Abbe Constantin,' comedy by Ludovic Halevy of the Academie Francaise. M. Artemon of the Chatelet will fill the role of the Abbe Constantin. Mlle. Valerie, from the theaters of Brest and Algeria, will appear as Bettina. The usual price of admission."

A roll of wheels announced the arrival of the diligence, which halted at the hotel opposite, and the passengers alighted with a great deal of noise, the women precipitating themselves from the interior like a cloud of wasps, deafening the driver.

"Late, as usual, Matthew. Where my new muff? Matthew, where is motor's mechanical horse?"

And Matthew, with his fat face rushed and framed in the ear laps of his cap, dived down into the hood of the imperial, which was inflated like a balloon, and withdrew packages and boxes.

"Come, Matthew, the abbe's new cassock," said Jeanne.

"Matthew, have you my cassock?" suddenly cried from a window in the Hotel du Dauphin a man who displayed a face covered with soap, a napkin around his neck and a shaving brush in his hand.

The driver introduced his arm anew into the hood and after a careful search drew forth two parcels of unequal size.

"Here is something for you, Mlle. Jeanne. And here, M. Artemon, is all that was given me for M. Hochary's company." And from the top of the diligence he held out a long, narrow card box to the comedian, who leaned forward to receive it. In its aerial transit the cover, which had been badly tied on, fell to the ground, and a big of yellow hair was caught by Artemon on the wing, like a flag floating in the wind.

"Bettina's wig!" exclaimed the excited actor. "Bettina's wig and not my cassock, the cassock of the Abbe Constantin. Where the devil have you put it, rascal?"

"On my word of honor, I have nothing else," asserted Matthew, displaying his empty hands.

"How annoying, fellow! There has been some mistake, mademoiselle. Mademoiselle," he called despairingly to Jeanne, who had turned away with a majestic air, "are you sure that you have not the cassock?"

"Scamp!" said the haughty housekeeper disdainfully.

Down the stairs M. Artemon flew, four steps at a time, and rushed into the greenroom, where the rest of the company were assembled. His hurried entrance filled them all with consternation.

"My friends," he exclaimed tragically, "the posters must be changed or the performance postponed. I cannot play the role of the Abbe Constantin tonight."

"Artemon," said a cavernous voice, "what is the meaning of this caprice? What of the box office money, the expenses of the programmes and the advertisements? You know as well as I do that we are at the end of our resources and that our last venture was a failure. Don't try your Mlle. Mars on us, my good fellow. We play tonight!"

"But can you not understand? I have not a cassock!" gasped the unhappy Artemon, letting his arms fall with dejection.

"Cannot a cassock be improvised with a black dress and a cloak of one of the ladies?" hazarded Hochary.

"The ladies are much too short and slight," groaned Artemon, who rejoiced in an imposing corpulency.

"As for me, I have only the Figaro costume, Peruvian pantaloons and the black coat for Pierrot and a flowered morning gown," said the manager pensively.

"For heaven's sake, ladies, aid us with your suggestions! We must play the piece at any cost."

The situation was critical for the poor artists, whose present tour had been far from successful. The leading man then proposed to gallop at full speed to the neighboring city, but this suggestion was not deemed practicable.

"What is to be done? There is not one garb of the required kind among the properties of this accursed hole," repeated Hochary in an outburst of impotent rage.

Suddenly Artemon struck his forehead violently, and his entire bearing denoted a genuine inspiration.

"Ah, my friends," he exclaimed, in a voice full of emotion, "what a wild hope! So much the worse. I will attempt the adventure. It is our only hope of salvation."

In a few words he explained.

"Come to my arms, my son!" exclaimed M. Hochary, extending his legs with enthusiasm.

And Artemon ran off to finish his shaving, to don his black frock coat and then direct his steps to the cure's.

Happily for the actor, Jeanne was absent putting the last touches on the church decorations, and it was one of the chorus children who innocently opened the door of the rectory and introduced the visitor into the room where the good cure was terminating his devotions. At the sight of this apparition M. Lamier became fixed upon his seat like a statue. His good, rosy visage, usually so calm, was now flushed to the roots of his thin, white hair, and instinctively he clasped his book to his breast.

Meanwhile satan's instrument bowed deferentially.

"No, M. le Cure," he said; "it is not alms we ask. Lend us simply your cassock!"

"My cassock!" gasped the Abbe Lamier, astonished. "You wish my cassock?"

"The oldest and most wornout in your possession, one that you may have thrown aside," Artemon hastened to say. "I am to play tonight the role of the Abbe Constantin, and I cannot represent my character without conforming to its demands and carrying out its sacerdotal dignity."

M. Lamier sprang from his seat.

"Do you think for a moment, monsieur," he said, overcome by surprise and anger, "to profane a gown that has served at worship and to make me the accomplice of these sinful amusements? Your ignorance respecting holy things and religion is your only excuse."

"Pardon me, M. le Cure," continued the actor, slightly embarrassed, but not the less determined. "It would not be the first time religion has lent its aid to the drama. Do you recall the celebrated mysteries of the middle ages? Moreover, I was educated in a seminary, and it was there I was led to adopt the vocation of actor in playing the role of Athalie for the fete of the superior."

M. Lamier, without being disarmed, looked again at the actor with new interest. If this unhappy man had followed a bad calling, his point of departure had at least been good. His heart could not, therefore, be corroded throughout, and perhaps it would be possible to point out to him the error of his ways.

"How comes it," said the abbe, with bitterness, "that you play on Christmas eve?"

"Alas, M. le Cure," replied Artemon, with simplicity, "we must eat on that night, as on any other!"

M. Lamier was touched to the heart by this reply. "Poor fellow!" The soul of the good priest was filled with grief. He felt too unhappy to refuse the speaker anything.

"But," he groaned, looking plaintively at Artemon, "can you not choose another piece rather than expose a servant of God to the risk of such a sacrilege and also to risk perverting the souls of those disposed to be fervent?"

Artemon approached him confidentially.

"You see, M. le Cure, you have never attended the theater."

"But—well, certainly not," replied the abbe, startled by the very idea.

"It is for that very reason that you regard it as a place of evil. Why, the theater is the school of morals which seconds those of the church. Our dramas are simply sermons put into action. There is no piece in which virtue is not lauded and vice and hypocrisy scourged. Ah, it is a noble work, that of the comedian, in the eyes of those who understand it!"

"What a pity this Artemon is not a preacher!" thought M. Lamier, fascinated. "His large face, closely shaved, with its cheeks like a Dominican, would look very well in a pulpit, and his insinuating voice and speaking gestures would be very effective for good."

"Among us, I dare to say, there are many good fellows," continued Artemon. "United households, good mothers of families, good citizens, abound with us."

He proceeded to cite examples. Mlle. Valerie, a child of the stage, who was the support of her parents; M. and Mme. Hocharay, models of conjugal tenderness—one and all held their hearts in their hands and never refused a service or kindness to a comrade, never refused to do a good work, a good action.

"Is an actor ever to be seen on the culprit's stool except for debt?" said the comedian, bringing his warm panegyric to a close. "It is true we are, for the most part, roving grasshoppers, and grasshoppers have not at more chance today than they had in La Fontaine's time."

The words were spoken with discouragement, owing to the immovability of the cure. As he spoke the actor arose and brushed his hat with gloomy energy.

"Well," he sighed, "we alone shall pass a sad Christmas while all the world besides will be blithe and happy. M. le Cure, pardon me for having taken up so much of your time."

He turned toward the door.

The old priest aroused himself.

"Jeanne," he called in a loud voice, full of the exaltation of triumphant charity, "bring me at once my new cassock!"

"Ah, M. le Cure!" exclaimed the actor, overcome by the unexpected success and pressing the priest's hands with effusion.

As Jeanne entered with the cassock upon her arm in great folds the priest rebuked her for loitering.

"Now bring me my shoes with the silver buckles. Run quickly! Why, a snail would go as fast. Is it not so, M. Actor? And a hat also—you must have a hat."

"What?" said Jeanne, shuddering. "Are you going to lend your clothes to the theater, M. le Cure—your new cassock—you, who will hold mass at midnight"—

"Truly, I do not ask so much," protested Artemon, confused, while the cure laid the cassock on his arm. "An old cassock would serve my purpose. I beg that you will not deprive yourself."

"What are you thinking?" replied M. Lamier. "Beneath the robes my cassock will not be seen, while yours will be, so to say, under fire, and if the rents were viewed it would be a pity. The Abbe Constantin must not call forth ridicule."

"How can we ever prove our gratitude?" said the actor, his eyes actually filled with tears, and he reiterated his thanks until he had crossed the threshold of the door.

"My dear fellow," said the cure in a trembling voice, fearing to appear to place a price upon his kindness, "go as quickly as possible, accomplish what you have to do and return when the performance is over to attend the midnight mass. The good God will thus be satisfied with you, and I also."

On this evening Artemon fairly vibrated with emotions, surpassing himself in his acting.

When, before the gloriously illuminated altar, the good pastor extended his arms lovingly above the crowd kneeling before him, he trembled with joy to perceive, at the lower end of the lateral aisle, among the workmen and laborers, a group of men and women with weary faces and varied costumes, who bowed their heads re-

"WHAT? ARE YOU GOING TO LEND YOUR CLOTHES TO THE THEATER?"

spectfully under the benediction. The poor people had also arranged a little surprise for their benefactor, and the weak but expressive voice of Valerie sang with warmth the "Christmas of Adam," accompanied by a harmonium.

Whatever may have been their past, or whatsoever the future might have in store for them, for that hour at least a ray of God's grace had filled their souls, recalling the sweet and holy remembrances of their childhood.

"Peace on earth and good will toward men! Hosanna in the highest!"

The Abbe Lamier, in an ecstasy of mercy and love, raised his dazzled eyes toward the vaulted roof and seemed to see at this sacred moment, among the quivering wings of the angels and the sparkle of the stars, the luminous smile of the Saviour who walked upon the roads of Samaria and Galilee, surrounded by the miserable and worthless, and whose feet the sinful woman had wiped with her golden hair.—San Francisco Call.

GEO. J. LA BAR

IS OFFERING

Special o-o

o-o Bargains

IN

BABY CARRIAGES

Having purchased the largest and most handsome line of those goods I shall be compelled to cut close to the cost in order not to carry any over to another season. Come quick and get your pick.

PARLOR SUITES, BED-ROOM SUITES,
EASY CHAIRS, WINDOW CURTAINS,
SIDEBOARDS, HAT RACKS,
LOUNGES, DESKS,
EASELS. Etc..Etc

LUXURY

it is to recline at ease on one of our superb couches. Slumber comes unsought under such delightful conditions. Pieces of furniture like these are as pleasant to look on as they are to lie on and this fact makes them an irresistable temptation to repose. Our entire stock is filled full of temptations for that matter, temptations in parlor and bedroom suits and in every kind of furniture, and unprecedented temptations in prices. Some people are always quoting from somebody, but our favorite quotations are figures like these: Couches, $5, $6, $8, and $10.

Best Furniture.

We have the largest line ever exhibited in Cameron county.

Geo. J. LaBar.

D. E. OLMSTED,

61 Fourth St., East,

NEAR ODD FELLOWS HALL.

We respectfully ask you to come and see our stock of seasonable goods for

Winter Wear

which we have just received.

For the Household.

Comfortables, Blankets, Sheetings, Pillow Casing, White and Unbleached Muslins from 5c upwards.

Tapestry and Lace Curtains, Bed Spreads, Linen Tablings, Napkins, Towels and Towlings. A new arrival of Table Oilcloths.

Underwear of all kinds at our usual low prices.

Ladies Flannel Skirts, 40c.

Shaker and Canton Flannels from 6c up.

Worsted yarn, Saxony and Germantown Wools, Men's Working Shirts from 45c up.

Ladies, Misses and Children's Flanelette Muslin Night Dresses.

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EMPORIUM, PA.

Business Cards.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Emporium, Pa.
A business relating to estate, collections, real estates, Orphan's Court and general law business will receive prompt attention. 42-1y.

J. C. JOHNSON. J. P. MCNARNEY,
JOHNSON & MCNARNEY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
EMPORIUM, PA.
Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to them. 16-1y.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Collections promptly attended to. Real estate and pension claim agent,
35-1y. Emporium, Pa.

F. D. LEET.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW and INSURANCE AG'T.
EMPORIUM, PA

TO LAND OWNERS AND OTHERS IN CAMERON AND ADJOINING COUNTIES.
I have numerous calls for hemlock and hardwood timber lands, also stumpage &c., and parties desiring either to buy or sell will do well to call on me. F. D. LEET.

CITY HOTEL,
WM. MCGEE, PROPRIETOR
Emporium, Pa.
Having again taken possession of this old and popular house I solicit a share of the public patronage. The house is newly furnished and is one of the best appointed hotels in Cameron county. 30-1y.

THE NOVELTY RESTAURANT,
(Opposite Post Office,)
Emporium, Pa.
WILLIAM MCDONALD, Proprietor.
I take pleasure in informing the public that I have purchased the old and popular Novelty Restaurant, located on Fourth street. It will be my endeavor to serve the public in a manner that shall meet with their approbation. Give me a call. Meals and luncheon served at all hours.
no27-1yr Wm. MCDONALD.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL,
THOS. J. LYSETT, PROPRIETOR
Near Buffalo Depot, Emporium, Pa.
This new and commodious hotel is now opened for the accommodation of the public. New in all its appointments, every attention will be paid to the guests patronizing this hotel. 27-17-1y

MAY GOULD,
TEACHER OF
PIANO, HARMONY AND THEORY,
Also dealer in all the Popular Sheet Music,
Emporium, Pa.
Scholars taught either at my home on Sixth street or at the homes of the pupils. Out of town scholars will be given dates at my rooms in this place.

F. C. RIECK, D. D. S.,
DENTIST.
Office over Taggart's Drug Store, Emporium, Pa.
Gas and other local anaesthetics administered for the painless extraction of teeth.
SPECIALTY:—Preservation of natural teeth, including Crown and Bridge Work.
I will visit Driftwood the first Tuesday, and Sinnemahoning the third Wednesday of each month.

Travelers' Guide.

WESTERN NEW YORK AND PENNSYLVANIA RAILWAY.

Time Table In Effect Oct. 22, 1899.

Trains leave Emporium for Keating-Port Allegany, Coudersport, Smethport, Eldred, Bradford, Olean and Buffalo, connecting at Buffalo for points East and West.
Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday 8.35 A. M.
Mail, (103) daily except Sunday..... 1.50 P. M.
Train No. 103 (mail) will connect at Olean with River Division for Allegany, Bradford, Salamanca Warren, Oil City and Pittsburg.
Call on E. C. DAVISON, Agent, Emporium, for time tables or other information.
R. BELL, Gen'l Supt.
J. A. FELLOWS, Gen'l Pass'ngr & Ticket Agt.
Mooney-Brisbane Building, Corner Main and Clinton Streets, Buffalo, N. Y.

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA R. R

Time Table taking Effect July 24th, 1899.

"The Grand Scenic Route."

Buffalo and Susquehanna Railroad and Connections.

READ UP.

ar. K't'ng Smt...	8 55	7 38	.....	12 25	.....	
.... Austin,.....	8 10	7 09	.....	12 00	.....	
....Costello,.....	.....	7 01	.....	11 53	.....	
...Wharton,.....	.....	6 50	.....	11 42	.....	
Cross Fork J'ct,	.....	6 05	.....	10 58	.....	
....Corbett,.....	.....	5 38	.....	10 31	.....	
...Germania,...	.....	5 27	.....	10 21	.....	
dp. Galeton....	P. M.	5 20	.....	10 15	.....	
ar, "	7 00	.....	1 00	10 12	.....	7 00
... Gaines, ...	6 47	.....	12 47	8 54	.....	6 47
...Westfield,...	6 11	.....	12 11	8 16	.....	6 11
...Knoxville...	5 55	.....	11 55	8 00	.....	5 55
....Osceola,....	5 46	.....	11 46	7 51	.....	5 46
....Elkland,....	5 41	.....	11 41	7 46	.....	5 41
Lv Addison,....	5 10	.....	11 10	7 15	.....	5 10
	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	.....	P. M.

READ DOWN.

	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	.....	
Lv K'ting Smt...	.....	12 40	7 50	9 10	.....	
.....Austin.....	6 40	1 05	8 20	9 50	.....	
....Costello....	6 50	1 14	.....	.....	.....	
....Wharton....	7 02	1 26	.....	.....	.....	
Cross Fork Jct.	7 47	2 09	.....	.....	.....	
....Corbett.....	8 14	2 36	.....	.....	.....	
....Germania...	8 25	2 47	.....	.....	.....	
Ar. Galeton,	8 31	.....	.....	.....	.....	A. M.
Lv. Galeton,	8 38	2 53	.....	.....	.....	8 38
.....Gaines.....	8 50	3 06	.....	.....	.....	8 50
....Westfield....	9 33	3 43	.....	.....	.....	9 33
.. Knoxville....	9 47	3 56	.....	.....	.....	9 47
....Osceola.....	9 58	4 06	.....	.....	.....	9 58
....Elkland.....	10 03	4 11	.....	.....	.....	10 03
Ar. Addison.....	10 34	4 43	.....	.....	.....	10 34
	A. M.	P. M.	.....	.....	.....	

Sundays only.

Read up. Read down.

P. M.	P. M.	A. M.				A. M.	P. M.	.....
.....	5 20	10 10	Ar.	Galeton	Lv	6 30	1 05	.....
.....	5 01	9 51	.....	Walton	.....	6 47	1 24	.....
.....	4 37	9 27	Newfield	Jct..	.....	7 13	1 50	.....
.....	4 19	9 09	West	Bingham,.	.....	7 30	2 06	.....
.....	4 08	8 58	....	Genesee....	.....	7 41	2 18	.....
.....	4 03	8 53	....	Shongo	.....	7 46	2 24	.....
.....	3 40	8 30	dp	Wellsville	ar	8 06	2 46	.....
								.....
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.				A. M.	P. M.	.....
2 53	8 55	10 12	ar.	Galeton..	lv	8 38	7 10	.....
2 30	8 43	10 01	.....	Gaines.....	.....	9 00	7 23	.....
2 00	8 20	9 42	lv.	Ansonia	ar	9 22	7 45	.....

STATIONS.

.....	P. M.	A. M.	ar		dp	A. M.	P. M	A. M.
.....	2 00	7 30	Cross	F'k	Junc.	11 00	6 05	.....
.....	1 00	6 30	dp	Cross	Fork ar	12 00	7 05	.....

All trains run daily except Sunday.

CONNECTIONS.

At Keating Summit with W. N. Y. & P. R. R. for all points north and south.
At Ansonia with Fall Brook R. R. for all points north and south.
At Newfield Junction with C. & P. A. R. R. west for Coudersport, east for Ulysses and points on Cowanesque Valley branch of Fall Brook R. R.
At Genesee for points on the New York & Pennsylvania R. R.
At Addison with Erie R. R., for points east and west.
At Wellsville with Erie R. R. for points east and west.
H. C. UNDERHILL, Gen'l Pass. Agt. Buffalo, N. Y
W. C. PARK, Gen'l Supt. Galeton, Pa.
M. J. MCMAHON, Div. Pass's Ag't., Galeton, Pa.
J. H. GOODYEAR, Ass't Gen'l Supt., Austin, Pa.

Travelers Guide.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAILROAD DIVISION.
In effect Nov. 19, 1899.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM EASTWARD

8 15 A. M.—Train 8 week days for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6.23 P. M., New York 9.30 P. M., Baltimore 6.00 P. M., Washington 7.15 P. M. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

3 15 P. M.—Train 6 week days for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4.25 A. M., New York 7.13 A. M., Baltimore, 2:30 Washington, 405. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 A. M.

9 37 P. M.—Train 4 Daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 6.52 A. M., New York 9.33 A. M., weekdays, (10.33 A. M. Sunday;) Baltimore 6.25 A. M., Washington 7.45 A. M. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington. Passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Williamsport. Passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

5:10 A. M.—Emporium Junction—Train 9 week days for Erie, Ridgway, DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10 25 A. M.—Train 3 Daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6 23 P. M.—Train 15, week days for Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR EMPORIUM FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 9 leaves New York 5:55 p. m., Philadelphia 8:50 p. m., Washington 7:20 p. m., Baltimore 8:40 p. m., arriving at Emporium Junction 5:10 a. m., week days, with Pullman Sleepers and passenger coaches, from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport.

Train 3 leaves New York 7.55 p. m., Philadelphia 11.20 p. m., Washington 10.40 p. m, Baltimore 11.55 p. m., daily, arriving at Emporium 10.25 a. m., with Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars from Philadelphia to Williamsport, and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and Baltimore to Williamsport—on Sundays only Pullman Sleepers from Philadelphia to Erie.

Train 15 leaves Philadelphia 8.40 a. m., Washington 7.55 a.m., Baltimore 8.55 a. m., Wilkesbarre 10:55 A. M., week days, arriving at Emporium 6.23 P. M., with Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Kane.

RIDGWAY & CLEARFIELD RAILROAD and Connections.

(Week days.)

SOUTHWARD.			Stations.	NORTHWARD		
P. M.	A. M.	A. M.		P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
.....	8 55	4 00	....Renovo....	.....	5 00	11 05
.....	9 47	4 41	...Driftwood...	.....	3 58	10 12
.....	10 25	5 10	Emporium Junc	.....	3 20	9 40
.....	11 08	5 52	...St. Marys...	.....	2 40	9 05
3 50	11 15	6 00	..... Kane.....	12 20	3 10	8 25
4 10	11 34	6 22	....Wilcox.....	11 58	2 47	8 01
4 23	11 49	6 36	..Johnsonburg..	9 55	2 34	7 45
.....				.....	.....	
4 45	12 10	7 00	....Ridgway.....	9 35	2 15	7 20
4 52	12 17	7 07	..Island Run...	9 28	2 08	7 13
4 57	12 22	7 12	Carman Tr'nfer	9 23	2 03	7 08
5 05	12 30	7 21	.. Croyland....	9 15	1 54	6 59
5 09	12 33	7 25	..Shorts Mills..	9 11	1 51	6 56
5 12	12 36	7 28	...Blue Rock...	9 07	1 47	6 52
5 16	12 40	7 33	.....Carrier.....	9 02	1 43	6 48
5 26	12 50	7 43	.Brockwayville.	8 53	1 33	6 38
5 30	12 54	7 47	...Lanes Mills..	8 47	1 28	6 33
		7 51	.McMinns Sm't.	8 43		
5 38	1 03	7 54	..Harveys Run..	8 39	1 19	6 24
5 45	1 10	8 00	..Falls Creek...	8 35	1 15	6 20
.....	.....	8 10	....DuBois.....	8 15	1 00	6 05
5 55	1 40	8 33	..Falls Creek...	7 05	12 48	6 15
7 43	1 50	8 45	..Reynoldsville..	6 53	12 38	6 02
7 55	2 16	9 12	...Brookville...	6 15	12 12	5 26
8 25	2 52	9 50	New Bethlehem		11 38	4 40
.....	3 25	10 25	...Red Bank....	.....	11 05	4 00
.....	5 30	12 40	....Pittsburg....	.....	9 00	1 40
.....	P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.

Through Palace Car to Pittsburg on train leaving Falls Creek at 8:33 A. M.; returning on train leaving Pittsburg at 1:40 p. m.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Agt.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

On and after Nov. 19, 1899, passenger trains will depart from Johnsonburg as follows:

NORTH BOUND.

9:28 A. M.—Week days, from P. & E. Station for Mt. Jewett, Bradford and intermediate stations.

2:02 P. M.—Daily, including Sunday, from B. R. & P. Station, Grant Street, Fast Express, solid vestibuled train for Bradford, Buffalo and Rochester, equipped with cafe and reclining chair cars.

4:23 P. M.—Week days, from P. & E. station, for Mt. Jewett, Bradford and intermediate stations.

SOUTH BOUND.

8:42. A. M.—Week days, from P. & E. station for Ridgway, Brockwayville, DuBois, Punxsutawney and intermediate points.

1:40 P. M.—Daily including Sunday, from B. R. & P. station, Grant Street, Fa t Express, solid vestibuled train for Ridgway, DuBois, Punxsutawney, Butler and Pittsburg, equipped with cafe and reclining chair cars.

6:27 P. M.—Week days, from P. & E. station, for Ridgway, Brockwayville, DuBois, Punxsutawney, and intermediate stations.

Thousand mile tickets, good for passage between all stations on B. R. & P. Ry., and N. Y. C. R. R., (Penna. Division) at twenty ($20) dollars. Passengers are requested to purchase tickets before entering the cars. An excess charge of ten cents will be collected by conductors when fares are paid on trains, from all stations where a ticket office is maintained.

EDWARD C. LAPEY, Gen. Pass. Agt. Rochester, N. Y.

TIME TABLE No. 23.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY R. R.

Taking effect June 15th, 1898.

EASTWARD.

STATIONS.		10	4	6	2
		P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Port Allegany,.....	Lv.	3 15	7 18	.....	12 10
Coleman,.....		*3 23	○○	.....	*12 15
Burtville,.....		*3 30	7 29	.....	12 22
Roulette,.....		3 40	7 36	.....	12 30
Knowlton's,.....		*3 45	○○	.....	*12 33
Mina,.....		*3 59	7 46	.....	12 40
Olmsted,.....		4 05	*7 50	.....	*12 44
Hammonds,.....		○○	○○	.....	*12 49
Coudersport,	Ar.	4 20	7 57	.....	12 53
	Lv.		6 15	1 00	1 00
North Coudersport,		.....	.....	○○	*1 05
Frink's,.....		.....	.....	*6 29	*1 14
Colesburg,.....		.....	.....	*6 36	1 21
Seven Bridges,.....		.....	.....	*6 39	*1 24
Raymonds's,.....		.....	.....	*6 49	1 35
Gold,.....		.....	.....	6 54	1 41
Newfield,.....		.....	.....		1 45
Newfield Junction,.....		.....	.....	7 02	1 56
Perkins,.....		.....	.....	○○	*1 53
Carpenter's,.....		.....	.....	○○	*1 56
Crowell's,.....		.....	.....	*7 10	*1 59
Ulysses,.....	Ar.	.....	.....	7 18	2 10
		.....	.....		

WESTWARD.

STATIONS.		1	5	3	
		A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	.....
Ulysses,.....	Lv.	7 32	2 30	10 05	.....
Crowell's,.....		*7 41	*2 39	*10 15	.....
Carpenter's,.....		○○	*2 41	*10 18	.....
Perkins,.....			*2 44	*10 21	.....
Newfield Junction,.....		7 47	2 46	10 25	.....
Newfield,.....		*7 51	2 50	*10 30	.....
Gold,.....		7 55	2 54	10 35	.....
Raymond's,.....		*7 59	2 59	*10 40	.....
Seven Bridges,.....		*8 11	*3 11	*10 55	.....
Colesburg,.....		*8 14	3 14	*11 00	.....
Frink's,.....		*8 22	*3 22	*11 09	.....
North Coudersport,		○○	*3 31	*11 20	.....
Coudersport,	Ar.	8 36	3 36	11 30	.....
				P. M.	.....
	Lv.	8 41	6 00	1 20	.....
Hammonds,.....		○○	○○	○○	.....
Olmsted,.....		*8 46	*6 06	*1 27	.....
Mina,.....		8 50	6 10	1 31	.....
Knowlton's,.....		○○	*6 18	○○	.....
Roulette,.....		9 00	6 21	1 45	.....
Burtville,.....		9 08	6 29	2 55	.....
Coleman,.....		○○	*6 35	○○	.....
Port Allegany,.....		9 21	6 40	2 35	.....

(*) Flag stations. (○○) Trains do not stop.

Connections—At Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. for points north and south. At Newfield Junction with Buffalo & Susquehanna R. R. north of Wellsville, south of Galeton and Ansonia. At Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R. R., north for Buffalo, Olean, Bradford and Smethport; south for Keating Summit, Austin, Emporium and Penn'a R. R., points.

B. A. MCCLURE, Gen'l Supt. Coudersport, Pa.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

Shining sprays of ivy bring!
Twine a carcanet for Mirth,
Who shall make the echoes ring
Round the genial Christmas hearth.

Hunchback Care away shall creep,
With Distrust and Doubt, forsooth!
And the nimble quip shall leap
From the lip of Age and Youth.

And while Marian, trim of tread,
Sets the candles all aglow,
Slyly o'er the maiden's head
One shall hang the mistletoe.

Then it's ha! my lass, and hey!
And it's ho! my lad, and hi!
Faith, his wits are gone astray
Who would let the chance slip by!

—Clinton Scollard.

THE LASS WHO LOVES A HERO.

Some one has said that the time is not far away when "scallopers" and summer visitors will be the only residents of Nantucket island. This opinion savors of the pessimist and ought not to be tolerated.

But if this prophecy should ever become a fact it is not unlikely that the "scalloper" would stand higher in "the kingdom of heaven." This does not imply that the summer visitor is not all right. Decidedly it would be hard to get along without him. But give the man who knows life his choice, and it will be the Nantucket fisherman every time.

When Tim Henderson first saw Persis Hayward, he was sailing up and down the harbor in his catboat, the Nan-

"GUESS YOU DON'T KNOW WHO I AM?"

cy Higgins, dragging his scoop net behind him in search of scallops. Persis was digging clams along the flats.

They were clad in a manner that was hardly calculated to make an impression on each other, yet Tim wore a soft place in his heart ever after, although that important organ was reputed to be a rather hard specimen of its kind.

"Hello, friend!" Tim shouted. "Any luck?"

"Only a few."

"Guess you'd do better if you was up Poverty point."

"It's too fur for me."

"If you'd jest as soon, I'd admire to take you up thar. 'Tain't outen my way a mite. I'll come up as nigh as I darst, an you can wade out."

Persis nodded her assent. She was dressed for her work and wore a pair of rubber boots which were evidently made for a man. In a few minutes the pair were tacking toward Poverty point.

"Don't know as I've ever seen you before. But p'r'aps you've heered o' me. I'm Tim Henderson, that lives down Newtown way. I'm a member o' No. 44. I go scallopin in winter an drive a carriage in summer. I ain't one o' the kind that loafs around 'tween times nuther. I'm ready for anything that'll bring in 10 cents. What I get is enough for ma and me. Besides, we have generally put a leetle in the bank when the end o' the season comes. That's more'n most do down here."

"Yes, I know you. I've seen you drivin carriage. The summer folks say you are as 'commodatin as can be."

"Well, I try to be jest civil; that's about all."

"That's more than some is anyhow."

"Well, I guess you're right. But it don't pay."

"Guess you don't know who I am?"

"I'll have to cave on that, sure. I've 'nough to do without keepin track o' the girls in this town. Never was any great after 'em anyhow."

"I'm only Persis—Persis Hayward. I sell cigars over the counter at the Sea View House in the summer an do anything that comes along in the winter 'cept work out. I won't do that. Never could get along with women anyway."

Persis observed her new friend closely, but Tim seemed hardly to notice her. His eyes were busy with the horizon, which was a trifle threatening. But the eye of a sailor will sweep in more in one glance than a landlubber in a week.

Persis Hayward was worthy of more attention than she received on this occasion. She was accustomed to more, too, which made it harder to bear. A feeling of pique was rising within her. An apprenticeship of four summers in serving the narcotic tastes of "all sorts and conditions" of men had given her an insight into the masculine nature. Whether it was the best side is a matter for others to decide. There is no doubt at all that there were not a few who liked her better than the cigars she dispensed. The wives and mothers who approved of her might be numbered on the fingers of one hand.

But, in spite of all this, Persis was all right. Neither does it matter a great deal whether she was pretty or not. The young men thought she was, while older ones said she was invariably cheerful and "good to pass the time o' day with." In reality she was as trim as a steam yacht, ever ready with a sparkling retort, and her deft parrying with words would have made a mediaeval swordsman invulnerable. Deep down in her heart Persis had not a very high opinion of the species of mankind that hung over her counter and gossiped with her by the hour. No matter how the outside world looked at her conduct, she, in truth, had certain preconceived ideas as to the qualities which constituted a real man.

The evening of the day she had met Tim Henderson, while she was shelling the clams, which she had found in plenty, she wondered that her efforts had met with such poor success. When the clams were shelled, she sat down to sew on her next summer's dresses, still thinking of Tim.

Tim was in No. 4's room, where he spent every evening talking to men of his own ilk, omitting the common courtesies of clubmen.

No. 4 is a unique institution on the island of Nantucket. It derives its name from the fire engine which is its special charge. It is an old hand engine and has had its nose put out of joint by the new steamer which the town in a fit of prodigality purchased recently. Some people say it is more ornamental than useful, and it certainly does look pretty when it goes through the old lanes.

No. 4 is still in commission, just the same, and, while it may be a little old fashioned, if there is ever a fire, which is rare, the combination of No. 4 and No. 4's men is hard to beat.

But there is a good deal more to No. 4 than that. It has risen to a point where it wields great social and political importance. Candidates for office like to call No. 4's men their friends. It is far from being a Sunday school, and the common run of the clergy would probably not feel much at ease in the society of its members.

But this story does not deal with No. 4's affairs so much as with one of its members.

His companions noticed that Tim was unusually silent this evening.

Billy Newcomb, who had happened to be rabbit shooting upon Coatue when Tim had taken on his cargo, had been keenly interested in the adventure. While others were seeking solicitously for the cause of Tim's silence he was biding his time. All they had got out of Tim had expressed about as much as a crow's croak, but Billy got a rise.

"I'll tell you what's the matter with Tim. He's in love."

"Never!" one declared. "Tim's the last one!"

"Well, I'll bet you it is so, for I seen him with that Hayward girl, scallopin, today. So now!"

"Now, I jest want to know," said another. "Well, well, if it's so, I'm glad o' it. It's high time, Tim, an I wish you well."

Others wished Tim well, too, so thoroughly and unceasingly that he had no time to explain, if he had had words to explain himself, which may well be doubted.

He returned home to his mother early that night, and the next thing he went to see Persis instead of going to No. 4. He was received with a warmth that brought the blood to his face and kept it there for the rest of the evening.

The conversation was mainly devoted to the past season and the prospects of the next and the probable market quotations on scallops when Lent came.

It was only when Tim started to go that he approached the subject of his visit with a trepidation that was plainly visible to Persis, as it might have been to any one.

"I wonder," he began—that is, I was thinkin sorter—that is, whether you'd ever danced. Don't want to seem inquisitive, you know, only I kinder thought I'd like to know."

"Why, yes, Tim, I can dance, an I like to, what's more."

"Well, I'm glad—that is, I might be if only"— Tim's arms, in a series of gestures not modeled after the Delsarte system, were vainly trying to help him express himself. "You see," he continued, "we No. 4 boys have a series o' dances every winter—that is, assemblies, we call 'em—an I kinder thought you might sorter like to go?"

When he had at last sailed through his difficulties of speech, Tim was standing on one leg, and there was perspiration on his brow.

"Why, yes; certainly I'd like to go. You're real kind."

Tim quickly turned, opened the kitchen door and departed without even saying good night.

Tim was himself again when he went to No. 4 the next evening. He showed no resentment at the gibes which were aimed at him, and they finally ceased. He only said, "You jest wait till the dances begin."

This they did, and there was not a solemn face in the hall when he entered it the following week with Persis by the hand.

It was a happy winter for Tim, almost the happiest he had ever known, and it was not until summer came that he found a fly in his ointment. There had been no expressed understanding between the pair, but then understandings are not always put in words. It was only when Tim and Persis misunderstood each other that they approached the subject of their relations with each other.

It happened when the summer season had begun. Tim had appeared in a new, trim surrey, and business was good, and the world looked sweet and lovely to him.

But, however the extremely virtuous may feel about it, jealousy is no respecter of persons. When Tim passed the Sea View House, he always stretched his neck and looked for Persis. Persis generally saw him and waved and smiled. The city people smiled, too, and thought it was so pleasant to see a happy pair of lovers, even in "humble life."

But there were times when Persis did not see Tim. They were not many, to be sure, but enough to crush the life out of him. That Persis could ever be seen laughing and joking with a stranger and not see him when he passed killed his heart, summoned all the baseness in his soul to the surface and at last made him the sepulcher of a once happy nature.

It was all done in a minute. He did not often see Persis, but once in the middle of the summer he met her when his resentment was hot within him.

"See here, Persis," he began—and speech came easy and without hesitation—"seems to me you're sometimes pretty close to them city fellers. An what do they care for you anyway?"

He couldn't have done worse. She had stopped suddenly.

"Tim Henderson, what do you mean? What have you to say about what I do? Say, do you think you're captain o' this craft?"

"Why, I dunno, but I kinder s'posed you an me was goin together"—

"Well, you needn't s'pose you're under any obligations. I see you're jest like all the rest o' the men. I want a man that is a man. I want a fellow that has somethin o' the hero in him. I don't want any o' the trash that has only suspicions when they see a man an a woman talkin together kinder friendly like." She turned on her heel and walked away.

That was the last time Tim spoke to her for over a year. That period of his life was an interlude of blank agony. As for being a hero, he felt instead the meanest of men.

If he had loved Persis Henderson, he worshiped her now, and it may seem strange to some that the few but incisive words she had spoken increased his passion tenfold.

Those who profess to understand human nature have not yet given us a satisfactory definition of the qualities that make a hero. Perhaps, after all, it is only the lack of opportunity that keeps all of us from being heroes. When that time comes, it is generally the hero himself that is most surprised.

That is the way it was with Tim. Two days before Christmas, the following year, the weather vanes backed into the southwest for a second time. There was not much wind stirring, but the most dangerous thing about the weather sometimes is its calm. The sea captains emeritus said it was a "weather breeder," and so it was.

The night before Christmas the southwest wind had freshened up a bit at dawn had reached that point which entitled it to being called a "screamer." From the south shore life saving station the captain in charge watched the waves and the hungry shoals, stretching five miles toward the main, howling and lashing like hungry lions. At sundown there was a deluge of cold rain, carried straight out, with a wind blowing 60 miles an hour. The sand cut the oilskins of the surfmen like a knife, but they faced it and walked their beats, for they were heroes too.

It was a little after 10 o'clock that night, when the Christmas trees in the churches had been unladen, that the home comers saw an ominous flash across the southern sky, and the trail of the rockets acted like a cry of fire on the men.

The dull silence in the Nantucket lanes resounded with the frantic yell, "Wreck on the south shore!" Every ablebodied man was on foot in an instant. Tim Henderson and all of No. 4 were there, too, but not the old hand engine.

It is not over three miles to the south shore from the village of Nantucket. When the men had reached the scene, the life savers had sent a line over the mast of the brigantine Henrietta Rogers, less than half a mile away. But the vessel was acting ugly and was loath to stand still. She pounded on the shoal and tugged at the line over which ran the trolley of the breeches buoy.

Three were already saved, but every moment it seemed as if the line would break. As the mountainous seas heaved and broke over the cliffs the line and its burden were buried out of sight. Then the line, released from its tension, snapped into the air like a lash, and yet somehow the breeches buoy held to its trolley, and its human freight staid, too, slowly feeling its way to the bank.

The captain of the vessel was the last to come. The men had cheered them all as they were picked up, half drowned, and carried into the station by willing hands. It was ready to cheer now as the last man was slowly coming shoreward.

But the words died on their lips, unuttered. The line had caught! When released from the clutch of the waves, a dark object was tossed into the air. Each moment it seemed as if the captain would be thrown into the sea. That moment would be his last, for nothing, not even a lifeboat, could live in that sea.

It was not a time to stop and consider. The life saving captain was about to speak to his men, to command them to go to almost certain death, when a form shot out of the darkness and grabbed the life line. The men on shore swore, not "softly," but above the roaring of the storm they were heard, and it seemed as if they called him a fool. No one knew who it was, for he was scarcely in view long enough, even if he could have been recognized. Each time the line flew into the air the men on shore held their breath.

Once man and line parted and disappeared. A low groan mingled with the storm. Then the line flew up again, and the man was again slowly creeping toward the buoy.

There was no timekeeper for that race with death. It seemed as if hours had passed when the buoy again yielded to the pull from the shore, and the two men were brought to safety.

When they picked up Tim Henderson, already unconscious, they carried him to the station as tenderly as a mother gathers her child to her arms. They had forgotten to cheer at first. That came later, when the waiting crowd saw the fisherman stepping forth into the open air.

Tim walked back to town. He resented any demonstration. He went home. Persis Hayward waited all day for him, but she did not understand him yet. If she thought it was for her that he risked his life, she was mistaken. She learned about that afterward.

Christmas night the wind had changed to northeast, and the rain had turned into sleet and snow. But the weather did not count with Persis. She had the street to herself as she half walked and half blew down Newtown way. Later she had Tim to herself too.

It has never been really known what happened, but it has leaked out that Tim

THE MAN WAS AGAIN SLOWLY CREEPING TOWARD THE BUOY.

said: "I'd done the same thing any time if I hadn't stopped to think. The first thing I knew I was out on that line, an I wouldn't swear that I was glad on it."

When Tim and Persis were married the next summer, there was a good deal of fuss made, especially by the summer visitors, but Tim says "their water line is jest about right to take 'em over the bar, an they wouldn't do for deep water craft."

Perhaps the best thing about the whole affair is that they understood each other before the fatal tie was bound, and at least one woman has proved that matrimony and a woman's independence are not necessarily incompatible. — Boston Globe.

CHRISTMAS LONG AGO.

The Banquet In Old England Was an Event of Great Ceremony.

The Christmas banquet of mediaeval times was a very brilliant affair, followed by spectacular performances, particularly at court, where processions, dancing and the acting of allegories were favorite amusements. Besides the representations, the ballet frequently acted some simple story. A favorite allegory represented Prometheus stealing the spark from heaven and making his escape, Vulcan and Venus forging the bolts of Jove, the fall of Phaeton, the love of Semele and its fatal catastrophe, and Love and Beauty setting the universe on fire with their united power.

From the time of Henry VIII until nearly the close of the seventeenth century boar's head was a favorite dish on Christmas day. This was an event of great pomp and ceremony. After the guests had assembled around the festive board the procession of retainers appeared. Then—

Was brought the lusty brawn
By old blue coated serving man;
Then the grim boar's head frowned on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.

While round the merry wassail bowl
Garnished with ribbons blithe did trowl.

At Queen's college, Oxford, the bringing in of the boar's head was attended with processional honors. The boar's head was carried in by the strongest of the guardsmen, singing a merry stave.

The turkey as a Christmas dish was introduced into England in the sixteenth century and is therefore of less antiquity than the huge sirloin of beef or the mince pie. Mince pies were first shaped like a manger, as were the Yule cakes given out by the bakers to their customers. Mince pie was also long ago accepted as typical of the riches and spices brought by the three wise men to the Child in the manger. The plum porridge later developed into the plum pudding, which dates from 1675. At the old Christmas feasts peacocks and cranes formed some of the dishes. Before being roasted the peacock was carefully skinned, and after leaving the oven the bird was reclothed with its old plumage.—Boston Herald.

A Christmas Tree Feature.

Dancing Christmas fairies always enhance the children's delight in the Christmas tree and, once made, can be used year after year. Buy up a dozen or more of 5 and 10 cent dolls, and to add to the variety have among the number some Japanese and colored dolls. Dress these to represent fairies in bright hues of spangled gauze, tarlatan or tissue paper and liberally sprinkle their hair and garments with diamond dust powder. Each doll should be provided with a dainty pair of fairy wings made from spangled tissue paper and fastened to the body by means of concealed wires. These wires should be coiled to obtain motion in the wings, and nothing better can be used than the fine spiral coils that come out of wornout wire stitched brooms. The least motion will set this spiral to quivering, causing the wings to move as if in flight. In like manner use the spiral wire to attach the dolls in hovering positions over and around the tree. The effect is magical. Every footstep causes jar enough to start the dolls dancing and circling above and around the tree, as if the invisible fairies of the air had come down to join the Christmas glee.—Woman's Home Companion.

Giblet Dressing.

To make a giblet dressing for roast turkey put the giblets and neck in a saucepan with cold water and add an onion, salt and pepper and a slice of dry bread that has been made very brown in the oven. Boil until the giblets are done. Then strain and stock. Chop the giblets fine and put them and the stock back into the saucepan, dredge with a little flour and add the brown gravy from the bottom of the pan in which the fowl was cooked after skimming off the fat. Serve in a hot gravy boat.—Selected.

A Christmas Carol.

Bethlehem's plains are still as green,
Bethlehem's harvest fields as white,
As when angel bands were seen
Making luminous the night.

But for long has ceased the lay
Sung by that seraphic choir,
And for long has passed away
That apocalypse of fire.

Yet that ancient Christmas song
Still is sung by faithful hearts,
And the light that's vanished long
Brightness to the soul imparts.

Still to Faith's divining eye
Lustrous forms the expanse fill,
And to Love's quick ear the sky
Throbs with heavenly music still.

While the ages come and go
Hymns of praise unceasing rise,
And with songs by saints below
Angels join their symphonies.

Glory still to God is given.
Peace on earth is still made known,
And the Heir of earth and heaven
Claims the kingdoms for His own.

Christmas joyfully returns
On the wings of this new morn.
Gratefully our spirit yearns,
Worshiping the Christ once born!

—Dawson Burns in Illustrated London News.

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LAMENT OF THE OLD YEAR

ALAS! my time has nearly come;
I'm weak and weary, and cold and numb,
And sad and sour, and cross and glum,
And the world looks dark and drear;
I'm short of breath, so I pant and wheeze,
And shiver and shake, and cough and sneeze;
My limbs creak mournfully in the breeze—
For I am the poor Old Year.

Twelve months ago I was young and fair;
I ruled the world with a regal air,
And every one welcomed me, here and there,
Without a frown or a fear.
The boys and girls hurrahed for me,
And I was as happy as happy could be;
The world around was fair to see—
For I was the glad New Year.

The merry thrush and the bold cuckoo
Gave me a song and a welcome true;
The white puccoon and the violet blue
Peeped slyly into my face;
The tulip gave her rich perfume,
The larkspur waved her azure plume,
The red rose opened her velvet bloom,
My royal court to grace.

The brooklet burst its icy bond,
The fern uncoiled her greenest frond,
The daisy waved her yellow wand,
To give me welcome meet;
And summer brought her glowing days,
Her bearded wheat and golden maize;
The wild bee hummed a song of praise,
And sipped the clover's sweet.

Then autumn poured her ruddy wine,
And shook the cluster from the vine,
And dropped the needles from the pine,
To scatter in my path;
The milk-weed burst her silky pod,
The partridge piped from the turfy sod,
And queen-of-the-meadow and golden-rod,
Bloomed gay in the aftermath.

But now, alas! my time has come;
I'm weak and weary, and cold and numb,
And sour and sad, and cross and glum,
And the world is dark and drear;
No blossoms spring as I pass along,
No warbler sings me a welcome song;
But the bells ring out a merry ding-dong
To welcome another year.

—Helen Whitney Clark, in Golden Days.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

WE WERE always getting out of wood at Maple Knoll.

It was the big fireplace in the sitting-room that ate up all the fuel we could get. I never saw such an insatiable monster. Yet we couldn't make up our minds to close it up and put up a stove instead, because of its radiant cheerfulness. How jolly it was, just when the first touch of a winter's twilight stole on, to pile fresh hickory logs on the old andirons and watch the flames dash up the chimney's throat and light the whole room with a mellow crimson flame.

But the wood! Of course, we three women couldn't very well go out and chop and haul it, and our funds did not always warrant hiring large quantities laid in, besides which the neighboring help we could get was not very dependable on at all times.

Maple Knoll was a lovely place, but didn't bring in much revenue, worked, as we were obliged to have it done, by any Tom, Dick or Harry we could pick up; and the old house was picturesque—but leaky as a sieve. Still, we managed very well about everything else, but for fuel we were obliged to depend on getting a load hauled now and then when some neighbor had the time and inclination to undertake it.

December though it was, we had had a streak of regular Indian-summery weather—a mild atmosphere interwoven with a soft smokiness. Our stove wood had run out, and the neighbors had all been too busy hauling cordwood to attend to our needs. Our chip yard was in good condition, however, and we had been levying on it for cooking purposes, using what little wood we had for the fireplace, as we didn't need much, and had gone jogging along in an easy, grasshoppery way, as if the pleasant weather were going to last all winter.

We woke up the morning of December 30 to find the world nearly lost in a most beautiful blizzard of whirling snow. Not only was the outward world a white desolation, but there were little drifts all over the inside of the house.

"Dora," I shouted, bouncing out of bed and landing with one foot in a snow bank, "how many chips did we bring in last night?"

"About enough to cook breakfast with," Dora answered, with the calmness of despair, as she shook a little puff of snow out of her shoe. I hopped out of my drift and rushed to the window.

"Meantime, let's go down and make a fire and get a good warm-up if we do perish afterward."

"We'd better save the sitting-room wood until after breakfast," counseled Dora, "and just have a fire in the cook-stove till then, and eat in the kitchen."

"Sure," said I, "that'll be a lark."

In spite of the dismal outlook we had a cheerful fire and a cozy kitchen when Aunt Laura came down, and then while she began to prepare breakfast Dora and I did ourselves up like Laplanders and plunged out into the blizzard to feed and milk the cows, after which we braved the winter's blast long enough to transport my treasure stump to the house, which we did partly by lugging and partly by rolling it over and over.

Breakfast was ready when we got it safely under cover, and notwithstanding our impending doom, we fell upon the ham and fried potatoes and pancakes, and enjoyed our meal immensely.

"Girls," said auntie, when the last potato and the last crimpy brown batter-cake had vanished, "I don't want to dampen your spirits, but there isn't a chip left, and how we're going to cook dinner I don't see."

"Nett," said Dora (who was just three months older than I), "we'll cook dinner by the fireplace."

"Dora," I said, "you're gifted. That's what we will, and imagine we're our own great-grandmothers and great-aunts—how lovely!"

"Well, you'll have to help, miss, and I doubt if you think it so lovely before you get through," returned Dora. "You'll be baked a beautiful brown."

We took an inventory of our stores to see what there was we could cook by the fireplace.

"There's a spareribs, for one thing," announced Dora. "We'll hang it up by a string in front of the fire."

"Potatoes we can boil by hanging the kettle on the hook and chain," said Aunt Laura.

"And the sweet potatoes we can roast in the ashes," I added.

"And bake corn in a skillet in the hot coals," finished Dora.

"Goody," said I, "that's a fine enough dinner for a blizzardy day like this. Of course, nobody'll come."

But somebody did come, as they usually do when you think they won't; and who of all persons but Rev. Cyrus Melton! Dora fairly squirmed when Aunt Laura brought him right into the sitting-room, for, of course, she couldn't take him anywhere else, unless she wanted to freeze him. So in he came, smiling placidly, and there was the rib cooking in front of the fire with a skillet set under to catch the gravy, and there was Dora with her face like a hollyhock, turning a great hoecake in another skillet, and there was I prodding in the ashes with a long fork to dig out the sweet potatoes! Not that it mattered much about me; but some folks were beginning to observe that Rev. Cyrus was a trifle more attentive to Dora than the fact of her being one of his flock warranted, and I knew that in her eyes he was about as near a state of perfection as a mortal man needed to be.

He was just riding out, he explained, to see old Mrs. Hankins, who was sick, and had been delayed a little by the blizzard and been on the road quite awhile; he had brought a

THERE WAS DORA WITH HER FACE LIKE A HOLLYHOCK.

bag of oats for his horse, and had come up through the side lane and taken the liberty to put the animal in our barn to eat his oats, while he himself ran in to see how we all fared this inclement day, etc., etc. I slid out while he was thus discoursing and rushed to the parlor with a very forlorn hope of finding a stray stick or two left over there, making a fire and getting him into the parlor while we finished the dinner. The hope died as I poked my head into the arctic desolation of our best room. It was on the east side, where the spiteful wind had been battering at it all night, searching out a hundred crevices about windows and door to hurl the fine, powdery snow through. There were drifts, varying in size, on the piano, on the chairs, and a dainty white powdering all over the carpet, which the wind had puffed in under the door. You could fairly feel the gale whisking about your ears. There wasn't a scrap of wood nor a chip in the wood box. Relinquishing a wild idea of chopping up a parlor chair or two to make a fire of, I scooted back to the sitting-room chilled to the bone.

Dora, putting as bold a face upon the situation as possible, was bringing in dishes from the dining-room and setting the table right under the eyes of the minister, who was chatting away as serenely as if he hadn't driven us all frantic by his ill-timed call. Aunt Laura had levied on her cellar goodies and produced preserved quinces, apple jelly, pickled peaches and chow-chow, so the dinner wasn't so frightful. The only thing I was ashamed of was the corn cakes; they were so big and clumsy, and Dora had crumbled the edges in turning them. But that good man seemed to think we had a banquet, and even the corn cakes didn't go begging so far as he was concerned.

We all made merry over our predicament as we told him how it happened, and he joked about it, too, but shook his head a little, and said it oughtn't to go on that way. He proceeded upon his errand soon after dinner, and we went about our work with what spirits we might. It wasn't more than two hours after he left that Uncle Jink, a dilapidated old colored man, appeared with a yoke of steers, which he left in the lane while he came plodding through the snow to the house.

"Heerd y'all was out o' wood," he grinned, "so I 'lowed I'd come an' snake up a few logs 'n' split fer de fi'place 'n' whack up some fer de cook'n' stove."

"It's very kind of you, indeed," said Aunt Laura, "for we are in great need of wood—only I'm afraid I can't pay you for it to-day, Uncle—"

"Dass all right—dass all right," interrupted Uncle Jink; "don't y'all boddah 'bout dat—dass all right," and he scuffed away, leaving us a little mystified, for it was not quite like Uncle Jink to be so indifferent about compensation for his good deeds.

"Of course Mr. Melton went and told him to come, and either paid him or agreed to if we didn't," expounded Dora, and looked as if she were ready to fall in a heap.

"It was very good of him if he did," said Aunt Laura.

"Good—yes; but who wants to be an object of charity," groaned Dora, "especially—"

"Oh, well, I don't suppose he'll preach about it next Sunday," I said, consolingly; but Dora wouldn't cheer up very much. Still, it was very comfortable to have plenty of wood, and I felt grateful to the good man for instigating Uncle Jink to come to our assistance.

Of all the 365 days of that year the three hundred and sixty-fifth was the most dismal at Maple Knoll. It opened with a drizzling, soaking rain, much more depressing than the blizzard from which it evoluted; the kind that dampens your spirits in spite of all the philosophy you can bring to bear against it. The sky was a dismal gray waste without a slit of light. Aunt Laura had a racking neuralgia in her face. Dora had been dreaming about charity and wood all night. As for me, I had a little trouble of my own which popped up just now more aggressively than ever. I never had but one lover (I never wanted but one), and he was a poor young man who had gone to the frozen Alaskan regions with the avowed intention of making his fortune and coming back to share it with me, rebuild the old house into a stately mansion and take care of Aunt Laura and Dora, which was quite proper; for, you see, I had been gathered into the family when I was left a small orphan, in Uncle John's time, and he and Aunt Laura had not made an atom of difference between Dora and me in their love and care. But now it had been so long since I had heard from Frank I couldn't help being afraid he had frozen to death or been buried in a snowslide. And this dreadful rainy day I couldn't even have the satisfaction of going or sending to town for the mail, if there should possibly be any news.

Dora and I had an unwritten law that the more downcast we felt the jollier we should force ourselves to be. To-day I think we degenerated into silliness in our efforts to be cheerful. But a lot of smaller troubles followed each other so persistently—such as the refusal of the cook stove to draw, the falling of the light bread in consequence, a slip in the mud on Dora's part, etc., etc.—that when, to cap the climax that evening, our beloved fireplace smoked sulkily and relentlessly, we felt that we might as well wind up the year by going to bed at eight o'clock.

When we were all snuggled down and the lights were out I could have cried just out of low spirits, but I wouldn't. I knew God could see farther ahead than we could, and I put everything into His hands and went to sleep.

I slept so soundly that I was greeted the next morning by a savory, sagey scent of frying sausages coming up the little back stairs before I fairly got back from the slumber world. Dora was down in the kitchen singing "Lightly Row" over the biscuits, and looking as fresh as a peach with her rosy cheeks and clear gray eyes. And the stove was drawing beautifully. And Aunt Laura came down without a speck of neuralgia and feeling as spry as a girl, to finish breakfast, while Dora and I went forth to do the milking. And behold! the sopping rain had turned into a lovely, soft snow in the night; not a blizzardy snow like the one before the rain, that blew in everywhere, but a gentle, fine, thick powder. It had stopped falling now, and the air felt crispy and bracing. The sun wasn't shining yet, but there was a mellow look in the sky, as if it meant to pop out any minute.

New Year's calling was not much in vogue in our rural district; still, it was Aunt Laura's way to make a red-letter day of the opening one of the year, and always to be prepared for any stray caller who might chance to appear. She had a cheerful fire in the parlor, a plentiful supply of coffee and cake on hand, and we all put on our pretty house dresses and prepared to be happy whether anyone came or not.

At half past nine a pleasant melody of sleigh bells jingled along, and the cutest little cutter stopped at our gate, and here came Rev. Cyrus Melton smiling up the walk. We were mighty thankful for the contrast between this call and his last one; but such is the perversity of man. I imagined he looked a little disappointed at not being ushered into the cooking regions again. Still, he smiled very good-naturedly, with those jolly brown eyes of his, as he fished something out of his pocket and handed it to me.

"Miss Nettie," he said, "I felt it in my bones that you couldn't get any mail up here on the hill all yesterday, and I dropped in at the post office as I came by this morning, and found you this."

Maybe I didn't know what it was, even before I saw the handwriting on it, and perhaps I didn't fly to get it and scamper out to the big fireplace and curl down beside it on a little wooden stool to read my letter all alone. Frank hadn't made a fortune, he wrote me, and he didn't know as we could have a big mansion built, but he had dug enough gold to repair the old house and make us all comfortable, and he was on his way home that blessed minute to metamorphose Maple Knoll into the finest little farm in the county, take care of aunt and Dora and (incidentally) marry me.

When I got back to earth again Mr. Melton had taken Dora off in his sleigh for a ride, so auntie and I had a little jollification of our own, and I forgot all about lunch time. It didn't matter, though, for when the sleighing couple came back they didn't seem to know much of anything. I fell on Dora in the hall and told all about Frank's letter, and she hugged me black in the face and said she was tremendously pleased, but he wouldn't have to take care of her, because that was going to be attended to by Rev. Cyrus, who was the dearest man in the world, but crazy as a loon, because he confessed that he had fallen more in love with her than ever the day he came and found her baking hoecake in the fireplace.

We celebrated that night by having the biggest fire of the season in the old fireplace, which behaved splendidly, and we sat up till all kind of hours, Aunt Laura, Dora and I, with no light but the mellow crimson and gold brilliance of that big old black cavern, roasting nuts and red apples, talking about the new paths opening before us, and telling each other how grateful and thankful we ought to be for this happy opening day of the new year.—Hattie Whitney, in Farm and Fireside.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

If Sincerely Made They Are a Help to Right Character, Although Sometimes Broken.

New Year's resolutions are so often made the target for cheap jokes by cheap critics as to create the impression that such resolutions are never kept and never ought to be made. The criticism is unjust, its logic is false, its effect pernicious. A recent preacher brought out the true idea in a sermon upon Peter's pledge of devotion to his master, even though all others should desert Him. Simon did not yield to temptation because of his earnest assurance, but in spite of it. It had been said that hell was paved with good resolutions. If that was true it was certainly the best thing about that place. We must resolve before we do. Right resolutions sincerely made are a help to right character, even if by distress of opposing forces some of them are not kept. Peter's faith did not finally fail, and very likely he had more faith and more strength because he failed once and so learned his weak point. It is a good thing, then, with the thoughtfulness belonging to the outlook of a new year, to desire and decide and declare that we will live truer, nobler lives. Making the resolve, not lightly or boastfully, but seriously and expecting the Divine help, we shall succeed in part if not in full. He whom we call Master and Lord is praying for us that our faith fail not. The man who resolved and failed and tried again became a strong man. What he wrote to his brethren in the first century was doubtless an echo of his own experience, and it will be fulfilled even to the twentieth century: "After we have suffered awhile, God will make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you."—Congregationalist.

DID HE MEAN IT?

Honest Injun! Do you really mean it when you say you'll do better the coming year?—L. A. W. Bulletin.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

The New Year.

IN TIME there are no rests as in music. Time was in the without-a-beginning, and time will be ever and forever. On and on and on it goes in harmonious perfectness, knowing no age and making no record of days. "Natura non saltat"—nature never made a break or a pause. It shows no chasms anywhere in its majestic course.

Man, though, for his convenience or pleasure, or profit, establishes times and seasons. Thus he says the first day of January shall be termed the beginning of a New Year. The Romans, with an acute poetic sense that pervaded all their work, elected to have the dawn of the year show in March—the first spring month, when nature kisses new life into everything and robes the earth in garments of many colors.

Man must have his pauses and starting points. It is not so much a question of sentiment as of necessity that dates and seasons be fixed. The success of business life depends upon it, and a nation without a chronology is a people without a history. Each year must hold its own events, nor may one trench upon the other.

Leaving this line of suggestion, one is led to the thought that these year posts of man's time offer opportunity for reflection upon what has been and what may be. Each New Year day tells not only of the new birth, but also of the year that is sepultured. Here are presented in brave contrast life and death. As the old passes out, the new comes in. So with man and all other animate things. "The king is dead; live the king."

So one lesson after another may be learned, if one be but a willing pupil. What the memories of the just dead year? What the sins, the errors, the follies? What the good one did, and what progress in the knowledge that is lasting? Ah! the year is gone, gone to one and all of us; but the impression remains. These years one by one are character builders, each adding to the other until the mortal changes to the immortal!

Looking backward, what is the reckoning? Whatever most of good, or of ill, the New Year is at hand. Let the accounting be just, that one may be abler to meet justly and righteously the things that are before. One should recall the errors of the past, not that he may mourn over them, but that he may gain strength for future struggles.

One need not give the whole of New Year's day to the forming of good resolutions. Alas! there be many who do vow overmuch at such times. The hallway of the New Year, like that of hell, is paved with good intentions. One may resolve and resolve again, and swear lustily in confirmation of such purpose; yet all unavailingly, because of the frailty of his being. He acts the better part who reflects, and is not rash in promises.

Not the same to all is the history of the past year; and not two shall find the New Year the same in experience. But each year is for all, and has in abundance riches of good for every one. The year just closed was lavish in gifts; the new offers plenty as great. It is but to look for it fearlessly and the searcher will be rewarded.

The old was and is not. The new is here with its portents. A warm heart for the year just dead, and a glad hand for the one that is newly born.

WILLIAM ROSSER COBBE.

THEN THEY BOTH CASHED IN.

Coldeck—What was the difference, '99, old boy, between you and me at 11:30 last night?

'99—Give 'tup.

Coldeck—Well, you were drawing to a close and I was drawing to a flush.—Chicago Chronicle.

A New Year Declaration.

Alas, no resolutions fair
Shall o'er the scroll appear;
I'll but endeavor to repair
The ones I broke last year.
—Washington Star.

NEW YEAR'S RETROSPECT.

It Shows That Jealousy Sometimes Rests on Thin Foundation.

"WELL, well, so this is New Year's day," said Mr. Spooner. "Do you remember how we quarreled this day one year ago?"

"Remember! I think I do!" cried his wife. "Why, the cards were ordered when it happened, and I didn't know whether I could have your name taken out and Dick's inserted, in case I changed my mind."

"In case I changed mine, you mean, dear. Strange that I never suspected how much poor Dora cared for me until that day."

"I'm sure she had concealed it very well—the way she ran after Dick, as if he ever had eyes for anybody but me! He never told his love, but a woman's intuition was—"

"A synonym of vanity, dear. Of course, I couldn't help knowing that she cared for me when I met her in the boarding house parlor, with her eyes full of tears, on

THIS DAY ONE YEAR AGO.

the very morning after you had told Marie, her dearest friend, that we were to be married in a month."

"Humph, that girl would cry about anything; I've known her to cry when the villain in the play was killed—as if a villain could expect anything else in the last act. But as soon as I saw Dick that morning I knew that he knew it. Why, his necktie had slipped around under one ear and his voice, as he wished me a happy New Year, was so sad that I felt guilty, though my conscience told me that I had not encouraged him."

"You've forgotten how you used to praise the shape of his head."

"As if that meant anything! A girl only praises the shape of a man's head when she cannot find anything else to flatter him about. It—it means no more than it does when she tells a small man that he resembles Napoleon. But when I remembered that you had once gone down on the floor in your new trousers to pick up Dora's handkerchief I knew that I had been cruelly deceived. So when you reproached me about Dick, I—"

"I remember how badly I felt when she replied to my New Year's greeting with the remark that happiness for her was over for ever. And before I could comfort her Miss Marie came in and I could only go sadly away without telling her that I should always be a brother to her."

"And poor Dick, I asked him if there was anything I could do for him; he replied: 'Yes,' but just then the maid came in with a note for him, and he said he must go at once—I think he wished to be alone with his sorrow. Then you came in, and, instead of sharing my pity for him, you accused me of flirting with him!"

"I—er—don't remember that. But wasn't it odd that before I left you forever Miss Marie should come in and tell us that Dora and Dick were engaged! I've often wondered how it happened that they decided to console each other."

"And so have I. Why, here is Marie now—perhaps she can explain. Sit down, Marie do. Tom and I are just going over old times. Do you remember last New Year's day, and—"

"Indeed I do. I've just been to see Dora and she was talking about it. She and Dick quarreled last New Year's Eve about the date of their marriage, and almost parted forever. They think you both must have guessed it. I remember that Tom was in the parlor with Dora when I ran in on New Year's morning to tell her of your engagement. She had been on the point of asking him to help her to make up with Dick. And when she told me about it I wrote him a note telling him that I believed she would forgive him if he came at once. That note found him at your house, Irene, where he had gone to ask your as peacemaker. Odd, wasn't it?"

ELISA ARMSTRONG.

Tragic.

"I shall not see you till another year be
Has dawned," he said.
Oh, fickle maid! she turned not pale with fear—
She laughed instead.
This seems a tragic lay, till we remember
It occurred the thirty-first day of December.
—N. Y. Truth.

PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN.

AGAIN the tides that flow from time into eternity have borne to the world the blessed anniversary which marked the dawn of hope for humanity, the day when man saw the ultimate victory over death and the triumph of the immortal over the mortal. Through the darkness the watchers underneath the midnight skies saw the rising of a glorious star, and its light is still shining upon the world to be a beacon amid the storm, to lead generations yet unborn to the humble manger sanctified by infinite love and compassion, and made holy by the birth of a hope that should lift the lowliest man to the divine heights where he could look unafraid upon the face of his God.

"Peace on earth, good-will to men," sang the heavenly hosts, and the war-vexed world thrilled to the anthem, for in it was heard the thanksgiving of the slave, whose chains were to be made light by the love of the Christ, whose stripes were to be soothed by the hand that touched the leper and cleansed him of his foulness, whose shame was made glorious by a brotherhood with the carpenter's Son of Nazareth, who came to preach the Gospel to the poor. "Peace on earth," the Christmas bells to-day ring out the message that was flung to the winds of night by the angel voices on the plains of Bethlehem, and from the uttermost ends of the earth men come to bow down and offer their gifts of frankincense and myrrh, the incense of grateful and loving faith, at the feet of the infant Jesus who was "born King of the Jews," but who reigns Lord of the earth, proclaiming now, as in the hour when He took upon Himself the likeness of man, that good-will that endureth from generation to generation, and that pities the shortcomings and failures of men with a boundless tenderness.

What bring ye, who come to-day to look upon the holy mystery of the Christ-birth, as an offering acceptable to the Saviour of men; what treasure that shall not perish; what incense that shall be of goodly savor? No longer do men don armor of proof, and buckling on their swords bid farewell to home and friends, seeking far-away lands that they may slay the heathen who believe not in Him, and rescue from impious hands the sepulcher in which His mortal part lay a few brief hours. Christ has revealed Himself as the Saviour of those who know Him not, the lover of peace and the hater of wars. "The captains and the kings depart," the stillness of death hushes the shouting of the multitude, the laurel withers upon the brow of the conqueror, the gold rusts in the coffer of the miser. What are honor, renown, riches, as a sacrifice to the King who had nowhere to lay His head, to the conqueror who vanquished death, to the Creator of the world and the fullness thereof?

Oh ye who seek the Christ that ye may bow down and worship Him, remember:

"Still stands the ancient sacrifice;
An humble and a contrite heart."

If Christ be truly born unto your souls, let your lives proclaim the message that the bells ring out this Christmas day. The adoration which strengthens your soul anew for the conflict of life should be like a glorious flower, shedding its perfume on the winds that sweep around the world, a purifying influence and a beauty which even the most careless eye can see. Gather up some wandering ray from the star shining over the manger, and bear it into the dark places of the earth, that it may light some soul in the midnight of despair, and lead it to the source of immortal radiance. Catch some wandering tone of the angelic song, and repeat the strain above the pillow where Pain wards off the tender hand of Sleep, where Regret sounds the dirge over wasted hours, where Sorrow moans in some haunted chamber in which the ghosts of lost days walk wailing for the sweet sin that left such deep and stinging wounds. He who bore the griefs of men yearns over the wandering sheep, and you who have seen His face, who have read the tender message of His love, who have trodden with Him the road from Bethlehem to Calvary, remember on this Christmas day that again He is born unto you and unto the world. You are the messengers who are to bear abroad the peace and good-will that the Heavenly choir proclaimed on that first Christmas night, you are to interpret the meaning of God become Man, you are to vindicate the martyrdom that bought the highest good with incarnate Virtue, for "unto you is born this day a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

LOU V. CHAPIN.

The Bachelor.

He admits with a smile that is mocking,
That Christmas no longer consoles;
He hasn't a single stocking
That isn't full of holes.
—Judge.

AN AWFUL DEATH.

He—I understand Miss Goodgirl, the Sunday-school teacher, is dead. What was the trouble?

She—Suicide. She ate some of the candy that was hung on the Christmas tree.—St. Louis Globe-Democart.

A Clear Field.

She sung a Christmas carol—
A lovely thing—it said:
"Meet me under the mistletoe
When papa's safe in bed."
—Chicago Record.

That Is All.

"What is the use of this article?" asked a shopper.

"I really don't know," replied the clerk; "I think it is intended to be sold for a Christmas present."—Puck.

A CHRISTMAS COMEDY.

Rather Exciting, But All Concerned Are Expected to Recover.

"WELL, how did Christmas go off at your house?" Mrs. Talkmuch asked, after she had told Mrs. Spilkins exactly how much each of her own gifts had cost and what she had exchanged them for afterwards.

"Oh-h, pretty well. We hope to be fully recovered from the effects of it in a week or two. You see, on Christmas Eve the children were so excited about the coming of Santa Claus that they couldn't get to sleep. Young Mr. Fizzleton stayed pretty late, too, at least it seemed so to Mr. Spilkins and myself, though Ethel didn't agree with us. After he left, we found that Harry's breathing was still too regular to be trusted and we must wait to hang the stockings. I said I'd wait up and do it—I'm a poor sleeper, anyhow. Why, I never close my eyes until I've made Mr. Spilkins get up and investigate the smell of gas in the room!"

"Yes, isn't it odd that it only smells after all the jets are turned off! I never used to smell gas until after I was married, but now, I—"

"Smell it every night? So do I. Mr. Spilkins said he'd get up and hang the stockings, said he could wake at any moment he chose. It seemed a pity that he never chooses to wake at the regular hour for getting up, but I said nothing—at least very little. Ethel wasn't sleepy and wanted to hang them, but her father said she'd be thinking of young Fizzleton and forget to notice whether the children were asleep or not. Why, she makes enough noise after he leaves at night to wake the dead!"

"Yes, the worst thing about Love's young dream is the fact that it forgets that other people need sleep!"

"M'hm. Well, I knew I'd have to hang those stockings, so when it was time I crept down to get them. We had left them on the dining table, but they were gone!"

"Mercy, burglars!"

"I knew that and flew upstairs. As I reached the head of the stairs, I heard some one creeping along the hall. In a second I was in the bedroom, with the door locked, but Mr. Spilkins wasn't there!"

"Gracious, had they—"

"Then came the most awful groans from the yard below and I knew that they had killed him and thrown him out of the window! I remembered then that I had borrowed his best necktie, the day before, without remembering to ask his consent, and now I was a lone widow, who could never ask forgiveness for the ink I had spilled on it! I flew to the window, calling: 'Police!

WHEN HE HEARD WIFEY CALL FOR THE POLICE.

Murder!' Then, I heard some one trying my door!"

"The burglars, of course. Oh, you poor heroine!"

"Yes, and then came awful screams from Ethel, her voice sounding as it does when her little brother brings a mouse into the room. Seizing my umbrella, I went to her rescue. In the hall I ran into the arms of a man and must have fainted, for the next thing I knew Mr. Spilkins was telling Ethel to burn the ostrich feathers on my new bonnet and see if that would not bring me to!"

"It did, I'm sure! But I thought Mr. Spilkins was murdered and—"

"Well, he wasn't. He had gotten the stockings and hung them, when he heard me call for the police and—"

"But the groans and Ethel's screams?"

"The groaning noise was young Mr. Fizzleton, singing a serenade of Christmas hymns under her window. She slept through that, being roused by her father rattling at my door, and thinking I was murdered!"

"Gracious! I hope that was the end of it!"

"It wasn't. The police came and seeing young Fizzleton in the yard, they brought him in to be identified as the burglar! It took half an hour to induce them to let him go, and then they were still suspicious. While we were thus engaged, the children woke up and ate all the candy in their stockings. I spent the rest of the night between ministering to them and comforting Ethel, who feared that Mr. Fizzleton would blame her for his sufferings. Yes, it was rather an exciting Christmas, but, as I said, we hope to be fully recovered from its effects in a week or two." ELISA ARMSTRONG.

Between the Lines.

My dear Miss Bonds, your eyes pray lift
(If this don't win her I am lost!)
And deign to view my humble gift;
(I hate to think about its cost!)
May it find favor in your sight,
(And bring about the end I seek!)
Although its value is but slight.
(I'll have to fast at least a week!)
—N. Y. World.

Easily Answered.

Hojack—I often see the Christmas goose mentioned in Christmas stories. What is the Christmas goose?

Tomdik—The Christmas goose is the man who spends more money for presents than he can afford.—Judge.

A Query.

The question comes on each Christmas morn
To interrupt men's gentler mirth;
"How can the blowing of a horn
Assist in bringing peace to earth?"
—Washington Star.

All It Would Hold.

Dog-Faced Boy—Did yer get yer stockin' full o' good things Christmas?

Living Skeleton—Yes, indeed.

Dog-Faced Boy—What'd yer get?

Living Skeleton—A cigarette. — Town Topics.

As Good a Theory as Any.

Tommy—What are all the men trying to get to the north pole for?

Willie (scornfully)—What, don't you know, goosey? Why, Santa Claus lives there.—Brooklyn Life.

A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE.

How a Rejected Suitor Got Even with His Successful Rival.

"MY cousin Robert has written that he is sending us a little Christmas surprise," said Mrs. Meekmild, for the tenth time. "I felt sure that if he could once be induced to visit our happy little home he would forget that I—ah—treated him rather unkindly in eloping with you on the very day which was to have seen me his bride. To be sure, I left a note saying that I felt I could never have made him perfectly happy. Had he been a magnanimous person, he would have been satisfied with such a handsome apology—but he was not."

"Not at all," sighed her husband, "he was most inconsiderate. He—"

"However, a woman's tact has bridged the difficulty, as usual. I flatter myself that I did a clever and original thing in naming one of the twins for him. Who would be so

THE LID WAS OFF THE BOX AT LAST.

apt to appreciate such a compliment as a rich old bachelor, I'd like to know?"

"No one, I'm sure. But he thawed as soon as he had seen our six little cherubs. How he laughed when little Josiah rode on my back and playfully kicked me in the eye!"

"And how merry he was when Ariadne spilled milk on my best dress. What a pleasure it must have been to witness such felicity. To be sure, I am sorry that he happened to hear your remarks when my dressmaker's bill came in, but—"

"And I had rather that he had been out of earshot when you told me your honest opinion of a man who could not match embroidery silks better than I, after he had been married ten years. However, this is mere detail. I remember his rage when he found that I had married his little fairy, as he called you. Odd, isn't it, that he has forgiven me now that you weigh twice as much!"

"Humph, I may weigh a few pounds more, but my hair is intact, and that is more than—"

"And now he is sending us a Christmas box. I wonder what it contains? The children will be up at daylight to find out. Well, prosperity will not change us!"

"Never. Even though I am able to dress as well as our own hired girl, I shall not insist that you write it Xmas, instead of Christmas, nor shall I call it appendicitis when little Rufus has eaten too much pie. Personally, I expect tickets to Europe."

"Tickets to Europe, and I such a poor sailor that the sight of a marine in water colors gives me seasickness! Nonsense, he has sent us the deed to a ranch in Texas."

"A ranch—and I so afraid of cattle! How mean of you to think of such a thing. I'll never live on a ranch!"

"And I shall certainly not go to Europe!"

"I shall, and I'll never speak to you again. There!"

"Even your voice would not reach from Europe to Texas. But here is the expressman, and you'll see that I was right."

"That I was, dear. What a huge box! I'm glad that he forgave us just at Christmas when he need not check his generosity. That trip to Europe—"

"Texas, you mean!" The lid was off the box at last, and a silence fell upon them, as the gifts were opened. When the last one lay before them, they flung themselves despairingly into each other's arms.

"The villain said he had forgiven us!" she cried.

"He can afford to—he is avenged!" he groaned.

For the box contained: One music box, which played only rag time; one drum, a fife, three horns, a toy piano, six packages of dynamite crackers, one Chinese gong, a toy pistol and a card, on which was written: "With Cousin Robert's best wishes for a very merry Christmas!"

A Fair Exchange.

Now doth the callow youth prepare
To show he madly loves,
By sending to his lady fair
A Christmas box of gloves.
But ah, relentless, cruel fate,
The maiden is not smitten,
And, as she must reciprocate,
She gives that youth the mitten.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

A TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT.

"What's your little brother cryin' for?"

"He hung up his stockin' last night and Santy Claus brought him a little brother, but he wanted a drum!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Sordid Soul.

Saymold Storey—What are you going to give your wife for a Christmas present?

Tudder Mann—I'm trying to find out which she would rather have—a tender young turkey or a new set of teeth.—Chicago Tribune.

TRIBUTE TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

Chinese Ambassador at London Delights the Article Club Dinner with His Eloquence.

Sir Chihchen Lo-Feng-Luh, the Chinese ambassador, presided over the dinner and debate of the Article club at Queen's hall, London. The subject of the debate being "The Development of British Trade in China," his excellency proposed the usual toast to the queen, saying:

"For an unprecedented length of time, to which only our emperor can lay any claim to comparison, your queen has set an example of government to all nations of the world. May her long life be still spared you. May her evening star still move and glow more brilliantly than her morning sun."

The cheering which followed was loud and spontaneous. The entire audience rose to its feet and sang the national anthem, while the diplomats from the far east raised their glasses and joined in the song.

Then the Chinese minister opened the discussion on the subject of the evening. He spoke from a Chinese point of view, and dwelt at some length on the appointment of a ministry of commerce at Peking.

"For the first time in 5,000 years," he said, "commerce is now represented in the capital of China, and a ministry specially charged with the duty of encouraging trade with the powers, of removing all obstacles, and having the privilege of conferring with the sovereign at all times for the purpose of advising measures for the benefit of the foreign and inland commerce of the empire."

Lord Charles Beresford, in the course of the discussion, offered one word of advice, "learn Chinese," and one word of warning, "beware of alliances and stick to the open door."

TO REGISTER LETTERS.

Post Office Department Issues an Order Extending the Duties of Letter Carriers.

The postmaster general has issued a general order announcing the determination of the department to provide for the registration of valuable letters, or first-class matter, by letter carriers on their routes in free-delivery cities. This new service will be inaugurated in some of the leading cities and extended to others as rapidly as possible. At first it will be confined to the purely residential districts, excluding business houses and individuals, who have a large number of letters for registration at any one time. The extension of the system to the business districts is left to the sound discretion of the postmaster.

The postmaster general has received information that some postmasters and employes, in order to avoid the labor involved, are advising the public that the registered mails are not a safe means of transportation of valuable matter, and he has given warning, in a rigorous order just issued that such disregard of duty will be sufficient ground for removal from office.

KNEELS IN CROWDED CAR.

Young Man of Pious Demeanor Arouses the Curiosity of Philadelphia Passengers.

A tall, modest-looking young man, tastefully dressed, accompanied by a young woman, boarded an Angora trolley car at eight o'clock the other morning in West Philadelphia. As the car reached the grade at the Chestnut street bridge the tall man suddenly dropped on his knees on the floor. He hid his face in his clasped hands and remained in that position for about two minutes, apparently in prayer.

After about 20 minutes the stranger arose from his knees, resumed his seat, and stared straight in front of him. He did not seem to notice that everybody in the front part of the crowded car was looking at him.

At Twentieth street the mysterious praying man joined the young woman at the other end of the car, and at Sixteenth street the couple got off, while the passengers craned their necks to get a last glimpse of them.

PUPILS GOVERN THE SCHOOL.

The New System as It Is in Force in the High Schools at Muncie, Ind.

Muncie (Ind.) high school is self-governing and in control of the pupils. The governing board consists of a president, who must be a pupil, elected by popular vote; the superintendent of public schools, the principal of the high school, a member of the school board, a woman member of the faculty and one member chosen from each of the high school grades. Five pupil vice presidents are the heads of as many departments. All questions of government are brought before the board, on which pupils hold the controlling vote. The regular studies and study hours, except where they may conflict with some department law, are controlled by the teachers, as usual.

Where Soldiers Are Safest.

Every soldier believes that the only safe place under fire is the recent scene of some cannonade escapade. When defending a fort or camp the wounded are generally placed in the breaches, as the enemy are not likely to waste powder and shot on points which have already been cleared of all barricade. The same holds true of naval engagements. Sailors much prefer to sit in some yawning gap still hot and smoking from the effect of a splintering cannon ball than behind the stoutest bulwark.

Wireless Telegraphy for Lighthouses.

The French navy is said to be installing a new system of wireless telegraphy between the lighthouses along the French coast.

FOE OF NEW WOMAN.

St. Paul Preacher Who Declares Against Employment of Women.

Thinks the World Would Be Better Off If All the Women Were Turned Out of Their Jobs.

Rev. S. G. Smith, pastor of the People's church at St. Paul, Minn., who has charge of the department of sociology at the state university, declared himself in opposition to women being self-supporting, in a lecture on "The Production of Wealth" before the Y. M. C. A. of St. Paul.

"The world would be better off," he said, "if all women were turned out of their jobs to-morrow. I would except school-teachers, and, perhaps, a very few other classes. One of the greatest evils of modern civilization, I think, is the woman wage-earner. Her existence is a crime against natural laws. Nature intended man to be the producer, woman the consumer.

"Some women, it is true, won't marry. Some women should not marry. But you can't organize society upon the exceptions to its laws. The healthy woman, the woman of the majority, should marry, if she can get a husband, and she would be much better able to find a husband if she had not reduced men's wages by her industrial competition.

Within the two decades between 1870 and 1890 the whole number of women in this country has decreased in proportion to the men, but the number of women in industrial occupations has decidedly augmented. In 1870, for example, ten per cent. of the artists of America were women. In 1890 the rate was 40 per cent. There were 527 female physicians in the United States in 1870, but in 1890 the medical and surgical women had increased to 4,500.

"Woman's wages are always smaller because she possesses less endurance, less skill than man, because she enters her work with less preparation, and makes it, not a serious life task, but a temporary expedient to gratify the needs or the desires of a short period."

RESENT A POSTAL ORDER.

French Public Makes a Protest Against Ruling Out Mourning Envelopes.

The French post office at Paris is being deluged with letters of complaint over the enforcement of the department's recent order prohibiting the passage through the mails of envelopes bearing the customary black border in token of mourning. The new rule permits the use of note paper with as deep a border as the sender desires, but the cover must be white, or may be tinted, but at least is not to have a black edge.

The post office department gives as its reason for the new regulation that mourning envelopes are too easily tampered with. They can be opened, it is officially explained in answer to the numerous complaints, and if the gummed edge is torn or frayed in the process, a little ink rubbed over the surface makes everything look right. One consequence of the new order is the increased sale of envelopes with tinted edge, and it is not improbable that the use of these as a token of mourning may entirely supersede the use of the time-honored black-bordered variety.

TESTS OF NEW TORPEDOES.

Device That Will Bring the Destroyer Back to Its Original Course When Deflected.

Orders are expected in a few days directing the cruiser New York, Rear Admiral Philip Farquhar's flagship, which is lying at the Brooklyn navy yard, to proceed south for target practice. The practice cruise will be of more than usual interest because of the proposed tests of the new torpedoes. A consignment of new whitehead torpedoes arrived from Newport for the New York. They are fitted with an improved steering gear, in which the department places great faith. It is a secret device, known as the Obry rudder, and has been purchased exclusively by the United States government. The purpose of the new contrivance is to bring back to its original course a torpedo which has become deflected from the straight line after leaving the tube. Hitherto torpedoes in nine cases out of ten were deflected as soon as they reached the water. Tests of a new German system for signaling at night are to be made on the New York.

TAKES HIM FOR BUNKO MAN.

Amusing Mistake Made by Ex-Judge Divver Who Was Met by His Brother at Station.

Ex-Judge Patrick Divver met the other night in the Pennsylvania railroad station at Jersey City his brother John, whom he has not seen since 1850, when he went west to California. The last to leave the train was a tall, thin man, with white hair, mustache and chin beard. Ex-Justice Divver stole up behind him and grabbed one of the bags from his hand.

"No, you don't!" yelled John Divver. "I have been told to look out for sharpers here in New York."

As he spoke he looked at the man who had grabbed the satchel and the next instant the two were clasped in each other's arms.

Not Room in the Churches.

An English authority has estimated that if all the inhabitants of the British isles should decide to attend church on a given Sunday 25,000,000 would be crowded out for lack of seating room.

REFUSES TO ACCEPT IT.

J. Eads How, of St. Louis, Says He Has Not Earned an Inheritance of $1,000,000.

J. Eads How, of St. Louis, who has refused to accept a million dollars inherited from his relatives because he has not earned it by his own labors, has given $2,000 to be expended "for the public welfare." This represents the interest on a sum How keeps in bank to enable him to prosecute his work of relieving distress among the poorer classes. It is "unearned increment," he says, and therefore he refuses to use it himself.

As a matter of fact, it is very seldom that he spends any money on his own account. He left his mansion in Lindell boulevard to live among the poorest classes in St. Louis. He conducts the mission home at Ninth and Washington streets. One room and a kitchen constitute his home. How is a nephew of the late James B. Eads, who built the bridge across the Mississippi river at St. Louis. He was educated at an eastern college, and while traveling afterward in Europe conceived the idea of devoting his life to the poor.

A million dollars is his if he wants it, but he does not choose to be among the family heirs. His only condition in giving the $2,000 is that the poor shall profit by it. A committee appointed by a public mass meeting will arrange a plan for its distribution. It is proposed to secure similar donations from men who incline to the ideas entertained by How.

EVILS OF MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

Bishop Doane Discourses on Irreverence and Extravagance Displayed at Weddings.

At the convention of the National Reform association at the Broadway tabernacle, New York, Bishop William C. Doane, of Albany, spoke on "Our Marriage and Divorce Laws: Their Danger and Remedy." He said, in part: "A runaway marriage is prima facie a suspicious case. And a marriage asked to be performed late at night in the parson's house had better be left over until the next morning.

"Our office is called the form of solemnization of matrimony. There are no words in it that jar upon the ear more sharply than those words 'advisedly, reverently and soberly,' as one contracts them with the mere merriment and childish byplay and frivolity of the modern conventions of society.

"To be deplored are the excesses and excitements and extravagances that immediately precede and are the chief preparations for the sacred service; the crowds of irreverent spectators profaning the house of God with their display of clothes, their idle gossip, their careless curiosity, and the rude violence which exposes to conspicuous notoriety the man and the woman at the moment when they have the right of privacy and peace. It is high time that good taste and modesty and simplicity asserted themselves.

"Often the woman is sold to a fortune or a title and the man buys the heart of the woman to break it or to find none there."

A SINGULAR SUIT.

Marcus Braun Secures Judgment Against Wagner Palace Car Company on Unusual Grounds.

One of the most singular suits on record has just been decided in the city court in New York city, Marcus Braun having secured a judgment against the Wagner Palace Car company for $750 as damages for a mistake made by one of the company's conductors, who allotted a berth already sold to Braun to a woman. When the error was discovered every berth in the train was sold and Braun was compelled to sit in the smoking compartment during a trip from Cleveland to New York city. When Braun bought his coupon for the berth he left his luggage in the seat and went to the smoking compartment. He did not return for two hours, according to his own story, but when he did he found the berth made up and occupied. The comments of the other passengers so injured his feelings, he says, that a money compensation is due him, he alleges. The woman in the berth produced a coupon which was an exact duplicate of the coupon given to Braun.

NEW UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS.

President W. R. Harper Will Announce Proposed Erection of Four in 1900.

It was learned on good authority at the University of Chicago that President Harper will announce in his quarterly statement at the winter convocation that four new buildings will be erected during the coming year. The first of these will be an assembly hall. There is great need at the university for a larger one. The chapel in Cobb lecture hall is not large enough to accommodate all the junior college students, and Kent theater will not accommodate all who wish to attend many university gatherings.

Military Motor Cycle.

The new military motor cycle is a terrible engine of war. The machine is driven by an automatic petroleum motor and mounts a 27-pound automatic maxim gun, capable of discharging 600 rounds per minute while traveling at the rate of 15 miles an hour.

Theater Omnibuses in Paris.

Theater omnibuses have been started in Paris, which leave the chief theaters after the performances and go out to six residence quarters for the present.

Oldest Presbyterian Congregation.

The oldest Presbyterian congregation in America is located at Snow Hill, Md.

1889. 1899.

DAY'S

EMPORIUM'S

UP-TO-DATE

GROCERY AND MEAT MARKET

Is filled to overflowing with GOOD THINGS especially selected for this gladsome return of the

CHRISTMAS SEASON

All for your comfort and pleasure. Only eight more days in which to leave your orders for the good things necessary to satisfy the cravings of the inner man, and make your selections for Christmas remembrances. We can help you if you give us the opportunity. COME EARLY, DON'T WAIT.

Our Motto is RELIABILITY. Every Article as Represented.

OUR MARKET

As usual will be found complete with all things desirable for your welfare. The choicest Meats, home-dressed Turkeys and Chickens, Fresh Baltimore Oysters. We always aim to give our patrons the BEST VALUES. Leave your orders at our Market EARLY and insure satisfaction.

GROCERIES.

Domestic and Imported from all quarters of the Globe. Thoroughly reliable goods at prices in keeping with the quality.

Queen Olives all sizes and qualities 10c to 50 cents bottle, Pure Olive Oil, the finest to be had, 25c 8 oz bottle, Fresh Fruit Jam and Pure Fruit Jelly, assorted; Pickles, Sweet and Sour, mixed or plain, in bulk or in bottles. Our Pickles are of the H. J. Heinz manufacture and the finest that skill can produce.

LOOK THROUGH OUR FRUIT DEPARTMENT.

Bright new goods everywhere; all worth looking at. All that you need—the pick of the largest markets to select from. Nuts of various kinds, Cluster Raisins, Figs, Dates, stuffed and plain in one pound packages, Choice Apples, Florida and Jamaica Oranges, 30c to 50c a dozen, Malaga Grapes 20c lb. English Walnuts, finest selected quality, 18c lb. mixed Nuts 15c our own mixture and guaranteed fresh new nuts, 2 lb. for 25c. This is an extreme low price for these nuts.

CONFECTIONERY.

Before purchasing your candies, be sure to see our line. All fresh new goods at surprisingly low prices. Chocolate Cream Drops, Cocoanut Bon-bons, Fine Pearl Mixture, 20c lb. King Bee Chocolate Mixture, 25c lb. These are ALL SPECIAL BARGAINS for the Holiday season as well as other lines down to 10c per lb.

Richardson & Robbins Plum Pudding, extra quality. Boiled Cider for your Mince-Meat or the Mince-Meat ready prepared if you wish. Our "Regent" Brand is fine and will please you. Adam, Neufchatel, and Buffett Cheese.

VEGETABLES.

All the articles that you need in this line. Sweet Potatoes, Lettuce, Celery, the finest Cape Cod Cranberries.

COFFEE and TEA.

Our brands of Roasted Coffee and Tea have won an enviable reputation. "Ja-vo-ka," in one pound packages, is a moderate priced but a thoroughly good coffee, 20c. per pound. "Royal," Java and Mocha is as fine as skill and science in blending can make. Your CHRISTMAS DINNER will not be complete without it. 35c. per lb., 3 lbs. $1.00.

Space does not permit us to mention one-tenth of all the good things we have to offer in these departments. We have everything you want. No need to go elsewhere. We ask you to COME—COME EARLEY—and thoroughly inspect our stock yourself. It will bear out all that we claim for it, and more.

CHINA, QUEENSWARE, AND CROCKERY DEPARTMENT.

While we exert every effort to make our Market and Grocery Department the BEST place to make your purchases in that line, we would have you bear in mind that one-half of our large store is given up to this line of goods, and you will do well to look them over before deciding on your purchases for Christmas gifts.

SEE OUR NEW LINE OF TOILET WARE.

Nine piece sets from $2.50 to $5.25, various decorations. They are beauties.

JARDINIERES.

Beautiful and graceful. Have just added a new line, ranging in price from 50c to $3.75. These in addition to our already large line, makes it possible to please you. Don't fail to see them.

LAMPS,

Anything from a candle stick or a hand lamp for 25c, to a beautiful parlor Lamp at $3.75

CHINA.

Cups and Saucers for large and small from 15c to 75c. Odd pieces, Bread and Milk Sets, Fruit Plates, Oat Meals, plain or decorated, Fruit Saucers and things too numerous to mention.

Semi Porcelain and Iron Stone China in sets or single pieces, as you like, decorated or plain.

GLASSWARE,

In profusion, at astonishingly low prices. Bar Glasses. Drinking glasses, engraved or plain. Four piece sets, etc., etc.

PERFUMES AND TOILET PREPARATIONS.

This is a recent addition to our stock and perhaps many are unaware of it. It will be time well spent for you to call and examine as complete and attractive a line of Perfumes and Toilet Goods as can be found on the American market. Sachet Powders, Powders for the Complexion, the Toilet and the Nursery. Tooth Powders and Liquid Washes, Rose Tooth Paste, Hair Tonics, Lotions and Curling Fluid. Perfumed Bath Powder, "Cannon's Cream of Almond," Cornation Toilet Cream and Menthal Cream.

The name of W. D. Cannon, Jr., & Co., on any package is a guarantee of a FIRST-CLASS ARTICLE.

DO NOT LOSE SIGHT OF THE FACT THAT THE PRICE OF ANY ARTICLE IS REGULATED BY THE QUALITY.

Again we extend to you a cordial invitation to visit our store whether you buy or not. Always pleased to see new faces as well as those that are familiar to us.

Don't Forget to Leave Your Orders for Poultry Early.

Wishing You a MERRY CHRISTMAS.

YOURS TO SERVE,

J. H. DAY.

TELEPHONE 6.

THE CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

ESTABLISHED BY C. B. GOULD, MARCH, 1866. "Liberty and Union, One and Inseparable."—WEBSTER. TERMS: $2.00—$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

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20 PAGES.

LOCAL NOTICES.

For fine china go to M. C. Tulis'.

CHRISTMAS goods in endless profusion at D. F. Cramer's Variety Store.

You can buy a good sled for boy or girl, cheaper of M. C. Tulis than of any one else. 41-3t.

See the new Platnum Photos at Schriever's Gallery. They are just the thing for Xmas presents.

LADIES' fine kid and Mocha gloves, at bargain prices. D. F. CRAMER.

Don't mind bad weather but go to Schriever's and have your Xmas photos made. See his latest styles.

For dolls, toys and games go to M.C. Tulis', Largest stock and lowest prices. 41-3t.

XMAS PHOTOS.—There is nothing more acceptable for an Xmas present than a good photo of yourself. Schriever makes them you know.

Have your pictures framed at Schriever's. He has a new and large line of mouldings and frames always on hand.

JUST received a new invoice of the rarest and most delicate perfumes ever brouget to this part of the state.
R. C. DODSON.

FANCY dress patterns in Scotch and French plaids and cretons, at D. F. Cramer's Variety Store.

Call on H. L. Raymond, who has a great variety of Christmas goods at very low prices. 42-2t

WANTED—Timber lands, large or small tracts, also logs Give full description, quantity and price. Address,
J. C SCHMOHL.
Newberry, Pa.

Taggart has been rushing the holiday goods out at a two-forty gait but still has a good line on hand will give a surprising reduction in prices from this on until Dec. 26, 1899. It will pay you to call and investigate.

LADIES! clean your kid gloves with Miller's Glovine, for sale only by Balcom & Lloyd, headquarters for kid gloves and the famous Dartmouth gloves; all the latest shades. 5-1y

Don't forget about the twenty-four thousand prescriptions put up in the three drug stores of Emporium and that L. Taggart in his Old Reliable Drug Store put up over nine thousand of them. This should do away with the stale drug chestnut.

HOLIDAY EXCURSION RATES.—In accordance with an old established custom the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg Ry. will, this year, issue excursiod tickets between all stations on its line, account Christmas and New Years Holidays, at a fare and one-third for the round trip. Tickets will be sold and good going on Dec. 23, 24, 25, 30 and 31, 1899, limited for return passage until Jan. 2, 1900. 41-4t.

"John, I advise you in the future to take your prescriptions to Taggart's; I was looking over my record for the past year and I find that I have had one hundred prescriptions compounded which cost me over fifty dollars, and if I had taken them to Taggart and had them mixed I would have saved fifteen dollars. My prescriptions will be mixed in the future."

This agreement made and concluded this 21st day of Dec. 1899 by and between the Old Reliable Drug Store party of the first part and the good people of Cameron Co., of the second part. Witnesseth that for and in consideration of the best interest of said people and thirty-five cents, I will mix all ordinary four oz. mixtures on physicians prescriptions until further notice.
Respectfully,
L. TAGGART.

A Pleasant Evening.

The social hop given at the opera house on Friday evening last, by Emporium's young people, was one of the most enjoyable functions ever given in Emporium. Some twenty or thirty couples were present and as it was generally conceded to have been a very pleasant social event, this will probably be but a forerunner of many such during the present season. The Emporium band orchestra furnished the music for the occasion.

A Genuine Hustler.

Ex-Congressman W. C. Arnold, of DuBois, has lost none of his influence at Washington and has secured the establishment of free mail delivery for Ridgway, to commence March 1st, 1900. The old fighter, although he fell by the wayside last election, is in close touch with the counties of his district and, if we mistake not the signs of the times, will again appear in the House, the champion of the rights of the people. Ridgway should, and no doubt does, feel grateful to Congressman Arnold for his interest in their behalf.

Republican National Convention.

Philadelphia captured the Republican National Convention for June 19th, 1900. The Exposition building, with small alterations, will make the finest convention hall in the United States. The first Republican Convention, in 1856, when Gen. Fremont was nominated, and in 1872, when Gen. Grant was our standard bearer, are the only Republican National Conventions held in the greatest Republican city of the grandest Republican state in the Union. Pennsylvania will give President McKinley, who will be renominated by acclamation, at least 400,000 majority and it is fitting that the Keystone State should be accorded the Convention. Let the old Liberty Bell summon the Old Guard.

More Railroad Talk.

So much has been said and published concerning new branches of the Buffalo & Susquehanna railroad that the Dispatch has taken the matter in hand and found out how many of the rumors and statements were true.

In previous issues we have spoken about the new road up the valley north-west of Corbett to within one mile of Sweden Valley, which will tap a richly timbered territory and will be used exclusively for lumber operations, also the forty miles of new road up the Prouty, below Costello, which will also be used for lumbering. Work on both these branches has been started.

Mr. F. H. Goodyear signed a contract last Thursday for sixteen miles of new railroad from Wharton to Sinnemahoning, where the new branch will connect with the Pennsylvania railroad system. The grade will be very easy—about fifty feet to the mile—although considerable rock blasting will be necessary in some places. Work will begin on this last contract Jan. 1st, and about 300 men will be employed. We presume that this new branch will be used for both passenger and lumbering service.—Galeton Dispatch.

Frank Barnett Improving.

We are pleased to learn that Frank Barnett, of Sterling Run, who has been in a critical condition and confined in the DuBois Hospital is improving. His wife and children have been visiting Mrs. E. N. Lacey, her mother, at this place for several days. Mrs. Barnett was formerly Miss May Gross, of this place.

The third quarterly meeting of the Cameron Circuit Weslyan Methodist church, will be held at Rich Valley, Dec. 23-24. Milton E. Remmele, of Michigan, will be present. First service Saturday at 2:30 p. m., evening services at 7 p. m. All are cordially invited.
WALTER READETT.

Call at N. Seger's and see the beautiful line of boys clothing.

Death's Doings.

GERMOND.

MISS ADA GERMOND, aged 24 years, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Germond, died at the family residence, near Emporium last Saturday morning, after a long and painful illness of that dreaded disease consumption. The funeral took place last Sunday, at 2:00 p. m., Rev. Shriner, of M. E. Church, officiating. While the young lady was a stranger to the PRESS she was highly spoken of by those intimately acquainted with her. Her sufferings are over and we trust she has gone to her righteous reward.

FISHER.

In the last issue of the PRESS we were pained to announce the death of Mr. and Mrs. Fisher's infant babe and serious condition of the mother, at the their residence in Ashland, Wis. Mrs. N. Seger, of this place, accompanied by her son Frank, immediately left for the bedside of her daughter who continued to fail and baffle the skill of the most eminent physicians in Ashland. On Friday, Dec. 15th, our citizens were shocked at the sad intelligence of the young lady's death, and deeply sympathized with the grief stricken family.

The remains of MRS. ROSE FISHER and her babe arrived in Emporium last Monday evening, accompanied by the bereaved husband, Mr. W. W. Fisher, agent at Ashland, Wis., for the Wisconsin Central Railroad; Mrs. N. Seger, of this place, mother of the deceased; Miss Anita Fisher, Mr. Ellis Fisher, Ashland, Wis.; H. G. Seger, (brother), Chicago, Ills.; Mrs. Mary Bonham, (sister) Franklin, Pa., and J. H. Morehouse, Pittsburg, Pa. Undertaker M. Hoppenyan of Ashland, accompanied and had in charge the remains, which were taken to the home of her heart broken parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. Seger, on East Allegany Avenue, from whence she departed one year and five days previous a happy bride, full of life and bright hopes for the future.

VIEWING THE REMAINS.

In accordance with the expressed wish of the deceased her remains were to be viewed by her friends at her old home, and not at church. On Tuesday, hundreds of old friends, former associates and school mates visited the home of their friend and took a last look upon the sad yet beautiful sight. All that was mortal of ROSE SEGER, in her twenty-seventh year, was richly attired in white satin and reposed on a bed of roses, her left arm clasping her little babe—the infant's little fingers entwining its mother's index finger. The picture was one that deeply impressed all who viewed the remains. The satin-lined casket was the most beautiful we have ever seen, being arranged so that the oval shaped top raised piano style, while the side dropped even with the base, forming a couch—a very pretty effect, removing to a great extent that feeling of death.

THE FUNERAL.

Yesterday morning at ten o'clock the funeral services took place at St. Mark's Catholic church. Requiem Mass was said for the departed dead after which Father Downey spoke words of consolation to the deeply afflicted ones and dwelt upon the excellent life and character of the beautiful dead, now surrounded by tributes of love and esteem. The great edifice was crowded to its utmost capacity with our citizens, of all classes and denominations, for the dead lady was universally loved and respected by all. Her remains were laid at rest in St. Mark's Cemetery, in the family plot, to await the loved ones left behind, while her spirit, pure and noble as the babe upon her breast, together, with clasped hands, are with their God. The Rosery Society attended the funeral in a body, Mrs. Fisher having formerly been its secretary.

Among the relatives and friends from abroad, who attended the funeral in addition to those above mentioned we noticed: W. T. Seger, (cousin), of Smethport; John Lion and wife, I. G. Schaut and wife, Mrs. P. Myers, St. Marys.

The sad circumstances connected with the death of Mrs. Fisher have cast a pallor over the entire community and many were the silent tears shed and prayers offered for the dear girl and her babe. Her friends in Emporium received the news like a thunderbolt and cannot yet fully realized that it is a fact—Mrs. W. W. Fisher is dead. We, in common with all citizens, greatly respected the lady and from childhood she was always a favorite with her associates. Quiet, intelligent and dignified, ROSE SEGER always occupied a position in society, school, church and home that carried with it respect, love and confidence.

The PRESS cannot find adequate words to convey our profound sympathy to the terribly afflicted husband, father, mother, sisters and brothers. In times of affliction and distress we have *only one* fountain of solace to turn to.

William Morrisey Dead.

Just as we go to press word comes informing James Morrisey, Sr., and wife of the death of their son William, who succumbed to a complication of diseases this morning at Sidnaw, Mich. "Bolivar," as he was familiarly known, will be remembered by our citizens as the ball player, who emigrated west some eight or nine years ago.

Samuel Shadman Failing.

We regret to inform our readers that Lieut. Sam'l Shadman's condition does not improve. The old veteran, surrounded by a faithful wife and loving friends is quietly waiting for the old familiar command "lights out." At this writing he continues to grow weaker.

The University Association.

The date of the next meeting of the University Association is January 8th The subject for that evening is sections 3-6 in No. 12 of the Literature Course—Lowell, Whittier and the Anti-Slavery group. Assignments: Biographical sketch of James Russell Lowell, Miss Abbie Metzger; The "Fable for Critics," Miss Hogan; The "Biglow Papers," Josiah Howard; Lowell as Essayist, Miss Van Valkenberg; His Work in Politics, W. H. Howard; Whittier's Anti-Slavery Poems, Mrs. Burke; "Snow Bound," Mrs. Balcom; Charles Sumner, Ray White.

Congressman Sibley.

Henry Hall in the Pittsburg Times writes that Representative Sibley, of Franklin, says he is making no effort to get places on committees, and would just as soon as not be without any. "There is only one committee I would care to be a member of," he said, "singularly as it may appear, every Democrat who served on it in the last Congress was re-elected and consequently there is no vacancy. Speaker Crisp appointed me to a vacancy on the committee on appropriations in the Fifty-third Congress, and I must say that I enjoyed the work. That is especially a business committee, and business is right in my line." Mr. Sibley is a great admirer of Col. Quay as a political leader and is confident that he will be seated in the Senate.

Banquet at Driftwood.

A number of Emporium Masons attended the Masonic Banquet at Driftwood last evening, returning home on Flyer this morning. They were royally entertained by their Driftwood brethern and are full of praise for mine host Reilly who prepared the spread. The Driftwood brethern and their wives will be guests of Emporium Lodge next Wednesday evening.

A nice overcoat for your husband or son will be just what will please them on Christmas. Go at once to N. Seger and see what great bargains he is offering.

Those Christmas Turkeys.

Quite a number of Emporium widows have availed themselves of the generous offer made in last week's PRESS and either sent or brought their names to this office. Deposit you name in a *sealed* envelope and either drop it in the post-office or deliver at this office not later than Saturday, Dec. 23rd., that all may be supplied.

The person from the East Ward who sent us a list of the widows in that ward and who failed to sign his name will please call at this office at once. Please do not let modesty deter you, as your visit will be treated in strict confidence.

Lawton Dies by Filipino Rifle Shot.

MANILA, Dec. 19.—11 p. m.—Major General Henry W. Lawton was killed this morning while leading a cavalry troop against General Geronime at San Meter.

While the cheers of his men were mingling with the rifle volleys that just proceeded the grand rush into the town he was struck down by a bullet from a Filipino sharpshooter's rifle.

All the morning he had been smiling, though the bullets whistled around him and clipped the grass at his feet. Staff officers called his attention to the danger he was running, but his contempt for rifle balls only caused him to laugh at their fears.

EASY MARK FOR THE ENEMY.

He walked along the firing line within 300 yards of a sharpshooters' trench, conspicuous in the big white helmit and light yellow raincoat. His commanding statue also distinguished him from among his associates and marked him as a target.

Suddenly he stopped, clenched his hands in a desperate effort to stand, and reeled into the arms of a staff officer. Orderlies rushed across the field for surgeons, who came up immediately, but their efforts were useless. The body was taken to a clump of bushes and laid upon a stretcher, the great white helmet that he always wore covering the face that even in death wore a smile.

TEARS FOR A BRAVE COMMANDER.

After the fight, six stalwart cavalrymen forded the river to the town, carrying the litter on their shoulders, the staff proceeding with the colors and a cavalry escort following.

The troops filed bareheaded through the building where the boby was laid, and many a tear fell from the eyes of men who had long followed the intrepid Lawton. The entire command was stricken with grief as though each man had suffered a personal loss.

Owing to the condition of the country, which is impassable so far as vehicles are concerned, the remains could not be brought to Manila to-day. Mrs. Lawton and the children are living in a government residence, formerly occupied by a Spanish general.

Man Cremated Alive at the Furnace.

About 1:30 o'clock Wednesday morning as the cinder-snatcher at the furnace was dumping cinder, engineer P. McMichael, from his position in the engine, noticed a man throw up his hands in agony as the molten mass struck him. One momentary struggle and all was over. The man had evidently been asleep on the warm cinder, or having lost his way stumbled onto the cinder bed and was overcome by the gasses arising therefrom. Many rumors are afloat as to the probable cause of his being on the cinder bed, all of which lack corroboration.

Investigation proved the man to be one Harry Crawford, of Cowley Run, aged about 30 or 40 years. On Tuesday evening he was around town, with three companions, and wanting to see the furnace in operation started over there alone, and being somewhat intoxicated probably lost his way. He was burned beyond recognition, being almost entirely cremated. His charred remains were taken to LaBar's undertaking establishment where they are awaiting advice from his relatives.

The Coroner's inquest was held yesterday morning, M. M. Larrabee acting as Coroner, and the jury rendered a verdict to the effect that "deceased came to his death through his own carelessness and through no cause of the Furnace Company."

Barbers are busy clipping football heads.

BRIEF MENTION.

Emporium schools will close to-morrow, in order to give the teachers and scholars a two weeks' vacation.

A man named Joloff, from Glen Hazel, fell on an icy side-walk Friday evening and severely injured his right leg.

Hundreds of handsome Christmas presents may be procured at N. Seger's old and popular clothing house, on East Allegany Avenue.

James Creaton's billiard, pool and bowling alley is one of the most popular places of amusement in town. A game of ten pins is healthy exercise. Try it.

There will be three eclipses during the year 1900, two of the sun and one of the moon. The most interesting one will be on the sun, May 18. In this State it will be nearly total.

The Edinboro Independent advises the township school teachers to move out of Crawford county on account of the low salaries paid. It has been shown that the average salary of teachers is about $200 per year.

The Louisville Courier-Journal is of the opinion that the confidence of the Republicans of the country is largely due to the fact that they are sitting in the game behind very impressive smokestacks.

The Baptists of Brooklyn are going to build a $150,000 church which will have a roof garden where services may be held during the summer evenings. There will be four elevators to carry people up and down.

There is an old saying: "A burnt child dreads the fire." The experience of the workingmen and business men from 1893 to 1896 is burned in their memories. They don't want any more of it.—Burlington "Hawk-Eye."

Another extension is talked of, and we understand the contract has been let for the grading of a connecting link, which will be run from Bailey Run, to Sinnemahoning, on the P. & E., tapping the soft coal fields at Medix Run.—Austin Autograph.

Wendell Philips, one of the greatest orators of his day, once said: "Not one man in ten reads books. The newspaper is parent, school, college, pulpit, theatre, example, counselor, all in one. Every drop of our blood is colored by it. Let me make the newspapers and I care not who makes the religion or the law."

Howard & Company's mills at this place were compelled to shut down Monday and Tuesday, on account of the scarcity of logs. "Big Dan" could not deliver the logs fast enough. This great industry has missed very few days this year thus far and has less lumber on hand than when they commenced in March.

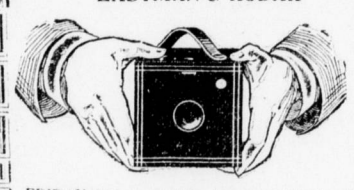
Emporium merchants are all doing a nice trade and the increase in business over last year is very marked and commented on. We note with satisfaction the fact that those who have planted their advertisements in the PRESS are reaping their reward. The day has gone when live merchants prosper without judicious use of printers' ink.

Kane Republican: "In conversation with a well known P. & E. official on Saturday evening, he informed us that there would in all probality be a great many changes take place on this road the first of the year on account of the pensioning of the employees who were 70 years of age. As an illustration he said that in one office in Philadelphia there would be sixteen changes made on account of this new feature.

Batavia is trying a system of school instruction that promises to have important results. The idea is a new one in educational methods, and consists in placing an extra teacher in each room for the individual instruction of the pupils, during the same time the rest of the work is going on. This system removes discouragements, helps the backward pupils, evens up the rank of the grades and more rapid movements, besides many more beneficial results. The system has been tried in the above named school with good results.

An exchange says: "If you toot your little tooter and lay aside you horn, there's not a soul in ten short days will know that you were born. The man who gathers pumpkins is the man who plows all day, and the man who keeps a bumping is the man who makes it pay. The man who advertises with a short and sudden jerk, is the man who blames the printer, because it didn't work. The man who gets the business has a long and steady pull, and keeps the local papers for years and years quite full. He plans his advertisement in a clear and thoughtful way, and keeps forever at it until he makes it pay."

EASTMAN'S KODAK



FRIDAY, Fair most of the day; probably threatening Friday evening.
SATURDAY, Warmer; rain in the morning, probably clearing in afternoon.
SUNDAY, and Christmas, Fair weather.

You can carry it in your hands, on your shoulder, in your pocket or on yourbicycle. You press the button and the Kodak will do the rest.

LLOYD'S LONG RANGE FORECAST OF THE WEATHER AND EASTMAN'S KODAK.

PLUM-CAKE!

When you were not thinking of Christmas yet, we baked a plum-cake for Yule-tide. It is very rich; we give you a few slices of it on another page of this week's PRESS, but in order to fully appreciate it you want to visit our store; "seeing is believing." The little folks all say that its the greatest toy show in Emporium, and they seem to be practically a unit in the wish that Santa Claus will do his choosing here.

HARRY S. LLOYD.

SANTA CLAUS AT GRIMM'S RANCH.

A Story for Christmas.

"A THOUSAND pardons, but could the senor the change give for two gold pieces of $20?"

John Wells jerked his newly-urged horses to a standstill and glared his annoyance at the heavily-bearded Mexican who, with doffed sombrero, had suddenly confronted him at a point where the Menardville road extricated itself from the scattered jacals of Fort McKavett and headed out for the open prairie. It was early morning of the 24th of December, 1895. Wells had freshly risen from an unappetizing and indigestible breakfast of grease-sodden tortillas and rancid bacon; had quarreled with the hotel keeper over his extortionate charges for the last night's lodging; was hungry; angry with the sharp sleet that came drifting against his face from the northeast; angry with the "infernal luck" that doomed him to wander over the wild prairies of southwestern Texas while the rest of mankind were happily preparing for the holiday festivities; angry at the abominable cabbage-leaf cigar which refused to yield him solace from his woes; angry with the world at large and—just at that moment—with the disreputable looking "Greaser" before him in particular.

"Two gold pieces of $20," he growled. "Where are they? Are they counterfeit? How did you come by them?"

The Mexican gravely held them forth in his dirty palm for inspection.

"They are gold, senor. They were given me by the American, Senor Black—who sends the meat of goats across the seas in cans. The money is the price of 40 goats that I drove from the Rio Concho."

Wells regarded the Mexican with a searching gaze of suspicion.

"I know Col. Bill Black, and his gold is good. But I think I know you, too. You were in the hotel just now when I paid my bill, and I think I saw you last night at the store where I bought those cursed cigars. I believe you want to learn if I have money, so you can relieve me of it farther out on the plains."

The object of Wells' distrust threw his arms aloft in humble deprecation.

"The Sacred Mother knows—!"

"Never mind that nonsense," exclaimed Wells, roughly. "I'm no baby, and I'll take

"THEY ARE GOLD, SENOR."

chances on you and all the Greasers in McKavett. I'll give you silver for your gold; and here in this sack is more money—white and yellow—that you may have for the taking. Don't be afraid of the guns—they are never loaded—but sail in as soon as you can raise your crowd and overtake me."

The Mexican made no reply to this bland bit of encouragement, but his snaky eyes gleamed evilly from their covert of steel-gray brows, as they rested upon the plump buckskin pouch nestled between the butts of a heavy shotgun and a winchester rifle. He was profuse in his thanks for the American's kindness, but Wells' only response was a short grunt as he once more drew the blankets closely around him and chirruped to his not over-willing team.

It was a long drive to Menardville, and a longer one to the nearest railway station, the point for which Wells was now heading. Ever since the middle of November he had been driving here and there among the scattered ranches, on a collecting trip for his employers, a prominent firm of San Antonio merchants; and he was more than anxious to get back to civilization once more. He had been successful in his mission and had remitted several large sums by express; but his collections had been heavy during the last few days, and at least $3,000, in bills and coin, were stowed away in his pockets and in the buckskin bag at his feet. It was a large sum of money and he naturally felt the responsibility its possession involved. John Wells was by no means a coward, but he was perfectly acquainted with the country and its people, and knew that the chance of acquiring one-tenth the amount he carried would be sufficient to prompt many of the latter to murder. He had been particularly struck with the villainous face and suspicious demeanor of the goat-herder, and the uneasiness aroused by the little incident of the morning hung over him during the entire day.

Without making his usual noonday halt, he drove steadily on, occasionally glancing back over the dim trail, in momentary expectation of finding himself pursued. However, evening came without anything having transpired to increase his alarm, and an hour before darkness closed down upon the bleak plains he drew rein before the door of a lone ranch and, without the useless preliminary of applying for accommodations, began divesting his tired horses of the harness.

As he unhooked the tugs of the off horse, a towheaded urchin of eight or nine years came strolling up from the near-by corral, crept into the buggy seat and drew the blankets over his head until only his boyish face and sparkling eyes were visible.

"What's your name, mister?" he asked, with childlike directness.

"Jack Wells. What's yours?"

"Hank Grimm. I'm only Little Hank. Old Hank is my gran'paw, and he owns this ranch. The Mexicans call this 'Dos Botas Ranch,' 'cause gran'paw gives the 'two-boot' brand. Say, mister, do you know who I thought you mought be when you driv' up?"

"Couldn't guess."

"I thought mebby it was Santa Claus, but then I allow he's got more whiskers'n you have. Still, he mought have shaved."

Wells admitted that Santa Claus might, by way of a change, conclude to make his annual trip with a beard of three weeks' growth, or even a smoothly-shaven face. Further than that he couldn't, under the circumstances, blame Little Hank for looking upon all strangers with an eye of suspicion; but he thought the chances of popping his gaze on Santa Claus by daylight were extremely small. Several millions of boys, in different parts of the world, had been keeping their eyes open for years without avail, and there had come to be a popular belief that the jolly fellow with the reindeers traveled principally in the dark.

"That's the way he hit this ranch last Christmas, and I reckon he left it till about the last ranch on his rounds," remarked the boy. "He didn't leave me a thing that I wanted—nuthin' but a little tin wagon and a pound of candy. Say, mister, d'ye reckon Santa Claus ever handles windchesters?"

The appearance of the elder Hank Grimm spared Wells the necessity of answering this difficult query. The owner of the "Two Boot ranch" was a man well advanced in years, and possessed of a sturdy, erect figure, square-cut features and sky-blue eyes, that told at once of German ancestry and of past service in the armies of the old world or the new. He welcomed the traveler heartily, directed him how to dispose of his horses for the night, and then abruptly turned away and entered the house. Little Hank remained behind and, in his quaint, boyish way, superintended Wells' every movement.

A covey of quail that had been foraging in the vicinity of the crib flushed at their approach and settled in the prairie grass a short distance away. Little Hank clamored to have one of them killed for his Christmas breakfast, and to please him, on their return to the buggy, Wells slipped a couple of bird loads in his Parker, and, when the covey rose again, grassed three plump beauties with a hasty double shot. The boy was in perfect ecstasies over his success.

"That's better'n you could do with a windchester," he remarked, in a tone denoting that he considered this the height of possible praise. "Gran'paw says a shotgun is no good; but I reckon it depends a heap on who shoots it. I never seed but one before, and it wasn't wuth shucks. It belonged to a man from Arkansaw, and he couldn't hit the broadside of a mule."

The traveler's effects were soon transferred to the living room of the ranch, where he was introduced to the ranchman's aged wife, and found that the only occupants of the place were themselves and their precocious grandson. Grimm was a German of the old school, with true Teutonic ideas of comfort, and it seemed that unusual preparations for the evening meal had been made in honor of his visitors. All in the way of food that the ranch could offer was on the table, and, surmounting the array of snowy biscuits, ham and eggs, juicy steak and canned fruit, stood a group of ancient glass decanters, their contents shining in a gradation of colors from deep red to straw yellow.

Little Hank seemed to look upon his share of the feast as an especial treat, and after it was disposed of his tongue ran more glibly than ever. At length his grandsire suspended for a moment a morsel of beef half raised to his mouth, and uttered a word of reproof.

"Henry, my boy, it is not right that the children should talk and the grown ones listen. Remember, you should be very good to-night. They say that Santa Claus to bad boys is not kind."

"But see," retorted the lad, quickly. "I was good before and what did he bring me? Nothing. I wanted a windchester and he brought me a tin wagon."

"The child would be a man before his time," put in his grandmother. "He talks of nothing but guns; and if he had them he would kill us all, and himself in the bargain."

"I would be a brave soldier—like my father," said the boy, his eyes filling with tears.

"And be killed by the Indians, as was he," responded the old ranchman. "My child, the Grimms have been soldiers since the earliest days. I have fought, in my time, with brave men to lead me on to battle, and I tell you there is nothing in soldiering—nothing but hard work and slavery and bloodshed and death. It is a dog's life; nothing more."

Later in the night, when Wells and Little Hank were snugly stowed away in the latter's bed, the question of Santa Claus and the "windchester" came up again, but no lengthy discussion followed.

It must have been sometime after midnight when Wells was partially aroused by the knowledge that some one was moving in the room, and called out to know who it might be.

"Nobody but me—Hank Grimm. Not gran'paw, but the little one. You know—"

But that was quite enough for the somnolent gentleman from San Antonio. If the sentence was finished he failed to hear its conclusion. Sometime afterwards, however, he was aroused again; and this time so thoroughly that he heard and understood the words that awoke him. They evidently came from the "living room" into which his apartment opened, and were uttered at the top of Little Hank's childish treble.

"Thar now, Santa Claus. I've got you this time, and either that windchester comes or I downs your meat-house. No tin wagons for me this Christmas."

There was a fierce curse grittingly muttered; the sharp crack of a pistol; and then—boom! boom;—two thunderous reports almost as one, shaking the adobe walls of the ranch to their foundations. A dense volume of smoke rolled into the sleeping room, but Wells charged through it with ready rifle, reaching the outer apartment just as old Grimm entered from another door light in hand.

Little Hank lay beneath the huge table, groaning dismally and rubbing his shoulder. Otherwise the room was unoccupied; but a window near the door was open, and on the

"I'VE GOT YOU THIS TIME, SANTA CLAUS."

hard dirt floor lay a freshly discharged pistol and a Mexican sombrero.

"It is robbers that have been here," exclaimed the ranchman. "It is Mexican robbers, and they have shot my boy!"

Wells dived beneath the table, brought forth the injured lad and placed him tenderly in a chair; but he at once struggled to his feet. "Turn loose the dog, gran'paw, or he will git away. It's Santa Claus, and I'm blamed if he didn't miss me with his pistol right slap in my face. I never knowed afore that Santa Claus was an Arkansaw man."

Wells turned from the excited boy and approached the open window. Below it, and directly to the right, the whitewashed walls were torn and disfigured with shot, and there were great splotches and dark, trickling streams of something like red paint shining in the light of the lamp.

He turned to the old German; his features pale but collected.

"You will not need the dog," said he. "The man who tumbled through that window is lying where he fell—and I think I will recognize him when I see him."

Wells was right in both his surmises. In "layin' fer Santa Claus" Little Hank had taken a step that no midnight marauder could have foreseen. In forcing an entry to Grimm's ranch, the Mexican goat-herder, who had trailed Wells all the way from McKavett, had gone directly to his death. He lay outside the window, as he had fallen when the bulk of two loads of buckshot had struck him, and when Little Hank gazed into his dead face, its pallor more ghastly still in the lamplight, he screamed and staggered back, covering his eyes with trembling hands.

"I don't want to be a soldier," he sobbed. "I never want to kill another man as long as I live."

But his sturdy old granddam—descended, no doubt, from a long line of warlike Teutons—took him in her strong arms consolingly.

"But this man was a robber, my dear. Killing was his deserts, for he came to murder us all in our sleep. You saved our lives, and now would you turn coward and make us ashamed?"

"It was not a brave deed," growled old Grimm. "The boy thought to shoot Santa Claus and killed a lazy thief of a Mexican instead. It was a bull's-eye on the wrong target and no honor is won. Still, I am glad it has happened, for it may frighten his babyish mind from this folly about soldier-life and guns."

And so Kris Kringle did not visit the ranch that night, and Little Hank had to wait for his rifle—but not, as it chanced, so very long, after all. Arriving without farther incident at his destination, Wells first care was to visit the different gunstores of San Antonio upon an errand the nature of which can be easily guessed. On New Year's Eve the McKavett stage halted at Grimm's ranch to deliver a package, and a few minutes later the heart of the younger Hank was beating high with elation. Snugly packed in a neat box lay two guns—a tiny winchester and a light breech-loading shotgun. It was a present fit for a king, and a costlier one than Jack Wells' slim purse could have stood unaided; but his employers had been told how their thousands were saved and graciously donated two per cent. of the entire amount towards rewarding the principal actor in that Christmas Eve tragedy at the "Two Boot ranch."

S. D. BARNES.

CHRISTMAS GIVING.

'TIS not enough to fill the day with feasting,
With merry laughter and with happy song.
Unto this blessed day some deed of kindness
And word of sweet encouragement belong.
Pause from thy mirth awhile to ease the load
Thy weary neighbor bears along life's road.

'Tis not enough, the love so true and tender,
Plighted to-day beneath the mistletoe;
The faith of friends, the sacred ties of kinship—
Upon this day more warmth our hearts should know.
Let thy love flow, as boundless as the sea,
Into the hearts of all humanity.

'Tis not enough, the dainty Christmas token,
Though loving hearts with generous zeal have glowed;
The bounteous charity, though free and tender,
Is small beside the gift God's love bestowed.
But one fit offering mayest thou impart,
Give unto Him a pure and loving heart.
—Adelaide D. Reynolds, in Union Signal.

MR. PAYSON'S SATIRE VERSUS CHRISTMAS GOODWILL

MR. SIDNEY PAYSON was full of the bitterness of Christmastide. The Paysons had been reared to Christmas giving, and every Payson knew that he or she might expect a present from each of the other Paysons, and so here was Mr. Sidney Payson (bachelor, misanthrope and cynic) elbowing his way along State street with the other shoppers.

Mr. Payson would have been utterly miserable had it not been for the fact that he found a selfish joy in knowing that the Christmas season brought neither peace nor good will.

He had reached that stage of soul distemper at which there can be no happiness except by the discovery of misery in others. Mr. Sidney Payson was the kind of man who loved to tell invalids that they were not looking as well as usual, and who frightened young husbands by predicting that they would regret having married. He made it a rule never to put the seal of approval on any human undertaking, and it was a matter of pride with him that he could find a sinister motive for every act which other people applauded. He dealt in sarcasm, was perpetually bored and might have lost all interest in life had it not been that he found a continued satisfaction in making himself feared and hated. Some of his pious friends used to say that Satan had got the upper hand with him, but there were others who intimated that it might be bile.

Imagine the surly wrath and the sense of humiliation with which Mr. Sidney Payson set about his Christmas shopping! In the first place, to go shopping for Christmas presents was the most conventional thing that anyone could do, and Mr. Payson hated conventionalities. For another thing, the giving of a Christmas present carried with it some evidence of affection, and Mr. Payson regarded any sign of affection as one of the crude symptoms of barbarous taste and deficient education.

If he could have assembled his relatives at a Christmas gathering and opened a few old family wounds, reminding his brother and his two sisters of some of their youthful follies, thus shaming them before the children, Mr. Sidney Payson might have managed to make out a rather merry Christmas. Instead of that, he was condemned to go out and purchase gifts and be as cheaply idiotic as the other wretched mortals with whom he was being carried along State street. No wonder that he chafed and rebelled and vainly longed that he could hang crape on every Christmas tree in the universe.

Mr. Sidney Payson was not only humiliated. He was greatly puzzled. After wandering through two stores and looking in at 20 windows he had been unable to make one selection. It seemed to him that all the articles offered for sale were singularly and uniformly inappropriate. The custom of giving was a farce in itself and the storekeepers had done what they could to make it a sickening travesty.

This was Mr. Payson's point of view.

"I'll go ahead and buy a lot of things at haphazard," he said to himself. "I don't care a blank whether they're appropriate or not."

At that moment he had an inspiration. It was an inspiration which could have come to no one except Mr. Sidney Payson. It promised a speedy end to shopping difficulties. It guaranteed him a Christmas to his own liking.

He was bound by family custom to buy Christmas presents for his relatives. He had promised his sister that he would remember every one in the list. But he was under no obligation to give presents which would be welcome and appropriate. Why not give to each of his relatives some present which would be entirely usefess, inappropriate and superfluous? It would serve them right for involving him in the fool performances of the Christmas season. It would be a burlesque on the whole foolish custom of Christmas giving. It would irritate and puzzle his relatives and probably deepen their hatred of him. At any rate, it would be a satire on a silly tradition, and, thank goodness, it wouldn't be conventional.

Mr. Sidney Payson went into the first department store and found himself at the book counter.

"Have you any work which would be appropriate for an elderly gentleman of studious habits and deep religious convictions?" he asked.

"We have here the works of Flavius Josephus in two volumes," replied the young woman.

"All right; I'll take them," he said. "I want them for my nephew Fred. He likes Indian stories."

The salesgirl looked at him wonderingly.

"Now, then, I want a love story," said Mr. Payson. "I have a maiden sister who is president of a Browning club and writes essays about Ibsen. I want to give her a book that tells about a girl named Mabel who is loved by Sir Ronald Something-or-Other. Give me a book that is full of hugs and kisses and heaving bosoms and all that sort of rot. Get just as far away from Ibsen and Howells and Henry James as you can possibly get."

"Here is a book that all the girls in the store say is very good," replied the young woman. It is called 'Virgie's Betrothal; or, the Stranger at Birchwood Manor.' It's by Imogene Sybil Beauclerc."

"If it's what it sounds to be it's just what I want," said Mr. Payson, showing his teeth at the young woman with a devilish glee. "You say the girls here in the store like it?"

"Yes; Miss Simmons, in the handkerchief-box department, says it's just grand."

"All right. I'll take it."

He felt his happiness rising as he went out of the store. His joy shone in his face as he stood at the skate counter.

"I have a brother who is 46 years old and rather fat," he said to the salesman. "I don't suppose he's been on the ice in 25 years. He wears a No. 9 shoe. Give me a pair of skates for him."

A few minutes later he stood at the silk counter.

"What are those things?" he asked,

FOUND HIMSELF AT THE BOOK COUNTER.

pointing to some gayly colored silks folded in boxes.

"Those are scarfs."

"Well, if you've got one that has all the colors of the rainbow in it I'll take it. I want one with lots of yellow and red and green in it. I want something that you can hear across the street. You see, I have a sister who prides herself on her quiet taste. Her costumes are marked by what you call 'unobtrusive elegance.' Well, I think she'd die rather than wear one of those things, so I want the biggest and noisiest one in the whole lot."

The girl didn't know what to make of Mr. Payson's strange remarks, but she was too busy to be kept wondering.

Mr. Payson's sister's husband is the president of a church temperance society, so Mr. Payson bought him a buckhorn corkscrew.

There was one more present to buy.

"Let me see," said Mr. Payson. "What is there that could be of no earthly use to a girl six years old?"

Even as he spoke his eye fell on a sign: "Bargain sale of neckwear."

"I don't believe she would care for cravats," he said. "I think I'll buy some for her."

He saw a box of large cravats marked "25 cents each."

"Why are these so cheap?" he asked.

"Well, to tell the truth, they're out of style."

"That's good. I want eight of them—oh, any eight will do. I want them for a small niece of mine—a little girl about six years old."

Without indicating the least surprise the salesman wrapped up the cravats.

LETTERS RECEIVED BY MR. SIDNEY PAYSON IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF HIS CHRISTMAS PRESENTS:

I.

"Chicago, Ill., Dec. 27.—Dear Brother: Pardon me for not having acknowledged the receipt of your Christmas present. The fact is that since the skates came I have been devoting so much of my time to the reacquiring of one of my early accomplishments that I have not had much time for writing. I wish I could express to you the delight I felt when I opened the box and saw that you had sent me a pair of skates. It was just as if you had said to me: 'Will, my boy, some people may think that you are getting on in years, but I know that you're just the same as ever.' I suddenly remembered that the presents which I had been receiving for several Christmases were intended for an old man. I have received easy-chairs, slippers, mufflers, smoking jackets and the like. When I received the pair of skates from you I felt that 20 years had been lifted off of my shoulders. How in the world did you ever happen to think of them? Did you really believe that my skating days were not over? Well, they're not. I went to the pond in Washington park on Christmas day and had more fun for two hours than I've had in six months. My ankles were rather weak and I fell down twice, fortunately without any serious damage to myself or the ice, but I managed to get around and before I left I skated with a smashing pretty girl. Well, Sid, I have you to thank. I never would have ventured on skates again if it had not been for the beautiful pair which you sent me. I was a little stiff yesterday, but this morning I went out again and had a dandy time. I owe the renewal of my youth to you. Thank you many times, and believe me to be, as ever, your affectionate brother,

"WILLIAM."

II.

"Chicago, Ill., Dec. 26.—Dear Brother: The secret is out! I suspected it all the time. It is needless for you to offer denial. Sometimes when you have acted the cynic I have almost believed that you were sincere until I have observed in you something which told me that underneath your assumed indifference there was a genial current of the romantic sentiment of the youth and the lover. How can I be in doubt after receiving your little book—a love story?

"I knew, Sidney dear, that you would remember me at Christmas. You have always been the soul of thoughtfulness, especially to those of us who understood you. I must confess, however, that I expected you to do the deadly conventional thing and send me something heavy and serious. I knew it would be a book. All of my friends send me books. That comes of being president of a literary club. But you are the only one, Sidney, who had the rare and kindly judgment to appeal to the woman and not to the club president. Because I am interested in a serious literary movement it need not follow that I want my whole life to be overshadowed by the giants of the literary kingdom. Although I would not dare confess it to Mrs. Peabody or Mrs. Hutchens, there are times when I like to spend an afternoon with an old-fashioned love story.

"You are a bachelor, Sidney, and I have long since ceased to flush at the casual mention of 'old maid.' It was not for us to know the bitter-sweet experiences of courtship and marriage, and you will remember that we have sometimes pitied the infatuation of sweethearts and have felt rather superior in our freedom. And yet, Sidney, if we chose to be perfectly candid with each other, I dare say that both of us would confess to having known something about that which men call love. We might confess that we had felt its subtle influence. We might even admit that sometimes we pause in our lonely lives and wonder what might have been and whether it would not have been better, after all. I am afraid that I am writing like a sentimental schoolgirl, but you must know that I have been reading your charming little book, and it has come to me as a message from you. Is it not really a confession, Sidney?

"You have made me very happy, dear brother. I feel more closely drawn to you than at any time since we were all together at Christmas, at the old home on the North side. Come and see me. Your loving sister,

"GERTRUDE."

III.

"Chicago, Ill., Dec. 25.—Dear Brother: Greetings to you from the happiest household in Chicago, thanks to a generous Santa Claus in the guise of Uncle Sidney. I must begin by thanking you on my own account. How in the world did you ever learn that Roman colors had come in again? I have always heard that men did not follow the styles and could not be trusted to select anything for a woman, but it is a libel, a base libel, for the scarf which you sent is quite the most beautiful thing I have received this Christmas. I have it draped over the large picture in the parlor, and it is the envy of every one who has been in to-day. A thousand, thousand thanks, dear Sidney. It was perfectly sweet of you to remember me, and I call it nothing less than a stroke of genius to think of anything so appropriate and yet so much out of the ordinary.

"John asks me to thank you—but I must tell you the story. One evening last week we had a little chafing dish party after prayer meeting, and I asked John to open a bottle of olives for me. Well, he broke the small blade of his knife trying to get the cork out. He said: 'If I live to get downtown again I'm going to buy a corkscrew.' Fortunately, he had neglected to buy one, and so your gift seemed to come straight from Providence. John is very much pleased. Already he has found use for it, as it happened that he wanted to open a bottle of household ammonia the very first thing this morning.

"As for Fred's lovely books, thank goodness you didn't send him any more story books. John and I have been trying to induce him to take up a more serious line of reading. The Josephus ought to help him in the study of his Sunday school lessons. We were pleased to observe that he read it for about an hour this morning.

"When you were out here last fall did Genevieve tell you that she was collecting silk for a doll quilt? She insists that she did not, but she must have done so, for how could you have guessed that she wants pieces of silk above anything else in the whole world? The perfectly lovely cravats which you sent will more than complete the quilt, and I think that mamma will get some of the extra pieces for herself. Fred and Genevieve send love and kisses. John insists that you come out to dinner some Sunday very soon—next Sunday if you can. After we received your presents we were quite ashamed of the box we had sent over to your hotel, but we will try to make up the difference in heartfelt gratitude. Don't forget, any Sunday. Your loving sister,

"KATHERINE."

It would be needless to tell what Mr. Sidney Payson thought of himself after he received these letters.—George Ade, in Chicago Daily Record.

Seasonable.

Teacher (in Sunday school class)—Now, boys, see if you can remember what I taught you last time. What does B. C. stand for?

"Before Christmas!"—Judge.

The old year and the new.

HARK, how the bell's strong pulses throb and beat!
Is it from grief and pain
Because the dear Old Year, with hours so sweet,
Will never come again?

Or is it restless joy that thrills and leaps
From the dizzy spire and dome
That though the Old Year shall soon lie asleep,
A glad New Year will come?

Look! as the Old Year sinks in dreamless rest,
With weary sigh and moan,
The New Year, all in regal splendor dressed,
Ascends the vacant throne.

The light of hope is gleaming in his eyes
As sceptered there he stands.
A scroll with strange unspoken prophecies
He bears within his hands.

"Tell me, New Year," I ask, "of paths unseen
That wind far on ahead—
Those shadowy regions where no foot hath been
Except by fancy led.

"What waits beyond? Will bloom and sunshine lie
Where'er those pathways tend,
Or are there mountains towering grim and high
Before the journey's end?"

Ah, though again I question eagerly,
With mingled hope and fear,
He opens not the scroll of prophecy;
No answer do I hear.

The New Year only smiles: I may not know
What future hours may bring,
If o'er me hope's sweet presence shall bend low,
Or sorrow's sable wing.

Old Year, how fair the country I have passed,
What golden hours were they!
Will not their radiance be softly cast
About my onward way?

Good-bye, good-bye, as music faint and clear
Reechoed o'er the sea,
Shall be the joyous memories, Old Year,
That shall return of thee!
—Alice Jean Cleator, in Ohio Farmer.

ONE NEW YEAR'S EVE

IT WAS late in the afternoon when Mrs. Townsend saw the last piece of furniture transferred from the mover's wagon to the parlor of her new home, and now, as the clock struck 11, she looked around her bedroom in a dazed and bewildered way. Was there ever such a jumble of boxes, trunks and furniture as met her gaze!

"How can Jack leave me alone so long when he knows what a lot there is to do," she said aloud, as she sank into a chair before the open fire, the only cheer-inspiring object in the room, and looked about again, as the last stroke of the clock died out.

"Ugh, will I ever get this muddle into anything like order," she muttered. "How I hate it all, and oh, how I hope we will never move again, as long as I live—I'm tired of packing and unpacking, of arranging and rearranging. What a chaos in which to begin the New Year!" And visions of brilliantly-lighted parlors, glittering tables, pretty girls and handsome men passed before her by way of contrast.

Then the baby stirred and she rose to place it more comfortably in its crib. Coming back to her chair by the fire she caught sight of a small blue box in a corner of one of the open trunks.

"Ah, I'll burn you now," she said, softly. "It is sentimental nonsense to carry you around any longer. This is just the fire for you, and I'm too worn out to do another stroke of work."

Lifting the lid she took out a bundle of letters addressed in a flowing business hand to

"MISS ROSE WINSTON,
"100 West —— Street,
"New York City."

Somehow her heart beat a little faster as she recalled how happily it had throbbed at sight of these same envelopes three years ago. Three years! Was it only three?

A log slipped and rolled to the edge of the hearth, sending a shower of sparks before it. It aroused the musing woman, who leaned forward for the tongs with which to push it back in place. Then she slowly drew forth a letter and read:

"New York City, May 1st, 18—."

"My Dearest—

"Darling, is how I think of you, and I might as well own up. Just a few moments ago I left you, yet it seems so long—I want to be with you always.

"Do you know, dearest, that you have become more necessary to me than anyone or anything in life? I never dreamed I could love anyone as I love you, and yesterday, when you said that you were fickle, you awakened feelings that have made me sad. To-night when I said that I should try to destroy your fickleness I meant it, for the thought arises—Should she be fickle with me, what then? I am sure I don't know.

"You are my ideal in face, form, disposition and character. The more I see you the more I love you—and why? Because we think alike on many subjects, because you would make the loveliest wife man ever had, because you would make for me that for which I long—a home."

She raised her eyes to look around the disorderly room, and her heart smote her. Then she went on with the letter:

"I have not words at my command, to tell you what I think. I only know that I love you, and that if you were mine you would 'make the man.' You are superior to me, and have strength, where I am weak.

"If you had not said that you were not sure of yourself, I should ask you to be mine—but I must wait. May I not think of you as mine? May I not hope that some day you will be mine? Tell me truly, dearest. If I might only hope I should work so hard to make myself worthy of you—you are a perfect treasure. You may always believe me to be, Your own,

"JACK."

With a deepening flush on her cheeks and a tender light shining in her eyes she opened a second letter with fingers that trembled slightly—such a sea of memories was surging over her.

It began without date, but that she could easily supply:

"My Darling:

"To-day you have made me the happiest of mortals, for you promised to become my wife! Who would not be happy under the circumstances—for the man who gets you gets a prize, indeed. I shall not say what I shall try to do for you except that if love and devotion can make you happy, sorrow and sadness shall never know you.

"To-night you looked so pretty—your eyes were brighter than ever I have seen them. You looked happy. Oh, that you may always look as you did to-night!

"Sweetheart, I love you so much more than I can tell—more than I ever thought myself capable of loving anyone, and when I think it over, I wonder how it all came about. You did not try to make me love you, neither did I try to make you love me, until I found myself loving you—found that I must be with you to be happy.

"Now I am going to answer the precious letter my own sweetheart wrote me to-day. How lovely it is! It is just like her from beginning to end.

"If, as you say, my love makes you happy, it must be because you love me. If it were only love that you love, then you would be happy in the love of any one of your many admirers.

"Nothing that you say can hurt me, dearest, for I know that you speak for the best interests of us both.

"Yes, my darling, I want you to be sure of yourself, for I would not blight your life ever so little.

"Should I lose you, life would be little worth the living, yet I would rather lose you than ever see you unhappy.

"You are unjust to yourself in many ways and rate yourself too low. You say that you don't understand yourself. Did you ever know any one who could say: 'I know myself?' Dearest, others know us best—others see our faults and virtues in a clearer light than we can see them. I shall not pretend that I understand you, for it has long been conceded that the mind feminine is incomprehensible to man, but, oh, my sweetheart, all the faults you confess to are dearer to me than other women's virtues. You are you, my darling, and I love you as you are. That is clumsy, but at best I can ill express how dear you are to me.

"Your heart pleads for me, but your head does not. That shows good sound sense, and I can only hope that the heart will get away with the head.

"And now, my sweet, as a guard against fickleness I want you to give up to a certain extent your male admirers. I don't mind their calls, I rather like them, for I am proud to have my sweetheart a favorite, but you must let them know that you belong to me and that I am a monopolist. I can love you enough alone, they may like you. I can love you as much as you love to be loved—so remember, no trifling.

"I know, dearest, that you might have chosen many men handsomer, nobler, richer than I, but you will never find one who will love you more than does

"Your own devoted

"JACK."

The third letter ran:

"My Own Darling:

"I believe the happiest day of my life has just ended. To-day another begins, though I will never be thoroughly happy until I hear the words which make us man and wife—then how happy I shall be and oh, how proud! When we are married I shall always try to be the best of husbands and my first aim shall be to make you happy; then I am happy.

"You are the one to make me—make more of me than the ordinary man. There is nothing that I would not try to do for your dear sake. As a beginning I shall try to have my business hours changed, so that I may have my evenings for my sweetheart. I can say of her as someone else has said of his love:

'She's more than diamond, ruby or pearl,
She's a dear little, sweet little, neat little girl!'

"You are all that and more. You are more precious to me than are jewels—you are invaluable—they are not.

"It is after two—and I still have writing to do.

"Good-night, sweetest, dearest, best! My beautiful Rose—I love you, I love you, I love you!

"JACK."

Long the tired woman stared at the loving words—could they have been written to her? Why had she not read them oftener? Why was it that all the beautiful romance had died out of her life? Whose was the fault? Again her eyes devoured the dear words before her. How her heart warmed with tenderness toward the writer. How she hungered for the kisses and caresses he used to lavish upon her. If only to-night he would take her in his arms all tired, nervous and unstrung as she was, and pet and comfort her. If she could hear him call her by the old, fond, foolish names how it would lighten her heavy heart and rest her weary body.

Then she thought of the time she had repulsed his loving advances—of her petulant retorts, her irritable complainings under misfortunes and reverses. How far, far below his ideal she had fallen. Would he ever love her so well again? Could she ever get back to her throne?

Solemnly the bells began to toll for the dying year. They sounded deep in the heart of the waiting wife.

"Oh, God," she prayed, "for the New Year's fight, grant me patience, gentleness, love. Help me reinstate myself in my husband's heart for the dear Christ's sake."

And tears trickled slowly through the fingers which supported the tired head.

A step, a hand on her chair, a cheery voice saying: "A Happy New Year, little wife! What, crying? Why, my darling—my poor little, pretty little drowning white Rose—what a brute I've been to leave you so long," and she was gathered to her husband's heart.

He held her close till the storm of tears was over, soothing her as a mother might a tired little child, with tender words and caresses—the very words she had longed and prayed to hear.

"Oh, Jack," she whispered when she had grown calmer, "do you think you can ever love me again, as you did when you wrote these?" And she pointed to the letters scattered at her feet.

"So you have been going over it, too;" her husband replied, somewhat irrelevantly, and looking down at the letters. Then taking her tear-stained face between his hands, he said, tenderly: "My foolish child, are you not my precious wife? Have you not borne hardships that a better husband might have spared you? Have"—

"But, oh Jack," she interrupted, "how have I borne them? Think of the recriminations, the reproaches, the complainings—even if you are good enough to forgive I can never forgive myself."

"There, there," said Jack, laying his warm, loving lips to her quivering, self-accusing ones, "you shall not abuse my wife. Now I shall put you to bed, but first wish me a Happy New Year and we will begin all over again."

With her arm about his neck and the old love-light shining in her eyes she murmured, obediently:

"I wish you a Happy New Year, my husband!"—Mary Wright Davis, in Every Month.

"I'LL BURN YOU NOW," SHE SAID, SOFTLY.

OLD-TIME NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

They Held an Important Place in the Observances of the Day—Origin of the Custom.

Among the festivities of old New York the observance of New Year's day held an important place, says Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, in the Atlantic. In every house of any pretension the ladies of the family sat in their drawing-room, arrayed in their best dresses, and the gentlemen of their acquaintance made short visits, during which wine and rich cakes were offered. It was allowable to call as early as ten o'clock in the morning, but the visitor sometimes did little more than appear and disappear, hastily muttering something about the "compliments of the season." The gentlemen prided themselves upon the number of visits paid, the ladies upon the number received. Girls at school vexed each other with emulative boasting.

"We had 50 callers on New Year's day."

"Oh! but we had 65."

This perfunctory performance grew very tedious by the time that the calling hours were ended, but apart from this the day was one on which families were greeted by distant relatives rarely seen, while old friends met and revived their pleasant memories. In our house the rooms were all thrown open, and bright fires burned in the grates. I recall a New Year's day, early in the thirties, on which a yellow chariot stopped before our door. A stout, elderly gentleman descended from it, and came in to pay his compliments to my father. This gentleman was John Jacob Astor, who was already known to be possessed of great wealth.

The pleasant custom just described was said to have originated with the Dutch settlers of the olden time. As the city grew in size, it became difficult and well-nigh impossible for gentlemen to make the necessary number of visits. Finally, a number of young men of the city took it upon themselves to call in squads at houses which they had no right to molest, consuming the refreshments provided for other guests, and making themselves disagreeable in various ways. This offense against good manners led to the discontinuance, by common consent, of the New Year's receptions.

A Sure Enough Example.

Teacher (giving lesson in natural history)—An extinct bird or animal is one that no longer inhabits the earth. Willy Green, give us an example of an extinct bird.

Willy Green (smacking his lips)—Why, that turkey dad killed for our New Year dinner!—Puck.

One New Year's Eve

By Manda L. Crocker.

THE swish of a blue dress, a faint breath of violets, as in passing, and he felt rather than saw Marie Summerfield go by.

Standing a little apart from the knots of merry young people thronging the pleasant rooms, he was conscious of a thread of pain running through the last night of the old year, touching only Miss Summerfield and himself.

By he, I mean Leigh Reyburn, the owner of the old-fashioned, low-roomed grange beneath whose roof the young people of Gladbrook had gathered to keep a merry watch-night. With music and laughter and gay repartee they meant to dance a welcome to the joyous New Year without much thought for the staid old twelve-month which had served them so faithfully.

But Leigh moved uneasily, sending imploring glances after the blue gown, all to no purpose. Marie was absorbed with the fascinating company of Maurice Davenport, and was smiling her sweetest—and Marie could smile divinely—and entertaining him admirably.

Reyburn was thinking hard, and, it must be confessed, uncharitably. Had he worshiped and petted and lived for Miss Summerfield these two blessed sunlit years, to have hope and happiness go into the grave of the frail old year leaving nothing but memories?

What was that Marie was singing to the sweet-toned guitar she held so daintily, strapped in place with a blue riband?

"Ring out the old, ring in the new;
The year is dying, let it go;
Ring in the new; ring in the new."

Her voice seemed to falter a little on the repeat as it fell to a soft cadence. Was it possible she was thinking of the old so tenderly—the old love, for instance? Ah! well, he did not know.

* * * * * * * *

The yule log had burned out a week ago, but he had not the heart to take up the silvery ashes from the old, red brick hearth as yet. Ever since that other night he had kept his vow and closed his doors to all merriment for two long years. But somehow the lads and lassies of Gladbrook had lain their sympathies on his door-stone and worked themselves into his good graces once more, and before he realized what he was doing he had given up the silent rooms again to a Christmas party. But no more New Year frolics under his roof, he said; not until—well, maybe— He stopped short in his musings; still the remnant of the mistletoe hung in the bracket work of the old chandelier and he remembered now, as he looked at it, how pure and fair Alicia Merrill looked when Herman Montrose kissed her beneath its potent spell a week ago. She put him in mind, O, so much, of her. Covering his eyes for a moment with trembling hand, he went to the window and looked out. White and glistening as an angel's wing lay the snow on the intervening fields. Over there was her house, but she had been away now for a long time studying music, and he had heard, for she did not write to him, that her voice was simply divine, and as a musician she was wonderful.

Nevertheless, it was a night like this, nodding toward the flooding moonlight outside, that they—he and she—had their misunderstanding. A spasm of pain crossed his fine face and he caught his breath a little. He could not tell just how it came about, never clearly understanding, but that night so much like this, and New Year's Eve, too, marked the beginning of their diverging paths. And he had heard of diverging paths which came together again after awhile!

To-morrow was the glad New Year again. Would its happy greetings be only mockery to him?

Suddenly a thought, which had smouldered in his mind for days, flashed up like a gleam of heavenly light, radiating his whole being.

She was coming home to-night on the late

HER VOICE SEEMED TO FALTER.

train; and he was so hungry to see her; only God knew how famished of heart he was!

He would take the down train, get off at Rockland when she changed cars for Gladbrook. No one could prevent him from riding home in the same coach with her; and even that would be a blessed comfort. Then, maybe, something would come of it. Who knew?

In 15 minutes he was inside his great coat and locking the hall door, with a nervous, glad excitement stealing over him, like the coming of a new day. A ten-minutes' walk brought him to the station.

"Going away for the New Year?" queried the agent, pleasantly, handing Reyburn the required pasteboard.

"O, a little way," he replied, absently, pulling on his gloves.

Scarcely had he settled himself in the outward-bound train than Joe Antrim thumped him on the shoulder and sang out: "Hullo! going away on a blow-out, I suppose? Well, so am I. Some are going away, and some are coming home."

In the awkward silence which followed Joe's voluble introduction, he seemed to read Reyburn's thoughts, for, without looking further for reply, he began again: "Miss Summerfield is coming to-night, they say; and they say, too, that she is bringing her best fellow with her. Gladbrook looks for a wedding at the Summerfield home to-morrow. But, of course, I don't know; it is only gossip, maybe."

Having thus delivered himself, Joe Antrim, without waiting for reply, betook himself to the smoker, leaving Reyburn in just the state of mind he intended, half-way between insanity and desperate intent.

But by and by Reyburn's mind cleared to Joe's last sentence. Only gossip. Of course that was all; but Joe was mean to hash it over, to him of all persons, and in such an insinuating manner, too. Well, he would go on to Rockland now if he met her complete bridal party; he would see for himself, and if it was all true, why, he would not go home that night, and perhaps Gladbrook would never see him again.

At Rockland he had only a few minutes to wait between trains, and already the home-bound one was waiting on a side-track. Purchasing his ticket, he ensconced himself where he could plainly see the passengers leave the cross-train.

"Now for the bridal party, at least the bride and groom," he said, trying to be jocular with himself, although his face was very white and his mouth twitched nervously.

At the cry "train, train," everybody began to bustle about. Friends, baggage and good-bys were mixed up indiscriminately, but Leigh was very still. He could hear his anxious heart beat out its suspense in great suffocating leaps, as the fateful train thundered in.

Sure enough, there was Miss Summerfield; and the fine-looking young man who helped her alight also took charge of her baggage.

Heaven have mercy! Were gossip and Joe Antrim right, after all? But pshaw! any chivalrous fellow traveler would have done as much.

Notwithstanding this plausible thought, Leigh slipped into the home-bound coach like a thief, taking the corner seat in the rear end of the car.

When Miss Summerfield came in, the terrible groom-to-be, to whom the bridal party had dwindled, even he, was not in attendance. Marie carried her own "grip."

The man felt a tremor of hope quiver all over him, something like an electric current. She took the third seat from the door and leaned her head on her hand wearily. A strange air for a bride, thought the man in the corner. He could not see her

HE WHISPERED: "MARIE."

face, but some way he felt that this New Year's Eve was not what she wished. O, was she in trouble, too? He had half a mind to go to her; the seat directly behind her was providentially empty; he could whisper "Marie" over the back of her seat when his courage warranted it.

At the next stop he took advantage of the stir of the passengers and slipped into the coveted groove. Blessed privilege! He had not been near, so near her for years, and his heart was on fire. When he could wait no longer, he whispered over the barrier: "Marie!"

She looked up, surprised and startled. After the confusion had left her lovely face, she gave him her hand gingerly and asked in strained tones: "How came you here, Mr. Reyburn?"

"I could not help it," he confessed, flushing, but looking straight at her. "I wanted to be near you once more. You don't know how miserable I am without you."

There was a world of emotion in the undertone, but he kept bravely on:

"I came down to Rockland for nothing else than that I might get a glimpse of you. I felt it would comfort me to ride home in the same coach—to-night of all nights."

He stopped and looked at her in such a pitiful, hungry-hearted way. It was all out now, this confession of his. He meant to make it at the risk of everything before his heart failed him—and he had done so.

Of course she could do what she pleased with it, and him, too; he had staked and would win, or lose, all. Putting his elbow on the barrier and leaning a little toward her, he waited for her to speak. And her face was a study. Presently she gasped out: "Then you aren't to be married to-night?"

The interrogation snapped the last thread holding Leigh Reyburn's great love in reserve.

"Marie, darling! Could you—did you think—O, Heaven! as if I could love anyone but you! O, Marie!"

The whiteness of his face was terrible to see; but it all dawned upon her at once.

"I—I—O, Leigh!"—she put out both her hands, and two great tears stole down her cheeks to finish the sentence more eloquently than words.

When the train stopped at Gladbrook, a very happy couple alighted. And out across the moonlit snow, from the belfry bars of the gray stone church came the merry chime of bells:

"Ring out the old, ring in the new;
The year is dying; let it go."

"Ring in the new," said Leigh, drawing her arm through his. "The years of misunderstanding are dead; let them go, dearest."

"We will," she answered, softly and happily.

And Joe Antrim laughed in his sleeve, and said to the bright New Year morning: "I am glad I set those two simpletons right by a bit of strategy. A little prevarication, ahem! But all is fair in love and war."

EVEN THE WORM WILL TURN.

"Wouldn't this jar you," said the Early Bird, testily; "not a worm in sight."

"Perhaps," said the Night Owl, "this being New Year's, the worm has turned a new leaf."—Kansas City Star.

A Habit of His.

Major—Going to swear off drinking this year, old man?

Minor—I suppose so. I generally do.—Town Topics.

IS IN PANCAKE FORM.

New Process of Baling Hay Which Has Its Advantages.

Pressed in Layers Into Bales Cylindrical in Form and About Size of a Nail Keg—Being Shipped to South Africa.

The baled hay that is being shipped from New York for the use of the British army in South Africa, and the American army in the Philippines is being compressed by a new process. The hay is put up in bales cylindrical in form, about the size and shape of the old fashioned nail keg, or 18 inches high and of the same diameter. When baled in this shape the hay is as hard as a board. The bales weigh about 145 pounds.

The hay is "handed out" in pancake form. The hay pancakes, or layers, which make up the bales, are about three-fourths of an inch thick. The most compact bale of hay put up by the old style requires about 160 cubic feet of space per ton. This new-fangled hay takes up only 50 cubic feet of space per ton.

A singular combination of circumstances is afforded at the baling plant in Brooklyn. The contractor is using Canadian hay, baled in the old square fashion, in Canada. The old bales are torn to pieces and fed into the top of the six new compressors. About half the product of the Brooklyn plant goes to South Africa for use in the army which is fighting the Boers, while the other half goes to Manila for use by Lawton and MacArthur's cavalry.

The good thing about this new bale is that a mule can carry two 112-pound bales, and after he is fed off them for two or three days, there is enough left for a cavalryman to use as a miniature rampart. The hay is packed so tight that a bullet would not go far into it. A mule can carry only one of the 145 pound bales. The greater number of bales shipped to South Africa weigh 112 pounds, the English hundredweight.

WILL HELP ARMY SURGEONS.

Surgeon General Sternberg Prepares Two Bills for Presentation to Congress.

Surgeon General Sternberg has prepared two bills intended to correct an injustice to volunteer and acting assistant surgeons in the army through a construction of law made by the comptroller. The first is an act for the relief of acting assistant surgeons.

It appears that under the comptroller's decision if one of these officers falls ill or is even shot or wounded in the line of duty his pay must cease during the period of his disability. To meet this ruling the surgeon general has prepared a bill conferring upon these officers the same rights and privileges as commissioned officers of the regular army and providing for the payment of their salaries during absence.

The other ruling of the comptroller is that notwithstanding the volunteer army act providing for the assignment of an assistant surgeon with the rank of captain to each regiment of volunteers such officers can only receive the pay of a lieutenant, this construction being based on a regular army requirement that medical officers shall serve five years in the grade of lieutenant before becoming entitled to a captain's pay. To meet this difficulty Surgeon General Sternberg has prepared a bill specifically providing for the payment of the salary of a captain, mounted, to such assistant surgeons.

THEY STAND TEST.

Automobile Fire Engines Are Successfully Used in an Experiment in Paris.

The cable dispatches announcing that automobiles had proven a success in connection with the fire department in New York finds an echo in Paris, where an electric hose cart, designed and constructed by the technical section of the Paris fire brigade under the direction of Capitaine Ingenieur Cordier, has stood the test of practical experience and is now working in admirable fashion. At several fires it arrived before engines and hose carts drawn by horses.

The fire department has ordered six other electric fire extinguishing machines of different models, including a hook and ladder and steam fire engines, which will be used should occasion demand in connection with the exposition in 1900.

The motive power of the hose cart now in use is supplied by an invention of MM. Bouquet, Garcon and Schiore, of Neuilly sur Seine.

Growth of the Telephone System.

It is stated that the close of this year will see 3,500 independent telephone exchanges in operation, having over 750,000 instruments. In 1880 there were under rental use in the country 60,873 telephones. One year later the number had increased to 132,692. In 1898 the number of telephones in use was over 1,000,000. In 1885 there was in use in the various systems and modes of building 137,223 miles of telephone wire. At the beginning of this year the mileage had increased to 1,158,000 miles. The use of the telephone is more common in the United States than in any other country.

New Roof for Crystal Palace.

An entire new glass covering has been ordered for the roof of the Crystal palace in London. The total glass area to be covered is about 15 acres.

Huge Donations.

The Methodists of England intend to gather $5,000,000 before the end of the century. Since January $3,750,000 has been donated.

Cameron County Press.

ESTABLISHED BY C. B. GOULD.

HENRY H. MULLIN,
Editor and Manager.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Per year.....$2 00
If paid in advance.....$1 50

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

Rates by the year or for six or three months are low and uniform, and will be furnished on application.

Legal and Official Advertising per square, three times or less, $2 00; each subsequent insertion 50 cents per square.

Local notices ten cents per line for one insertion, five cents per line for each subsequent consecutive insertion.

Obituary notices over five lines, ten cents per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

Business Cards, five lines or less $5.00 per year over five lines, at the regular rates of advertising

No local inserted for less than 75 cts. per issue.

JOB PRINTING.

The Job department of the PRESS is complete, and affords facilities for doing the best class of work. PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO Law Printing.

No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

POINTED COMMENT.

French caricaturists must be very bitter or John Bull must be very thin skinned to make so much fuss over a trifle. He ought to take a course in American politics.

***

Mr. Bryan's positive refusal to accept the appointment as Senator from Nebraska implies that the former boy orator does not expect ever to come to Washington in an official capacity.

***

If Billy Mason really desires to do something practical for the Boers, why does he not place an embargo on those thousands of Missouri mules that are being shipped to the Transvaal for use by the British?

***

Thus far Lincoln and Grant were the only Republican statesmen honored by a Presidential nomination without a contest, but unless all signs are awry, the honor will also fall to William McKinley next June.

***

It might be well for some of those loud-voiced critics of the President's message to read the document. Its perusal would increase their general fund of information, and give them broader views of American policies and institutions.

***

Mr. Cannon of the House Committee on Appropriations seems to think that this will be another billion dollar Congress. Well, what of it? This has became a billion dollar country despite the calamity shouts of Mr. Bryan and his clique.

***

Why should National Republican Convention be controlled by delegates from states that never went anything but Democratic and never will? Why should Texas have as much to say as Massachusetts in nominating a Republican President?

***

About this time of year Congress is usually besieged by a multitude of communications, from persons who know just how the affairs of state should be conducted. Strange to relate, however, the neighbors of these monopolizers of wisdom never elect them to Congress.

***

Just now Great Britain is much exercised because the Boers are using dum dum bullets. At the Hague, it will be remembered, Great Britain was one of the countries which refused to vote for the exclusion of this kind of bullets from modern warfare. Evidently it makes a difference to John Bull who is at the business end of a dum dum.

***

It might be well to remind those vociferous persons who declare that the Republican party is the party of trusts that a majority of the Justices of the United States Supreme Court are Republicans, and that the recent decision against the pipe trust is the severest blow that monopoly trust has received in many years.

***

The Governor of Guam has applied to the War Department for an ice manufacturing machine. This application should not be understood as evidence that the natives are making it hot for him, or that they gave him a cool reception, which he wishes to return in kind. Doubtless, he is about to introduce the natives to some of the comforts of up-to-date living.

***

With not a Democratic Governor in the North, not a single Democratic Senator from a northern state, and with New York, New Jersey and Connecticut strongly entrenched in the Republican pyramid, it would seem as though Mr. Bryan's leading of the Democratic ass is direct to the dismal swamp of defeat again next year. But Republicans will be glad to see the Bryan leadership.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents a box. For sale by L. Taggart.
v31-n2-1y

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 18th, 1899.

Speaker Henderson had an unusual experience in connection with the Republican Financial Bill, which was to-day passed by the House, by a decisive majority, including every Republican member of the House and a few Democrats, and he is naturally much pleased. He had the honor of being Chairman of the Caucus Committee which prepared the bill as well as being the Speaker of the House that passed it. The bill will go over to the Senate at once, but whether it will be reported to the Senate from the Finance Committee, to which it will be referred, with amendments, or whether the bill prepared by the Republican members of that committee, during the summer recess, which differs somewhat from the House bill, will be reported as a substitute, is not yet positively known, although the chances favor the latter action.

President McKinley left a number of prominent men waiting in his office while he accompanied Mrs. Hobart, who had been in Washington several days, arranging for the removal of her late husband's personal property to her New Jersey home, to the railroad station. It was a thoughtful and courteous act, but Mr. McKinley is one of the most thoughtful and courteous of men at all times.

Republicans in the House enjoyed the little spat over Kentucky politics, between Representatives Berry and Wheeler, of that State, both Democrats. Mr. Berry is an anti-Goebel Democrat, while Mr. Wheeler is a Goebel man. The most significant thing about this Democrat squabble was the declaration of Mr. Wheeler that Goebel would be Governor of Kentucky before Spring, which indicates an intention on the part of the Goebelites to try to get the legislature to oust Governor Taylor and put Goebel in. It has been understood for some days in Washington, that Joe Blackburn was working towards that end, because as long as he can keep the governship dangling before the eyes of Goebel, he can keep Goebel from trying to get the Senatorship. At the conclusion of the Democratic washing of dirty linen, Representative Boreing of Ky., a Republican, make a few remarks. He said: "I am willing to admit that one faction of the Democratic party in Kentucky is just as bad as the other factiou says it is, but in so far as I understand the remarks of Mr. Wheeler, that the election of Gen. Taylor was accomplished by fraud and rascality, I desire to denounce that as untrue. The election was held by a Goebel Democratic commission, under the Goebel election law, enacted for the express purpose of elevating Goebel to power. It must be in bad taste and must be humiliating to both Mr. Goebel and his representative upon this floor, to announce that they appealed from the decision of their own board."

The choice of Philadelphia for the Republican convention city of next year, by a majority of one vote in the National Committee, was most fitting in view of the brotherly love now existing in the Republican party, which is more harmonious than at any time in its history, and of the fact that the ticket is likely to be nominated by acclamation. Chicago lost the convention by over-confidence, accepting the belief that it was bound to be chosen, instead of hustling; New York was never seriously considered.

The membership of the three new Senate Committees, created to deal with legislation affecting our new possessions and Cuba is one of which the country may be proud; they contain as much ability as any three committees in the Senate. Senator Foraker is Chairman of the Committee on Pacific Islands and Porto Rico, and the Republican members are Gallinger, Perkins, Fairbanks, Nelson, McComas, and Depew; the Democratic members are Cockerill, Pettigrew, who was classed as a Democrat in the Committee assignments; Mallory, and Clark, of Montana. Senator Lodge is Chairman of the Committee on the Philippines, and the Republican members are Allison, Hale, Davis, Proctor, McBride, and Beveridge; the Democratic members are Rawlins, Turley, end Culbertson, leaving one vacancy, which will probably go to Allan, who has been appointed by the Governor of Nebraska to fill a vacancy. Senator Platt, of Conn., is Chairman on the Committee on relations with Cuba, and the Republican members are Aldridge, Cullom, Davis, McMillan, Chandler, and Spooner; the Democratic members are Teller, who is classed as a Democrat, although he still calls himself a silver Republican, Money, Butler, and Talliaferro.

Senator Hanna entertained the Republican National Committee, of which he is Chairman, at the close of their meeting, at a banquet, which was a veritable Republican love feast. There were sixty guests.

Senator Quay is in Washington, while the Senate Committee on elections is considering his claim for a seat. He says he is perfectly confident of being seated. The Committee has heard arguments for and against Mr. Quay, but it is hardly probable that it will report before the holiday recess, as Congress will adjourn, on Wednesday, until Jan. 3.

The Ohio Republican Association gave Gov.-elect Nash, a rousing and enthusiastic public reception, Saturday night.

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtain, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement, that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefitted from first dose. She continued its use and after taking six bottles, found herself sound and well; now does her own housework, and is as well as she ever was.—Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at L. Taggart's Drug Store. Only 50 cents and $1.00, every bottle guaranteed.

First Fork.

W. Bailey was up to see his daughter at Packer over Sunday.

Rev. Weise preached on Sunday after being absent several weeks.

The school directors of Grove Township have put in a new coal stove in the Gilmore school house.

The Bailey and Haynes schools both closed their terms last week, and the teachers have gone home.

We understand that several hundred thousand feet passed the boom on account of the sudden rise, and went on down river.

The surveyors of the B & S. R. R. measured the distance from Wharton to Sinnemahoning on Friday, and found it to be 18 miles.

Miles Smith was "skinning out" a bear early Monday morning. Of course he wouldn't kill a bear Sunday, only in self defense.

***

The log drivers came back home on Saturday night and Sunday, and now when there comes a little more snow, they will be ready for another bear hunt.

Barclay Bro's. log drive started on Tuesday morning, as the rain of Monday raised the stream considerably. They reached the boom at Sinnamahoning on Saturday at about 3 o'clock.

PENNSY'S PENSION FUND.

Preparing to Put It in Operation on January 1.

Philadelphia, Dec. 11.—The officers of the proposed pension fund to be inaugurated by the Pennsylvania Railroad on its entire system east of Pittsburg and Erie, composed of the vice presidents and assistant comptroller of the company, met yesterday to consider matters of detail in connection with the prospect. The plan has already been approved by the boards of directors of the Pennsylvania and Northern Central railroad and the boards of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore, the West Jersey & Seashore and the West Jersey Ferry company will also be asked to approve. The officers are still hard at work perfecting the details of the plan, which are now nearly completed. One of the most important matters of detail is to fix the amount each pensioner of the company is to receive. While all details are being closely guarded, it is understood that this amount will be on a percentage basis of the salary received during the ten years preceeding the pension.

About 1,000 employes, it is said, will be retired under the provision of the pension fund on January 1. These will create a number of vacancies, and as some of the positions to be vacated are important there is a natural expectancy among those who remain as to who will succeed to these positions. While no action has yet been taken looking to the adoption of the pension plan on the company's western system, an official of the fund said that its benefits would subsequently be extended to that system.

A SURE CURE FOR CROUP.

Twenty-Five Year's Constant Use Without a Failure.

The first indication of croup is hoarseness, and in a child subject to that disease it may be taken as a sure sign of the approach of an attack. Following this hoarseness is a peculiar rough cough. If Chamberlain's cough remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough appears, it will prevent the attack. It is used in many thousands of homes in this broad land and never disappoints the anxious mothers. We have yet to learn of a single instance in which it has not proved effectual. No other preparation can show such a record—twenty-five years' constant use without a failure. For sale by L. Taggart. dec

If you want a Tenant.
If you want a Boarder,
If you want to Sell Anything,
If you want to Borrow money,
If you want to Buy Anything,—
If you want to Lend Money,
Advertise in the PRESS.

Story of a Slave.

To be bound hand and foot for years by the chains of disease is the worst form of slavery. George D. Williams, of Manchester, Mich., tells how such a slave was made free. He says: "My wife has been so helpless for five years that she could not turn over in bed alone. After using two bottles of Electric Bitters she is wonderfully improved and able to do her own work." This supreme remedy for female diseases quickly cures nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, headache, backache, fainting and dizzy spells. This miracle working medicine is a godsend to weak, sickly, run down people. Every bottle guaranteed. Only 50 cents. Sold by L. Taggart, Druggist.

School Reports.

Monthly Report of Sterling Run Primary school: Averages, Male 96; Female 97.

Those who have missed no time this month are: Male, Joe Furlong, Grant Hart, Harry Whiting, Clifford Devling, George Keefe, Carlton Smith. Female, Alice Strawbridge, Katie May, Celia Gilmartin, Jennie Anderson, Grace Summerson, Katrina Smith, May Cranton, Lola Hart, Ruth Whiting, Freda Summerson. Visitors Mrs. Emmit Lord, Mrs. W. A. Marsh, Ronald Welsh, Miss Mattie Collins, Supt.

Following is the report of Sterling Run Grammar School for the month beginning Nov. 6 and ending Dec. 5. 1899. Whole attendance; Males 10, Females 14, Total 24. Average Attendance, Males 8, Females 14, Total 22. Percent of attendance, Males 94, Females 98. Names of pupils in regular attendance during the month. Nellie Keefe, Pearl Marsh, Edna Summerson, Blanche Kissel, Flora Ebersole, Lora Keefe, Grace Devling, Ada Kissel, Nellie Whiting, Francis Summerson, Gladys Keefe, Audrey Smith, Charles May, Robert Gentry, John Kissel Dewit Mason. Visitors, Miss Mattie Collins, Supt. D. BRUCE PETERSON, Prin.

Report of Beechwood School for month closing December 4th. Number of pupils enrolled, 36.

Sixth grade: Florence Rhodes, 90; Charles Bush, 89; Nellie Morrison, 89; Edith Rhodes, 89; Laura Morrison, 89.

Fourth grade: William McDonald, 94; Bertha Rhodes 93, Fred Wainright, 90; Linda Wainright, 88; Elsie Morrison 87, William Hovis, 86; Joseph Reid, 86.

Third grade: Charles Reid, 88; Michael Evers, 88; William Armstrong, 87; James Bush, 86; John Hovis, 86.

Second grade: Irene Rhodes, 92; Albert Morrison, 89; Ralph Morrison, 84; Eddie Morrison, 84; Laura Kirkpatrick, 84.

First grade, first division: Annie Bush 92, Laura McDonald, 91; Andrew Hovis, 86; Floyd Morrison, 86.

First grade, second division: Clifford Morrison, 94; Edward Wainright, 93; Charles Kirkpatrick, 92, Lily Bush 90, Edith Curry, 90; Joseph Hovis, 89; Grace Wainright, 88.

Notice.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50 cent bottle of Downs' Elixir if it does not cure any cough, cold, croup, whooping cough or throat trouble. We also guarantee Downs' Elixir to cure consumption, when used according to directions, or money back. A full dose on going to bed and small doses during the day will cure the most severe cold, and stop the most distressing cough. For sale by L. Taggart, and R. C. Dodson.

Dry Goods and Carpets!

Adam,
Meldrum &
Anderson Co.

396 to 408 Main St.—American Block,

BUFFALO, N. Y.

THIS WEEK

WE OFFER

Great
Attractions
TO
Christmas
Shoppers.

Our stock of dry goods novelties, of fancy goods, china, lamps, clocks, toys, games and dolls is the largest in Buffalo and our prices are the lowest.

Out-of-town customers will receive every attention and courtesy possible to facilitate their Christmas buying.

Luncheon, refreshments and meals of all kinds furnished at reasonable prices in our fourth floor dining-room at any hour of the day.

Read the Buffalo papers for daily Christmas bargains.

ADAM, MELDRUM & ANDERSON CO.,
The American Block.
BUFFALO, N. Y

JUST RECEIVED!

AT THE FAIR,

H. A. ZARPS & CO.,

Ladies Coats, Capes and Satin Skirts.

Fascinators,
Collarrettes,
Winter Hosiery,
Winter Underwear,
Ladies Wrappers.

New and beautiful line of
China and Glassware.

Our large Store is a
WONDERLAND ITSELF.

No Cheap Trash, but we sell at low prices.

H. A. ZARPS & CO.

FASHIONABLE AND UP-TO-DATE

Merchant Tailors

ARE

R. SEGER & CO.,

Opposite M. E. Church, Emporium, Pa.

We have prepared for the rush in business and while we are busy we always have time to serve our old patrons. NEW STYLES in piece goods for early winter are now ready for inspection. There is no use of sending to Philadelphia, Buffalo or any other place for clothing. You pay more money than we charge and goods are no better, fit no better and you send the money away from home.

OUR PRICES are up-to date and if we do not give you satisfaction we will make it right.

R. Seger & Co.,

EMPORIUM, PA.

Greeting

We are having a big trade in groceries and meats, the biggest we ever remember.

WHY?

Because we do business on business principles. We cater alike to the masses and carry a line of goods to suit the purse of the poorest or the fastidious taste of the richest.

We carry a complete line of Groceries and Meats and the quality is always the best.

Give us a call.

Alex. McDougall,

Groceries and Meat.

Emporium, Pa.

Shadow and Light
Blend most softly and play most effectively over a festive scene when thrown by waxen candles.
The light that heightens beauty's charm, that gives the finished touch to the drawing room or dining room, is the mellow glow of
BANQUET WAX CANDLES
Sold in all colors and shades to harmonize with any interior hangings or decorations.
Manufactured by
STANDARD OIL CO.
For sale everywhere.

The Place to Buy Cheap
—IS AT—
J. F. PARSONS.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

—AT—

H. C. OLMSTED

STORE.

We are stocking up the store with new and seasonable goods.

An elegant assortment of Ladies Capes and Jackets, on which we can save you money.

NEW DRESS GOODS,
UNDERWEAR,
HOSIERY,
GLOVES and
MITTENS,
MEN'S, BOYS', GIRLS and CHILDREN'S HATS and CAPS.

We also have a good assortment of the Assigned stock, which we are closing at great bargains.

C. JAY GOODNOUGH,

ASSIGNEE.

THE PEOPLE'S

CLOTHING HOUSE,

Metzger Block, Opp. Post-office,

Is giving away a SHOE POLISHING STAND to each and every purchaser of $15.00 worth of goods from our store.

The latest styles in

MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING.

The popular shapes in HATS and CAPS, including the stylish "Broadway Special" and "Electric City Special." Call and see these popular hats. None more stylish in the country. We are the exclusive agents for these celebrated hats, in Cameron county.

Our Prices are Right

Jasper Harris,

PROPRIETOR,

EMPORIUM, PA.

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN CURES CONSTIPATION.

R. C. DODSON,
—THE—
Druggist,
EMPORIUM, PA.

IS LOCATED IN THE CORNER STORE.
At Fourth and Chestnut Sts..

Look out now for colds and coughr induced by sudden changes in winte. weather. An ounce or two of preven tion sometimes works wonders. I have on hand a complete assortment of cough lozenges, tablets, troches, syrups, &c., &c., for those who must cough. Just received a new line of money books, card cases, purses &c., &c.

R. C. DODSON.

EMPORIUM
MILLING COMPANY.

PRICE LIST.

Emporium, Pa., Nov. 21, 1899.

NEMOPHILA, per sack	$1 10
Graham, "	55
Rye "	55
Buckwheat, "	75
Patent Meal, "	40
Coarse Meal, per 100,	95
Chop Feed, "	95
White Middlings, "	1 10
Bran, "	1 00
Corn, per bushel,	53
White Oats, per bushel,	40
Choice Clover Seed,	At Market Prices.
Choice Timothy Seed,	
Choice Millet Seed,	
Fancy Kentucky Blue Grass,	

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Contributions invited. That which you would like to see in this department, let us know by postal card, or letter, personally.

Wm. G. Bair was called to Olean on business, Friday.

Henry Auchu took his family to Buffalo where they met their daughter Hattie and accompanied her home.

Guy S. Felt, book-keeper for the Emporium Milling Co., is enjoying a vacation among Philadelphia relatives and friends.

Mr. Ed. Blinzler, of Emporium, was in town this week visiting his father-in-law, Mr. August Fledderman.—St. Marys Gazette.

B. W. Green, Esq., one of Emporium's well-known attorneys, was a business visitor in Smethport last Friday.—Smethport Democrat.

Miss Hattie Auchu, who has been attending school at Montreal, returned home on Friday to spend the Holidays with her parents and friends.

Messrs. Fred Cooper and Ralph Avery, and Miss Gertrude Avery, of Keating Summit, attended the hop at the opera house last Friday evening.

C. H. Dunbolton has moved here from Emporium and occupies the Dalrymple house on Pearl street. He is an optician by profession and practice. —Port Allegany Reporter.

Harry George, who has been at Liberty for some time, was captured by Emporium's social set on Friday last, and was a willing prisoner in their hands at the fete on Friday evening.

D. J. Mulcahy, son of our old patron, John Mulcahey, P. & E. track foreman at Fenton's, was a social caller at the PRESS office on Friday last and as a result this excellent family will read the PRESS another year.

Mrs. Lyman Lewis returned from Jersey City last Saturday, where she was called to see her nephew, Lawrence Barton, who met with a serious accident on the Belvidere R. R., where he is employed as an engineer. She also visited at New York, Brooklyn and Hoboken.

E. F. Cummings and Thos. C. Johnson, now located at Alleganey City, Pa., are agents for the Chartiers Land Company, for lands located in Rosslyn Park. Both are hustlers and their friends in this section hope they may live in brown stone fronts as a result of their energy.

Geo. H. Dickinson, one of the faithful and most intelligent employees of the Climax Powder Co., of this place, was an agreeable visitor at this office Saturday evening. Of course he reads the PRESS, has done so for years and will continue for years to come, we hope.

Don. M. Larrabee will arrive this Thursday morning from Philadelphia for a "special purpose," in addition to visiting his parents and friends, and exhibiting the handsome gold watch presented to him by the New York Life Insurance people as a testimonial of their regard.

B. F. Housler was a brief PRESS office caller on Tuesday.

Tom Carney has moved from Cameron to Emporium.

Dr. A. W. Baker is confined to his residence with quinsy.

Miss Deliah Clair, of Cameron, was shopping in town to-day.

We regret to hear our friend C. G. Schmidt is on the sick list

Ben Hacket's only child, a daughter died this (Thursday) morning.

Jos. Kaye and Jos. Lingle have been visiting in the south the past week.

William H. Howard and wife visited Philadelphia latter part of last week.

Jos. and Chas. Fisher's father, of Indiana county, visited in Emporium the past week.

Ralph Davison and sister, Miss Mary, arrived home to-day to spend the holiday vacation.

Mrs. Lemuel Lucore, of Portage, is we regret to inform our readers in very poor health.

Rev. Ebersole, of Sterling Run, was a very welcome visitor to the PRESS office this morning.

Mrs. J. D. Swope, who has been seriousty ill for some days, we are glad to state is improving.

Neil Coppersmith took his mother to Buffalo yesterday to see the sights and have a general good time.

Jake Troup is nursing a sore toe, the result of an injury received at the furnace, one day this week.

Mrs. Watt, mother of Mrs. Schnyder, was called to Watsontown on Tuesday, on account of the sickness of her son,

Ambrose Kane, an employee at the furnace, dropped a tweer-pipe on his foot yesterday, smashing it very badly.

Zarps' Wonderland store requires the services of several lady clerks this week to meet the wants of purchasers.

William Weiman, chemist for Emporium Furnace Company will spend Christmas with his parents at Lebanon.

P. L. Van Allen, of Buffalo, N. Y., was calling on Emporium friends yesterday. He represents the Cincinnati Casket Company.

Miss Lillian Heilman, who has proven a great success as one of our Borough teachers, was a PRESS visitor Tuesday afternoon.

The Emporium Band will hold a social dance in the Opera House, on Monday evening, December 25. Come and enjoy yourself.

"Cash" Shaffer, returned from Wisconsin on Monday to visit his parents at Sinnamahoning. He stopped in Emporium to visit friends.

Sheriff-elect J. D. Swope who has been confined to his residence for several days, in addition to his wife's serious illness is able to be about again.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Rich, formerly of this place, are spending the winter at Orlando, Fla. The PRESS follows them there.

John R. Heilman of this place goes to St. Marys this week to take charge of the St. Marys Creamery during the three weeks holiday vacation of Mr. Sweeny the present manager.

A new insurance agent put in its appearance at Frank Judd's residence yesterday and of course in time the young man will get in his work. Mother and son doing nicely.

Mr. Chas. Russell, of Meshoppen, Pa., is visiting relatives and friends in Emporium. Mr. R. is brother to Welber and Allen Russell, deceased, and has many friends in this section.

William Lawler, the genial foreman at the tannery at this place dropped in to see the PRESS and while spinning a few yarns with Dave Martin Butler took occasion to push the date ahead one year more on his PRESS.

The PRESS was honored with visits from Postmaster Chas. Seger, accompanied by his brother H. G. Seger, of Chicago; W. W. Fisher, of Ashland, Wis., and J. H. Morehouse, of Pittsburg, the two latter named gentlemen being brothers-in-law to Messrs. Seger.

Cut in Twain By Circular Saw.

Walter Seely, of Sabinsville, a well known lumber manufacturer, met a shocking death at his own mill, located on the West Branch above Galeton, the afternoon of Dec. 4. No one knows how the accident occurred, for none of the mill hands were looking in Mr. Seely's direction at the critical time. The first known was a cry of terror, and his body was discovered lying on the saw, which was tearing through his flesh back of the left shoulder and was nearly through his body when his clothing caught in the guides and stopped the saw. Mr. Seely asked for a drink of water and then relapsed into unconsciousness and died in a few minutes.

Mr. Seely was a hard working man and highly respected. He was familiar with machinery and operated a portable mill for some time between Westfield and Sabinsville.—Wellsboro Advocate.

Thanks

To the very kin[illegible]nds who so willingly gave us th[illegible]elp during the illness and death of ou[illegible] daughter. We wish especially to thank the Choir and our paster for their services.

M. GERMOND AND FAMILY.

Notes and News.

Get Harper's Magazine for December and read Mark Twain's story of how a man corrupted Hadleyburg. If you can't smile you need either a doctor or an undertaker.

Revival meetings now in progress in the F. M. church. And whosoever will may come. Our quarterly meeting will begin Friday evening and continue over the Sabbath.

W. P. ROUPE, P. E.
H. H. BRADLEY, Pastor.

From circular letters printed in the PRESS office jobbing department we learn that some of the stockholders and creditors of the Mankey Furniture Company of this place, are endeavoring to devise some plan for the re-organization of that important industry, and thereby put a stop to the litigation in progress. This is one of the most complete furniture manufacturing plants in the country, and any plan that may be devised to ensure its future success will be received with gladness by our citizens.

Emmanuel Church Christmas Service.

Monday, 10:00 a. m., Morning Prayer and Holy Communion.

The Sunday School Festival and Christmas tree will be held on Saturday evening, Dec. 23, at 7 o'clock.

Table linen should be ironed when quite damp and ironed with a very hot and very heavy iron.

Embroideries should be ironed on a thin, smooth surface over thick flannel, and only on the wrong side.

The Gus Sun Rising Minstrels.

At Opera House Wednesday, Dec. 27th, 1899. Gus Sun Rising Minstrels will be seen for one night only. From the press notices we have seen from various papers we are led to believe this is one of the best minstrel companies that has appeared in this city for years. The organization is composed of thirty-five artists, called from the best talent of the country, among whom we mention, Henry J. Yorkey, the prince of entertainers, principal endman and monologust; Brooks and Carr, song and dance artists; Lambert and Mack, female burlesquers; Ivy and Mack, musical mokes, late of the principal music halls of Europe; W. N. Miller, America's famous baritone; Sam Drane, song and dance comedian, Tom T. Shae, comedian and acrobatic dancer; E. W. Chipman, bass soloist, Gus Sum, the world's greatest equilibrist, juggler and balancer, besides a large number of singers, musicians and dancers. The entertainment will open with a "Lawn Tenais" First Part, embellished with beautiful costumes, special scenery and mechanical effects—not the old moss-grown offering, but an entirely new and novel creation, introducing the entire personale of the company. Following this, the various artists in their respective specialties will constitute the olio, which will be closed with the big son and dance entitled "The Chicken Thieves." The evening's program will terminate in Frank Dumont's funniest of absurdities, "The Summer Hotel." introducing the famous and popular comedian, Mr. Henry J. Yorkey, and others. This company enjoys the reputation of producing nothing but the newest and most successful songs, dances, specialties and acts, and we feel safe in assuring our readers this will be the minstrel event of the season—one long to be remembered as an evening of wholesome entertainment, teeming with fun and laughter, a welcomed release from business cares and worry. Seats now on sale at H. S. Lloyd's Book Store. Prices, children under 12 years 25c. General Admission 35c. Reserved seats 50c. Indications are that standing room will be at a premium.

The Gas Flickered.

Tuerday afternoon at 4 o'clock, the gas flickered for awile, and then it flickered some more, and then it flicked. The telephone at the gas office was continually ringing, until Mr. Weidenboerner, the urbane clerk, had his patience sorely tried, but finally night came and with the falling shades the gas came on once more, and all was well. But while the excitement lasted St. Marys was a busy place and there was a hurrying to and fro, and the hungry man coming home for supper was obliged to go out and hustle for wood, the merry ring of the woodsman's axe, reminding one of the good old times when wood and coal were the only fuel. Old lamps were hunted up, filled and trimmed, candles were brought into requisition and many ate supper by the light of other days. And the whole stoppage of the gas supply only lasted about two hours, setting the people to pondering on what it would be like if the gas supply was to become exhausted. Wednesday morning there was another little shortage, but at present writing everybody has gas to burn. The cause of the shortage of gas was due to connecting a new well.—St. Marys Gazette.

$25 Reward!

THE above reward will be paid for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the person or persons misplacing our switches, thereby endangering the lives of our employees and the safety of our property.

42-3t EMPORIUM FURNACE CO.

NOTICE OF MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS.

THE Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Emporium & Rich Valley R. R. Co., will be held at the Law Office of B. W. Breen, Tuesday, Jan. 16th, 1900, at one o'clock, p. m., for the election of officers and the transaction of such other business as may come before them.

J. W. KAYE, Sec'y.

Emporium, Pa., Dec. 14th, 1899.

NEW STORE. FRESH GOODS.
CRAMER'S
Popular Variety Store

New line of winter Coats and Capes. Elegant in texture and make.
Newest styles in Fancy Dress patterns.
Fine line of Ready-made Clothing of the best manufacture.

Ladies' - Furnishing - Goods.

Tinware, Glassware,
Silverware, Dishes, by sets,
One hundred piece
Dinner and Tea Sets,
Crockery,
Lamps, Lanterns,
Clocks,
Table Oil Cloth,
Clothes Wringers,
Window Shades, Wall Paper,
Sewing Machines,

D. F. CRAMER,
Emporium, Pa.

ELECTION NOTICE.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
Emporium, Pa., Dec. 6th, 1899.

THE annual meeting of the Stockholders for the election of a Board of Directors and the transaction of such other business as may be laid before them, will be held at the Bank on Tuesday, January 9th, 1900, between the hours of one and three in the afternoon. Polls close at three.

41-6t M. P. WHITING, Cashier.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, } ss:
COUNTY OF CAMERON. }

NOTICE is hereby given that B. W. Green, Esq., Executor of the last will and testament of Duncan S. McDonald, late of Emporium Borough, deceased, has filed his first and partial account of his administration of said estate, and the same will be presented to the Orphan's Court, at January term next, for confirmation *ni si*.

C. JAY GOODNOUGH, Register.

Register's Office, }
Emporium, Pa., Dec. 18th, 1899. } 43-4t

COURT PROCLAMATION.—WHEREAS:—The Hon. CHAS. A. MAYER President Judge and the Hons. JOHN MCDONALD and J.C. BONHAM, Associate Judges of the Courts of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Orphans' Court and Court of Common Pleas for the county of Cameron, have issued their precept bearing date the 28th day of October A. D., 1899, and to me directed for holding Court of Oyer and Terminer, General Jail Delivery, Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Orphans' Court and Court of Common Pleas, in the Borough of Emporium, Pa., on Monday, the 15th day of January 1900, at 2 o'clock, p. m., and to continue one week.

Notice is hereby given to the Coroners, Justices of the Peace and Constables within the county, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 2 o'clock, p. m., of said day, with their rolls, records, inquisitions, examinations, and other rememberances, to do those things which to their offices appertain to be done. And those who are bound by their recognizance to prosecute against them as will be just.

Dated at Emporium, Pa., Dec. 19th, 1899, and in the 123d year of the Independence of the United States of America.

FRANK MUNDY, Sheriff.

WE ARE READY FOR
Winter?
Are You?
R. SEGER & SON,
Next to Bank, Emporium, Pa.
UP-TO-DATE CLOTHIERS.

We took time by the forelock and made our purchases of

FALL AND WINTER
CLOTHING,

Thereby securing the cream of the market. Times are not as they used to be—"the early bird catches the worm." Our customers shall have the benefit. In clothing we have secured the very popular

SCHLOSS BRO'S & CO.'s
BALTIMORE CLOTHING.

This firm manufactures the best goods in the market and we are pleased to show our customers their clothing.

STYLISH HATS.

When we say we have the most stylish line of late fall and all-winter shapes in Hats we mean just what we say. We have never yet seen a larger or better line in this county.

ALL UP-TO-DATE,

We have recently disposed of all old goods and our present line has been selected new in every department.

R. SEGER & SON.
Emporium, Pa

THE FAIR,
H. A. ZARPS & CO., Proprietors,
EMPORIUM, PA.

WE HAVE COMMENCED OUR
WONDERLAND SALE.

An Immense Holiday Stock!

GOING AT POPULAR PRICES.

Never has our large store appeared to better advantage than this year and we do not fear comparison with the larger establishments in towns many times larger than Emporium. We have everything you want in the Holiday line. We have articles that will make suitable presents for young ladies and gentlemen. You will find handsome articles for your father, mother, husband, wife or lover. We have the goods and our large floor space, 50x150 feet is literally packed from floor to ceiling with all that's beautiful, cheap and durable.

DINNER SETS AND CHINA FOR GIFTS.

Never a housekeeper who had too much China. Always appropriate for holiday giving. Beauty and usefullness here combined. Not even a newspaper could give a complete description of this department.

LAMPS.

Speaking of Lamps we are reminded that $1.25 to $8 now will secure a lamp that in every way looks the equal of one that cost $25 only a few years ago.

ALLUMINUM AND PLATED WARE.

In kitchen utensilr we are selling great quantities of the mos celebrated make of goods. We are not favorable to the cheap makes of this class of goods with which the country is flooded.

TOYS FOR THE TOTS.

Children must have playthings. Come and see all the games and toys we have to show. No trouble to have children interested in playthings if the proper things are provided. Even 5 and 10 cents will buy some very instructive and helpful Toys and Games from our counters.

We have dolls of all the different kinds that are manufactured and the way we keep filling up the stock as they are sold you would think we run a doll factory.

CANDY DEPARTMENT.

You will find at 12c per pound, pure Candy not surpassed for the price anywhere. We alwaye carry an up to date line of confectionery and as heretofore we will give half pound of good candy to every purchaser of $2.00's worth of goods at our store.

CELLULOID NOVELTIES.

Five and ten cents to as many dollars. Dressing Cases, Glove Boxes, Music Rolls, Fancy Baskets, Manicure Sets, Photograph Albums, Fancy Box Paper, Umbrellas and Stamped Linens.

SILVER NOVELTIES.

We have the largest and handsomest line embracing hundreds of handsome Novelties. The prices are right, too.

CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES.

Toilet Cases in Cliuloid,
Toilet Cases in Paper-mache,
Fancy Perfume Bottles,
Japanese Trays,
Automizers,
Paper Weights,
Ink Wells,
Nested Blocks,
Sail Boats,
Animals,
Trumpets, Tops,
Doll Swings,
Ash Receivers, etc.
Mirrors for Dresser,
Vases,
Perfumeries,
Iron Toys, 10c to $2,
Engine Trucks,
Hook and Ladder,
Delivery Wagons,
Railroad Trains, etc.,
Pin Cushions,
Fancy Calendars,
Chaletain Bags,
Belts,
Bisque Ornaments,
Books of all kinds,
Games of all kinds,
Dolls, all sizes,
Dolls of all kinds and prices.
Handkerchiefs,

PICTURES. We have the pictures that are selling this year. Don't wait too long before you see them. Medallions, Etchings and Photographs in varied styles and frames. Beauties, all of them. Great big handsome presents for little money. Pictures for the parlor, dining room, library and bed room.

BARGAINS. China Cups and Saucers that cannot be duplicated at the price. Come and see how nicely they are decorated. More than one style, too. Decorated Plates 5c and up to as many dollars each. Christmas Tree Ornaments, etc. Poems, Bibles and standard works.

Collarettes, Capes and Jackets at greatly reduced prices, from to December 31st, to close. Mercerized Waists, Skirts, &c., in all new ideas. New styles in Muffs.

It's folly to advertise great and wonderful things and then not have the goods or store to back it up.

We extend to you greetings. A merry Christmas month to all. With full confidence in you, we have provided a large and handsome stock.

Very truly yours,

H. A. ZARPS & CO.

HOW often, toward the end of life's long day
Have men of note their lives passed in review,
And said, as every man of truth must say,
"If I again could live, much better would I do."

How often have they shown mistakes of theirs,
Which they had made when in their youthful days;
Thus warned their hearers, lest they'd not beware,
So, fall into the error of their ways.

How often have these words gone unrecalled,
Till death came staring at the open door;
Then hearts have stood in terror, and, appalled,
Too late repented of the sins of yore.

Bright youth afar from us may long have fled;
Old eyes may be our only guides and charts:
But still another year has softly sped,
And finds us weak, with lowly, contrite hearts.

But now before us lies a snow-white path,
For us to tarnish, trample, blacken as we will;
Oh, give us strength, so when the year has passed,
The road behind shall be the white path still.

—Giles Bishop, Jr., in Boston Budget.

IT WAS the last day of the Old Year. London had recovered from its Christmas festivities—and their after effects—and was preparing to see the New Year in. In the misty hours of the December afternoon, two young men were gazing through the windows of a Piccadilly club at the people who were hurrying up and down that popular thoroughfare.

"Well, Densham," said the younger and darker of the two, "are you meditating any lofty and noble resolutions for the New Year?"

"I am afraid that is not much in my line," replied Lord Densham, in a slightly affected tone. "Why do you ask? Are you going to turn over a new leaf, as our spiritual pastors and masters call it?"

"I've turned over many new leaves," said Cecil Briarley, lightly; "but the same old tales, the same moth-eaten jokes of fate, seem to be written on all of them. No two years are the same, but they are all beastly similar."

"Ah, Briarley, I am thinking of making a great alteration," said Lord Densham, who was evidently in a communicative, though serious, mood.

"Really! Are you going to change your tailor, or only let your mustache grow?"

"Don't be flippant," said his lordship, in quite a melancholy tone. "The fact is, Briarley, old boy, I'm in a hole!"

"You in a hole. It's not money?"

"Of course not—it wouldn't be much use coming to you if it were, would it? No. I'm going to get married." This was drawled out slowly and with a deep sigh, as though the speaker felt he was making some mighty self-sacrifice for the benefit of humanity.

"I thought you looked jolly blue about something; but wherefore the hole?" asked Briarley. "Nobody compels you."

"My dear boy, everybody compels me," said Densham, gazing thoughtfully at his white and well-kept hands and finger nails, and adding, pathetically: "Of course, you don't know what it is to be highly eligible."

"No," replied Briarley, with a grim smile.

"But unfortunately I shall have to marry in self-defense," proceeded his lordship, taking no notice of his friend's remark. "It is sickening to feel that you are being run after by all the girls and all their match-making mammas."

"Poor, poor Densham!" murmured Briarley. "No wonder you are in a hole."

"Yes, but the worst of it is that I've fixed on two girls, and I can't for the life of me decide which of them to have."

"And who are the favored couple between whom Paris the Second has to judge?"

"One is Daisy Molyneux—the lively little thing with the blue eyes and the good figure, you know. Of course, she is very jolly and awfully fond of me—"

"Yes; and the other?"

"The other is Sybil Castlemaine."

"Who?"

"Sybil Castlemaine, your—er—second cousin, isn't she?"

"Good heavens!" muttered Briarley.

"What did you say?"

"Nothing. Do you think Sybil cares for you?"

"I am afraid there is not much doubt of it, old man," said his lordship, mournfully, as he languidly stroked his clean-shaven chin. "I used to fancy you were rather fond of her at one time, but, of course, it is impossible."

"Utterly!"

"Well, look here, old chap, I shouldn't ask everybody, but which of the two girls do you advise me to have?"

"Can't you have both?" asked Cecil, rather savagely.

"Now, come on, old fellow, give me your honest opinion. They're both nice, loving little girls, and it's an awful bore to have to choose. Which would you ask?"

"Well," said Briarley, slowly, and with a bitterness his companion did not appear to see, "it certainly is incredible that any girl could refuse the honor and privilege of being Lady Densham, wearing the Densham diamonds and sharing the Densham celebrity. The only wonder is that you have been permitted to enjoy your liberty for so long. I should advise you to have Daisy Molyneux."

"Not your cousin?"

"No; she would not suit you nearly as well as Miss Molyneux would."

"Thanks, awfully, old chap; I only just needed an impartial opinion like yours to help me to decide. I'll propose to Daisy to-night; she is going to be at Lady Vivyan's dance, and so is Sybil, so I can get it settled either way. Will you be there?"

"Yes, I expect so."

"Right, then I shall see you later."

As Cecil Briarley watched the retreating figure of the wealthy and coroneted friend who was so overburdened with unsought affections, and didn't know which of the two maidens he really loved, he summed up the situation in one word, which he muttered very low, and with heartfelt sincerity. No one heard it, but it is safe to conjecture that it was a syllable of most emphatic disapproval.

Lady Vivyan's rooms presented a gay and brilliant scene that evening. To welcome the new year with dancing and revelry, with music and mirth, was perhaps typical of the giddy social whirl in which hostess and guests revolved in their more or less important positions; but, after all, every day, every hour, start a new year, and it is only sentiment and commercial convenience that settles one particular chime as marking the commencement of another circle.

Lord Densham arrived early. He was attired with his usual care and correctness, and he wore, also, an air of determination that suited him very well. It displaced the appearance of indifference and listlessness which usually make the hereditary legislator look limp and flabby. He speedily discovered that both Daisy Molyneux and Sybil Castlemaine had come, and with a sigh of relief to think that his decision was at last made, he proceeded to seek out Miss Molyneux that he might acquaint her with the honor he proposed to do her.

It was considerably later when Cecil Briarley arrived. He was not in the best of spirits, and did not intend to do much dancing. One of the first persons he noticed was his own cousin.

"What, Sybil—you not dancing!"

"How are you, Cecil? No; I haven't been here long."

"Shall we sit down somewhere until some one comes and claims you?"

"By all means; it is quite a long time since I have had the chance of talking to you, Cecil."

"Have you never heard of Tantalus?" asked her cousin, as he led her to a secluded corner.

"Who was he? An ancient god, wasn't he?" replied Miss Castlemaine. "Was he a relative of Bacchus. The spirit decanters are named after him."

"No," said Cecil, very seriously. "He was a young man who longed for a certain prize, and it was just out of his reach."

"And this is apropos of what?" inquired Sybil.

"Tantalus would have been happier if his prize had been out of his sight as well as out of his reach."

"Why can't you talk like a rational being, Cecil?"

"I only wanted to say that in order to escape the madness of Tantalus, I have been letting my prize go out of sight. They are waltzing very nicely," he added, drawing her attention to one of the couples who were floating near them.

"Lord Densham and Daisy Molyneux?"

"Yes. Densham's a nice fellow, isn't he?"

"Ye-es. I suppose one would hardly call him shy or modest, would one?"

Her merry brown eyes looked up into his, but they didn't find any responsive twinkle.

"He has no need for modesty; he knows his worth."

"Every bit of it!" said Sybil.

"Yes; but when a fellow like that can choose any girl he likes—when he knows they are all like pretty apples asking to be plucked, it is enough to make him conceited."

"And other fellows jealous?" added Sybil mischievously

"Yes, and other fellows jealous."

"And I suppose none of the pretty apples can be strong enough to refuse to fall into his hand?"

"It would be a modern miracle if they did."

"Then, perhaps, the age of miracles has not yet gone," said Sybil, nodding gayly to him, as Lady Vivyan came up and introduced a new partner to her.

A little later Briarley was trying to soothe his feelings with a cigarette in the smoking-room when Lord Densham came up to him.

"I say, old chap, a funny thing has happened. She has refused me."

"Who has?"

"Why, Daisy Molyneux."

"By Jove! Were any signs of insanity ever noticed in the family before?" asked Cecil.

"No, I believe not," answered the peer, failing, as usual, to see any sarcasm in the question. "I tried to point out to her what it meant, but she stuck to it. Nice little girl, too."

"Well, I'm awfully sorry, Densham, really I am."

"It doesn't matter so very much; Miss Castlemaine is here, isn't she? You see, I can ask her, and get it settled."

"Of course you can," said Cecil, with a trace of bitterness in his tone.

"I think I'll go and find her. I'm rather sorry I wasted my time over that other silly girl, but it was your advice. Anyway, it makes my choice much easier."

As he walked off Cecil Briarley watched him, and although he was not a man given to the use of bad language it is a lamentable fact that a little word before referred to slipped with terrible earnestness from his lips.

When Lord Densham suggested to Sybil Castlemaine that they should sit the dance out in the conservatory, she saw that he meant to propose to her, and his lordship perceived that, under the circumstances, there was nothing to be gained by beating about the bush, and so he quickly led up to the business he had come to negotiate.

"NOW, TAKE ME, FOR EXAMPLE," HE WENT ON.

"It is rather serious to be standing on the edge of a new year, don't you think so, Miss Castlemaine? It makes one think."

"Really?" said Sybil, arching her pretty eyebrows.

"Yes; one looks at the past and then at the future, you know. Now, take me, for example," he went on, plunging into his carefully prepared and already rehearsed speech. "With money and good connections one can get on very well in life; but that isn't all, upon my word it isn't, Miss Castlemaine. No doubt many fellows would envy what I've got—but, after all, it is very little. There is something more that is wanted, and surely to supply that want would be the fittest way of starting a new year. Dear Miss Castlemaine, I want to be a better man in the future than in the past, and you, only you, can help me. What is needed to make my happiness complete, to crown all my hopes, and perfect my manhood, is a woman's love. Sybil—let me call you Sybil, my love—will you be the woman? Will you marry me?"

In the seclusion of the conservatory he opened his arms a little, as though he expected her to creep in, and he expanded his chest to receive the burden of the dainty little head that was to nestle gently on it. But it was a night of surprises.

"I am very sorry you should have asked me this, Lord Densham," said Sybil, gravely. "I am conscious of the vastness of the compliment, and I am not blind to the advantages and attractions of your offer, but I do not love you."

"You don't love me?" repeated his lordship, in a tone of disappointment that had a suspicion of incredulity in it. "You don't love me? But surely that is only a matter of time; when you have seen more of me, when you know me better, Sybil—"

"My decision would not alter, Lord Densham."

"But you are quite sure—"

"I quite realize what I am losing," said Sybil, calmly, "and although I know how good of you it is to suggest it, I don't really think that I could make you any better or anything but what you are, either in the new year, or at any other time."

"But you could, Miss Castlemaine; you—"

"Would you please take me back? I am engaged for the next dance."

With a wonderful smile on his lips, in which mortification, pity and surprise were blended, he politely offered her his arm and led her back to the ballroom. As they entered it they almost ran into Cecil Briarley. He was about to walk past them when Sybil said:

"Oh, Cecil, here you are! You're just in time."

Densham yielded her up with his customary smile, and Cecil whispered:

"I was not going to claim you for this dance; I thought you would prefer to sit it out with him."

"With him? Why?"

"I—er—I believe he has a question he wants to ask you."

"I don't think he has," said Sybil, quietly.

They were about to join the dancers when it was announced that the mystic midnight moment had almost arrived, and those who cared to do so were to go to the open windows and on the doorsteps and the balconies, to listen and wait for the solemn peal that was to mark the annual recommencement.

Briarley got a wrap to throw over his cousin's shoulders, and then they went to the further corner of the long balcony.

It was a clear, frosty night, and the stars and the moon were shining with a brightness that, reflected in the hoar frost on the grass and trees, illuminated the dark hour with a soft, poetic light. Cecil stood silently by Sybil's side for some seconds, and then he whispered:

"And is the beautiful night making you thoughtful, too?"

"No," said Sybil, with her face turned a little from him. "No, I was thinking of Tantalus."

"Ah, poor Tantalus!" sighed Cecil. "I hope you pity him."

"I don't think I do," responded his cousin, softly, feeling glad that the shadows hid her blushing cheek. "Perhaps his prize was not so far out of reach as he imagined."

Cecil may not have been rich in this world's goods, but he was not poor in imagination.

"Sybil, didn't Densham ask you anything?" he whispered.

"Yes, Cecil, and—and—I performed a modern miracle."

"My darling!" and then there was silence.

"Sybil, you know I am not a rich man, and I am not a lord."

"And you are not horribly conceited and selfish, either, dear."

He did not remove his arm, and a sudden hush of expectancy quieted the chattering party. Nothing was heard for a moment, and then from a dozen clanging clocks all around them boomed forth the solemn chime that announced the birth of the New Year.

One, two, three—ten, 11, 12.

"Sybil," whispered Briarley, "the old tarnished years are gone. Here's to the golden future."—Household Words.

A HARMLESS EARTHQUAKE.

How the Recently Arrived Schmidt Family Ushered in the New Year.

In the St. Nicholas, Helen A. Hawley tells the story of a harmless, unnecessary earthquake. It was five minutes to 12 on the last night of the old year. One would suppose that at five minutes to 12 every small boy and every small girl would be in bed and, what is more, asleep hours ago. Here were Mr. Schmidt and Mrs. Schmidt, who were grown up, so that was well enough; but here were nine little Schmidts, and they were all wide awake at this late hour. Peter Schmidt and Hans Schmidt were twins. There was Greta Schmidt, there was Louise Schmidt—but dear me! It is too much to give all their names. Two pairs of twins make four, and five who weren't twins—four and five make nine little Schmidts. And Papa and Mamma Schmidt, and there were 11 in the family. Why were they all up and dressed at so late an hour? To explain, they were just from Germany—not that very day, but only a few weeks from the "Faderland;" and now they lived in a tenement house in a great city. It was not one of the very, very poor tenements, but fairly comfortable. They had not learned new ways yet, but did everything as they had done in the home land.

It was funny to see them at five minutes to 12 on the last night of the old year. Papa Schmidt and Mamma Schmidt and all the little Schmidts stood each one on a chair, each one bent over ready to spring, but with chin raised, and every eye on the clock. It seemed as if that minute hand never would get over the last five minutes. When the clock struck 12, they jumped to the floor all together, as hard as ever they could, and shouted: "Gluckliches Neu Jahr!" as loud as ever they could. They called it "jumping into the New Year." It was what they used to do in Germany. Now, Papa Schmidt and Mamma Schmidt were really heavy, and the little Schmidts were by no means thin. The tenement house, though comfortable, was by no means new, and when they all came down hard it made things shake.

THE WORSE OFF.

"De man dat makes New Year resolutions an' accidentally breaks 'em," said Uncle Eben, "ain't nigh as bad off as de man dat 'magines he doesn't need none."—Washington Star.

IN THE evanescent beauty of a winter morning's glow
Come the footsteps of the New Year o'er the light and fleecy snow,
And a happy welcome soundeth from the steeple-guarded chimes
And prophesy the tuneful bells the dawn of better times;

In the splendor of the morning, e'er the stars have vanished quite,
When the earth awaits her bridal in her robes of spotless white
And the millions watch impatient while the holy bells they hear,
From the orient, old in story, comes again the glad New Year.

The old year passes slowly, like a vision of the night,
With its ever-shaded sorrows and its pleasures dimly bright,
In its footsteps all around us lie a people's tears impearl'd,
And its dark and silent passage is the joy of all the world;
Let the bells that ring its going greet the infant New Year's birth,
May its dawn proclaim an era that shall brighten all the earth;
Let every land beneath the sun from trouble find release,
And read upon its brow the sign of universal peace.

Columbia greets the New Year with a welcome fair to see,
And brighter glow the stars that gem the banner of the free;
To the future that it brings us, to the days that come apace,
We trust the mighty destiny that doth invest our race;
In the flushes of its dawning we can see a grander fame
Than that whose halo gilds to-day our country's deathless name;
In the brightness and the beauty of the year's initial morn
Beneath the flag our fathers gave a newer day is born.

Hail the year's auspicious dawning! let all strife and cavil cease,
May every sword be buried 'neath the blended bloom of peace,
May every son of freedom stand erect to-day and hear
With lifted soul the chimes that ring the morning of the year;
From far Alaska's whitened coast to where the waving pines
Their shadows shed where nobly stood the serried battle lines,
From Maine's immortal surges with their legends still untold
To where the Sacramento cleaves a paradise of gold.

Ring out, O chimes, your gladness, let rejoicing rule the land,
God holds the New Year's blessings in the hollow of His hand;
He hath guarded well our country from the days of long ago
When knelt the Pilgrim Fathers in the New Year's fleecy snow;
Each year hath brought us grandeur, and the one before us now
Will set another star of fame upon Columbia's brow;
Behold! with added glory now the nation doth appear
In the bright and matchless splendor of the dawning of the year.

It dawns for every mortal on the land and on the sea,
Its light is shed on every path that leads to liberty;
The sunlight of its morning falls alike on hut and spire
And kindles in the heart of man a new and holy fire;
Lo! it marches to the anthem that the Choir Immortal sings,
And every tongue may prophesy the blessings that it brings;
From east to west, from north to south throughout our country dear
Let the proudest and the humblest greet the dawning of the year.

T. C. HARBAUGH.

NOTHING LEFT TO TURN OVER.

He—But I'm going to turn over a new leaf.

She—You've done that so often that there can't be any leaves left to turn.—Collier's Weekly.

A Natural Mistake.

Young Poet (to friend)—Well, Charley, I've sworn off.

Friend (enthusiastically)—I'm heartily glad of it, old boy; and all your friends will feel the same. Let's go and have a drink.

Young Poet—Didn't I just tell you I had sworn off drinking?

Friend (disappointed)—You didn't say you had sworn off drinking. I supposed you had sworn off writing poetry. Good-bye.—N. Y. Tribune

The New Year.

Love's harmonies flow toward him full and sweet;
Sin's wild, discordant cries are past him hurled.
With sad, glad heart and brave, reluctant feet
He steps upon the threshold of the world.
—Judge.

None to Turn Over.

"I thought you were going to turn over a new leaf, John," she said.

"I was," he replied, "but I find I can't."

"Why not?"

"There won't be any new leaves until spring."—Chicago Post.

Merely an Official Form.

He wished me a happy New Year;
The words would have tickled me, but
I knew from his bearing austere
I was booked for a salary cut.
—Chicago Record.

JOHN HOBBS' ERROR.

How It Helped Him to Break a Cast-Iron Resolution.

IT was the eve of the New Year. In one short hour the bells would peal for the birth of 1900.

John Hobbs, lawyer and notary public, sat in his office thinking, for he had much to think of. Eighteen hundred and ninety-nine had been what he called a "corker." In other words, it had been vastly unsatisfactory.

He was young and handsome, and the poorest lawyer in the city, both as to finance and legal ability. And he rightly attributed this dual poverty to a pair of brown eyes. Had he devoted as much of 1899 to the study of law as he had to those brown eyes, he would have progressed vastly in legal lore.

"And, by Jove!" he cried, bringing down his fist, "I will not waste another minute on the little coquette! I have let her play hob with me long enough, and to-night I draw the line and dismiss the case!"

Having said which, he took up his pen and wrote the following ironclad resolution:

"Chicago, Jan. 1, 1899.

"I hereby resolve and promise during this year just arrived to have nothing whatever to do with Anita Sara Atkins.

"JOHN HOBBS."

Having written this, he appended the following:

"I, John Hobbs, having appeared before me, John Hobbs, a notary public for the county of Cook, state of Illinois, do most solemnly swear that I will keep the above resolution. JOHN HOBBS."

To this he affixed his notarial seal, and, taking 50 cents from his right pocket, paid it to himself, and put it in his left pocket.

AFFIXING HIS SEAL.

The clock struck twelve. John Hobbs immediately underwent a revulsion of feeling. He felt that life itself would be worthless without Anita.

"But I have sworn it," he said, "and it would be perjury to think of her now!"

But suddenly a gleam of joy lightened his face.

"By Jove!" he cried, "this resolution is null and void! There is a technical error in it! I have succumbed to the inevitable force of habit, and dated it 1899, instead of 1900! Anita, my darling, I am free!"

With a cry of joy he coiled the sworn resolve into a lighter, and lighted his pipe with it.

Some people swear when they date everything incorrectly on the first day of a new year. As for John Hobbs, he only smiles. They will be married in June.

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

THE GLAD NEW YEAR.

Its Advent Is Marked by Various Customs in Many Lands.

MORE attention is paid to New Year's in our national capital, Washington, than in any other city in the United States. The state levee at the white house is but the beginning of the calling that continues throughout the afternoon and well into the night in official and private houses. In fact, the social season is formally inaugurated on New Year's day. It is grand rallying day, and men call then who never emerge from their shell again during the year. Lists are published in the newspapers of the houses where receptions will be held, with the names of the assisting women. The latter often attract more callers than the hostess, and newly arrived families are on the lookout for popular women for their receptions. The affairs are conducted with lavish southern hospitality. Tables are loaded with viands—real southern egg-nog or bowls of Fish House punch mixed by a well-guarded formula, an heirloom in the family, is served. It is a gala day for Washington, and it is well it comes but once a year.

New Year's day is made much of in Europe, and in some countries its celebration is on a more elaborate scale than Christmas. Gifts are exchanged with reckless abandon, recalling the days of feudalism, when every landlord presented his tenant with a fat capon. An orange stuck with cloves was the common gift of poor people. Among the rich, gloves were a popular present, and often a sum of money, called glove money, served as a substitute. When pins were invented they took the place of gloves, and every woman was proud of her collection of pins made from thorns, bone, silver, gold or steel. The expression, pin money, was originally used to designate the money often presented in lieu of the pins for their purchase. Under good Queen Bess the custom of giving presents on New Year's was at its high water mark, and the most extravagant packages were distributed anonymously with no inscription but a verse expressing greetings.

According to an old superstition, one's luck for the year is dependent on the complexion of the first man who calls. If he is a blonde, fate will be kind, but if a dark-complexioned man steps over the threshold first, sickness, trouble and financial disaster are apt to step with him. So firmly was this superstition implanted in the mind of an elderly woman that she made arrangements every year by which her first caller was sure to be of a light complexion.

The holiday revels in England end with Twelfth Night. In America they are drawn to a close with the New Year celebration. The stripping of the Christmas tree, which properly takes place New Year's Eve, is frequently made the excuse for a jolly party. There is very likely to be a package on the tree for each one present, containing a joke that will be as good-natured as it is amusing.

Drink His Only Solace Now.

"Yes, I'll swear off on New Year's day,"
He said, "if my neighbor's kid'll
Swear off from trying to learn to play
His everlasting fiddle."
—Chicago Tribune.

Additional Local News.

The Next Census.

The enumeration required by the Census Act will begin June 1, 1900, and must be completed within two weeks in all cities for which 8,000 inhabitants or more were reported in 1890. In all other districts, on or before July 1, 1900.

Each Enumerator will receive a commission from the Supervisor of his district, and he will be required to take and subscribe an oath or affirmation that he will faithfully discharge the duties required of him.

Enumerators' compensation is fixed by Section 16, of the act of March 3, 1899, and a minimum rate of two cents for each living inhabitant; two cents for each death; fifteen cents for each farm and twenty cents for each establishment of productive industry. The compensation will not be less than three or more than six dollars per day of ten hours' actual field work.

Section 7 of the act to provide for taking the census provides, that the twelfth census shall be restricted to inquiries relating to the population, to mortality, to the products of agriculture and of manufacturing and mechanical establishments. The schedule relating to the population shall comprehend for each inhabitant the name, age, color, conjugal condition, place of berth, and place of birth of parents, whether alien or naturalized, number of years in the United States, occupation, month unemployed, literacy, school attendance, and ownership of farms and homes.

The Feminine Observer.

Forced memory has no merit in it.

A very hot iron should never be used for flannels or woolens.

Calicoes, ginghams and chintzes should be ironed on the wrong side.

It is the coal man who now looks as though the earth belonged to him.

Turkey hash will be very much in evidence as a breakfast dish next Tuesday.

We are altogether too prone to gauge friendship by its financial attitude.

Grown-ups never realize how much it hurts a child to be overlooked in an introduction.

Clothes lines are made much more durable by boiling for ten minutes besore they are used.

There are two stages of feminine existence when clothes count for very little—that is in babyhood and old age.

You may lose track of time for a while, but the landlord has a very definite way ot jogging your memory about it.

WASHIGTON.

Special Low-Rate Excursions via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that on December 23, February 21, March 15, and April 7, it will run special excursions from points on the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, Erie to Lock Haven, inclusive, to Washington, for the benefit of all who may wish to visit the National Capitol. Round-trip tickets, good going on all regular trains on day of issue, and good returning on any regular train within ten days, exclusive of going date, will be sold at rate of $10 from Erie, St. Marys and intermediate points; $8.95 from Driftwood; $8.15 from Renovo; $7.30 from Lock Haven; and proportionate rates from other points.

Holders of special excursion tickets to Washington, can purchase at the Pennsylvania Railroad Ticket Offices in Washington, excursion tickets to Richmond at rate of $4.00 and to Old Point Comfort (all rail) at $6.00; from the pursers of the Northfolk and Washington Steamboat Company, excursion tickets (not including meals and staterooms on steamers) to Old Point Comfort or Northfolk, Va., at $3.50, and to Virginia Beach, Princess Anne Hotel, at $4.50; and at the Washington, Alexandria and Mt. Vernon Electric Railway Company, excursion tickets to Mt Vernon and return at rate of 50 cents.

For full information consult small handbills, apply to ticket agents, or address E. S. Harrar, Division Ticket Agent, Williamsport, Pa.. 1519-41-18t

To Los Angeles and Southern California.

Every Friday night, at 10.35 p. m., a through Tourist Car for Los Angeles and Southern California, leaves the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Union Passenger Station, Chicago, via Omaha, Colorado Springs and Salt Lake City, for all points in Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California.

In addition to the regular Pullman porter, each car is accompanied by an intelligent, competent and courteous "courier," who will attend to the wants of passengers en route. This is an entirely new feature of tourist car service, and will be appreciated by families or by ladies traveling alone. Particular attention is paid to the care of children, who usually get weary on a long journey.

These tourist cars are sleeping cars supplied with all the accessories necessary to make the journey comfortable and pleasant, and the berth rate (each berth will accommodate two persons) is only $6.00 from Chicago to California. Ask the nearest ticket agent for a tourist car folder, or address John R. Pott, District Passenger Agent, 300 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 35-6t-alt.

W. N. Y. & P. Ry. Holiday Rates.—For the convenience of the traveling public, excursion rates will be made to points on W. N. Y. & P. Ry., tickets sold Dec. 23, 24, 25, 30 and 31st, 1899, and Jan. 1st, 1900; good for return passage to Jan. 2nd, 1900 inclusive. Call on agents for particulars. 42-2t

At M. E. Church.

At the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Christmas exercises will be held on Snnday by the Sunday school at 11:45 a. m., it being the regular Sunday school hour A short Lyric service "Spread Wide the News" will be given, which will be found most helpful and useful as a means of interesting everyone in the Story of the Birth of the Christ Child.

The pastor, Wilfred P. Shriner, will preach appropriate sermons in the morning at 10:30 o'clock and in the evening at 7 o'clock.

Our Holiday Number.

This week's Press consists of twenty pages, in order to accommodate our advertising patronage and not to crowd out our reading matter. Our merchants are rapidly forging to the front as liberal and energetic advertisers, and fully realize that to efficient advertising in these days of competition, must depend the success, in a measure, of the prosperous merchant. Emporium is rapidly attracting the trade of the surrounding towns and neighboring counties and those coming here make no mistake. The Press will keep up with the procession and in order to serve our patrons faithfully shall deem it no hardship to labor early and late to serve them. To publish a paper the size of this journal requires a great amount of labor and no small expense and if our patrons appreciate our labors we are satisfied. Wishing our patrons and friends a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year we bid you all adieu until 1900.

Driftwood.

From Gazette.

Ed McNerney, of Emporium, was seen on our streets one day this week.

Miss Butler, of Emporium, is visiting friends in town.

Edward Counsil has been appointed postmaster at Dents Run, vice Able Dent, resigned.

Mrs. W. H. Mitchell, we are pleased to announce, is able to be out again after a prolonged illness.

Hon. G. W. Huntley and G. W. Huntley, Esq, were in New York a couple of days last week.

Minnie Furlong, of Sterling Run, has returned home from Philadelphia after having a successful operation performed for appendicitis.

A great deal of sickness is reported from Sinnamahoning. Among the many are Mesdames Chas. Barclay, Robinson and Baird, and Messrs. J. M. Shafer, Sr., and Agent J. H. Baird.

Dr. V. K. Corbett and Principal B. G. Woodward each received interesting letters from James Coleman who is now with the 33rd Infantry in the Philippine Islands. Chas. Counsil, of Sinnamahoning, also received an interesting communication from Del Belden, who is with the 37th Infantry in the same place.

A Belgium Christmas Legend.

The children of Belgium have a charming Christmas legend about Santa Claus' pony. They always place their woolen sabots on the window ledge, stuffed full of oats, hay and fodder for the "dear Christmas pony." In the early morning they run on tiptoe to look, and, behold, the hay is all gone, and the shoes are brimming over with toys and sweatmeats! Then the children clap their hands with glee and wish they could only have waked in time to see the pony munching his oats. That would have been such fun! —Ella F. Mosby in St. Nicholas.

German Stuffing For Roast Goose.

For German stuffing take one-half pound of fresh bread crumbs, one-half pound each of chopped apples, seeded raisins and blanched almonds, the goose liver parboiled and chopped, one tablespoonful of powdered sage, the rind of a lemon, two scant teaspoonfuls of salt and a teaspoonful of chopped onion. Mix thoroughly and moisten with a teacupful of melted butter. Stuff the crop and body lightly (if packed the dressing will be soggy), and the result will be a gastronomic delight.—Selected.

Christmas Fires.

When bright Christmas fires are glowing
And the fields are white with snow,
Down beside the fair Penobscot
There comes back the long ago.
From Bohemia's gilded castles
Do I longing flee again
To the bygone dreams of boyhood
Mid the pine clad hills of Maine.

How we children watched the chimney
Till our eyes closed fast in sleep;
How we waited, watched his coming!
But we never got a peep.
How we shouted in the morning,
"Merry Christmas!"—sweet refrain—
As we emptied all our stockings
Filled by Santa Claus of Maine.

Oh, the joys and toys of Christmas
In that home of olden time!
By the great log fires a-glowing
I can hear the voices chime,
Father's, mother's, sister's, brother's,
Reunited once again;
Oh, the turkey, pies and puddings
Served on Christmas up in Maine!
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

ALL SORTS.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers purify the blood, clean the liver, invigorate the system. Famous little pills for constipation and liver troubles. R. C. Dodson. 8ly

You never hear the gallery god kicking about the theatre hat. He's above it.

Mrs. R. Churchill, Berlin, Vt., says "Our baby was covered with running sores. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured her." A specific for piles and skin diseases. Beware of worthless counterfeits. R. C. Dodson. 8ly

Many persons are credited with being original who only have sense enough to tell old jokes where they have never been heard before.

Have you a cold? A dose of Ballard's Horehound Syrup at bed-time will remove it. Price 25 cts. and 50 cts. L. Taggart. dec.

Some persons actually believe that those under them would never do good work if they were given one single word of praise.

"I was nearly dead with dyspepsia, tried doctors, visited mineral springs and grew worse. I used Kodol Dyspesia Cure. That cured me." It digests what you eat. Cures indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn and all forms of dyspepsia. R. C. Dodson. 8ly

Honest intentions may be all right, but a little honest doings counts more in the long run.

J. B. Clark, Peoria, Ill., says, "Surgens wanted to operate on me for piles, but I cured them with DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve." It is infallible for piles and skin diseases. Beware of counterfeits. R. C. Dodson. 8ly

No, Maude, dear, strange as it may seem, a person cannot turn an honest penny by tossing coppers.

For broken limbs, chilblains, burns, scalds, bruised shins, sore throat, and sores of every kind, apply Ballard's Snow Liniment. It will give immediate relief and heal any wound. Price 25 cts. and 50 cts. L. Taggart. dec

"This is rough on me," remarked the hobo, as he ran his hand over the three days' growth of beard on his chin.

Mr. J. Sheer, Sedalia, Mo., saved his child's life by One Minute Cough Cure. Doctors had given her up to die with croup. It's an infallible cure for coughs, colds, grippe, pneumonia, bronchitis and throat and lung troubles. Relieves at once. R. C. Dodson. 8ly

The best friendship says the least about it.

Miss Annie E. Gunning, Tyre, Mich., says, "I suffered a long time from dyspepsia; lost flesh and became very weak. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure completely cured me." It digests what you eat and cures all forms of stomach trouble. It never fails to give immediate relief in the worst cases. R. C. Dodson. 8ly

The great joy of travel lies in the memory of a journey.

In biliousness, Herbine, by expelling from the body the excess of bile and acids, improves the assimilative processes, purifies the blood, and tones up and strengthens the entire system. Price 50 cents. L. Taggart. dec

There is no great man so large that he doesn't seem small when you know him well.

It takes but a minute to overcome tickling in the throat and to stop a cough by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. This remedy quickly cures all forms of throat and lung troubles. Harmless and pleasant to take. It prevents consumption. A famous specific for grippe and its after effects. R. C. Dodson. 8ly

If you only do right, hoping for the praise it will bring, you might just as well do wrong.

There are few ailments so uncomfortable as piles, but they can easily be cured by using Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment. Relief follows its use, and any one suffering from piles cannot afford to neglect to give it a trial. Price 50c. in bottles, tubes 75c. L. Taggart. dec

Slow and sure was all right as a motto in days gone by, but how about quick and sure in this era of competition.

"One Minute Cough Cure is the best remedy I ever used for coughs and colds. It is unequaled for whooping cough. Children all like it," writes H. N. Williams, Gentryville, Ind. Never fails. It is the only harmless remedy that gives immediate results. Cures coughs, colds, hoarseness, croup, pneumonia, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Its early use prevents consumption. R. C. Dodson. 8ly

Irons should not be allowed to become red hot, as they will never retain the heat properly afterward.

As a cure for rheumatism Chamberlain's Pain Balm is gaining a wide reputation. D. B. Johnston, of Richmond, Ind., has been troubled with that ailment since 1862. In speaking of it he says: "I never found anything that would relieve me until I used Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It acts like magic with me. My foot was swollen and pained me very much but one good application of Pain Balm relieved me. For sale by L. Taggart, Druggist. dec

The disposition of children largely depends upon health. If they are troubled with worms, they will be irritable, cross, feverish, and perhaps seriously sick. White's Cream Vermifuge is a worm expeller and tonic to make them healthy and cheerful. Price 25 cts, L. Taggart. dec

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on two 25 cent bottles or boxes of Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, if it fails to cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache, jaundice, loss of appetite, sour stomach, dyspepsia, liver complaint, or any of the diseases for which it is recommeded. It is highly recommended as a tonic and blood purifier. Sold liquid in bottles, and tablets in boxes. Price 25 cents for either. One package of either guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. L. Taggart, R. C. Dodson. 34-24-ly

Wash fabrics that are inclined to fade should be soaked and rinsed in very salty water, to set the color, before washing in the suds.

Black Diphtheria.

Two cases reported last month and both were successfully treated with Armstrong's Diphtheria and Quinsy Drops. Remember the "Ounce of prevention." Keep these Drops at hand and use in time. Sold by druggists.

Copperhead Snake Bite.—A boy near Hammodsville, O., was bitten, and after two hours suffering Armstrong's "I cure U" was used. It stopped the pain, drew out the poison and saved the boy's life. For pain, internal and external, this remedy has no equal. Ask for Armstrong's "I cure U". 6ly.

Linen may be made beautifully white by the use of a little refined borax in the water instead of using a washing fluid.

My son has been troubled for years with chronic diarrhoea. Some time ago I persuaded him to take some of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. After using two bottles of the 25-cent size he was cured. I give this testimonial, hoping some one similarly afflicted may read it and be benefitted.—Thomas C. Bower, Glencoe, O. For sale by L. Taggart, Druggist. dec

In sluggish liver, Herbine, by its beneficial action upon the biliary tracts, renders the bile more fluid, and brings the liver into a sound, healthy condition, thereby banishing the sense of drowsiness, lethargy, and the general feeling of apathy which arise from disorders of the iver. Price 50 cts. L Taggart. dec

Hair-Health

cannot turn backward the footprints of time, but it can and does obliterate them. Nothing ages one so rapidly as gray, thin and faded hair. Keep the hair looking young and you look and feel young; restore the hair's youthful freshness and you remove the most apparent traces of age.

Hair-Health

is a hair food, and, unlike other preparations, acts on the roots of the hair and positively restores gray, faded and bleached hair to its youthful and original color. It is made from pure ingredients, **is not a dye**, does not stain skin or clothing, keeps scalp clean and healthy, and its use cannot be detected.

HARFINA SOAP is a medicated, healthful soap for washing the hair. Makes it soft and silken. Is the best soap you can use for hair, scalp, complexion, bath and toilet. Price, 25c. a cake.

Hair-Health is sold by leading druggists everywhere. Price, 50c. for large bottle, or sent by express, prepaid, in plain sealed package, on receipt of 60c. by

LONDON SUPPLY CO., 853 Broadway, N. Y.

Remember the name, "Hair-Health." Refuse all substitutes. Money refunded if it does not benefit you.

CELERY KING
NATURE'S CURE

Headache for Forty Years.

For forty years I suffered from sick headache. A year ago I began using Celery King. The result was gratifying and surprising, my headaches leaving at once. The headaches used to return every seventh day, but thanks to Celery King, I have had but one headache in the last eleven months. I know that what cured me will help others.—Mrs. John D. Van Keuren, Saugerties, N. Y.

Celery King for the Nerves, Stomach, Liver and Kidneys is sold in 50c. and 25c. packages by druggists and dealers. 2

R. C. Dodson, Emporium, Pa.

MOST IN QUANTITY. BEST IN QUALITY.

WORMS!
WHITE'S CREAM
VERMIFUGE
FOR 20 YEARS
Has led all WORM Remedies.
EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.
SOLD BY ALL BRUGGISTS
Prepared by
RICHARDSON MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS.

For sale by L. Taggart. 34-1-ly.

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